

MIDSTREAM

A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW

SUMMER, 1956

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IRVING HOWE • MIDGE DECTER • PHILIP RIEFF • ISAAC
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From the Four Corners:

NELSON GLUECK • HERBERT HOWARTH • MALCOLM HAY •
E. DAVID GOITEIN • GERDA L. COHEN

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Statement of Purpose

THE THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION has been established as an educational agency to promote the study and discussion of problems confronting Jews in the world today. Two overwhelming changes in the context of our Jewish existence—on the one hand, the destruction of one-third of world Jewry, which has erased many political and cultural landmarks, and on the other, the rise of the State of Israel, which has opened broad new horizons—call for a reexamination of basic concepts and the ways to Jewish fulfillment. Equally grave and equally difficult to answer in traditional terms, are the fateful questions that face a world aghast at the threat of its own annihilation. It is against this background that *MIDSTREAM*, A Quarterly Jewish Review, has been conceived.

In sponsoring *MIDSTREAM*, a Zionist publication, we are committed, above all, to free inquiry. We conceive Zionism as, in essence, a questioning of the Jewish *status quo*, and as a steady confrontation of the problems of Jewish existence. It is our hope that *MIDSTREAM* will offer critical interpretation of the past, a searching examination of the present, and afford a medium for considered and independent opinion and for creative cultural expression.

MIDSTREAM is not an official organ, nor do the publishers and editors necessarily identify themselves with views expressed in its pages. It is, rather, our purpose to enable a wide range of thought to appear in the columns of this magazine.

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MIDSTREAM

A Quarterly Jewish Review

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Summer, 1956

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From the Four Corners

The New Old Negev

By NELSON GLUECK

EXplored in part by Wooley and Lawrence, who incorporated their results in their book *The Wilderness of Zin*, the Negev of southern Israel has been the scene of our archeological explorations during the last four years, conducted under the auspices of the Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation. The Wilderness of Zin is the Biblical name for a large part of it.

Utilizing the highly developed technique of ancient Near Eastern pottery identification, which was in its infancy in their time, it has been possible for our expedition to discover more than 300 ancient sites thus far. Their very existence had never previously even been suspected, let alone marked on any map. The historical *tabula rasa*, which is what the space of the Negev formerly represented, is rapidly being filled in.

It can now be said with certainty that the Negev was never in historic, and even in early prehistoric, times an uninhabited or even uninhabitable wilderness, that its climate has not changed in any permanent, major fashion for many thousands of years, and that important roads crisscrossed it connecting it with Egypt and Arabia on the one hand and Transjordan and Cisjordan and the countries beyond on the other.

Its record of civilized occupation can be traced back to distant periods of dim antiquity. It was dotted with some of the earliest cities and settlements of Christendom, distinguished by churches and symbols devoted to the worship of God in the name of Christ. His Greek name of BOETHON can be seen carved in the rock above a large cistern at one of the early Byzantine sites there.

The Romans left their impress upon its expanse. Milestones of one of the great highways they blazed through its length

from Beersheba to Aila on the north shore of the Gulf of Aqaba can still be seen.

The fabulous Nabataeans, whose capital city was Petra in southern Edom, had incorporated most of the Negev into their kingdom. This fact was completely new to us.

AS a result of our previous explorations in southern Transjordan, in the areas once occupied by the ancient biblical kingdoms of Moab and Edom, we had discovered about five hundred Nabataean villages and towns. Our entire concept of the Nabataeans and their civilization had been changed as a result. They were not a loosely banded group of predatory semi-nomads centered in Petra, but a highly advanced, sophisticated agricultural and trade people. Their kingdom extended from Arabia to Syria at one time. It was a Nabataean governor of Damascus who imprisoned Paul for a brief period when he arrived there after his long sojourn in the desert.

We had, however, thought that the western boundary of the Transjordan part of the Nabataean kingdom was marked by the Wadi Arabah, the great rift that extends between the south end of the Dead Sea and the north end of the Gulf of Aqaba. Our explorations in the Negev have revealed to us now that the Nabataeans occupied most of it very intensively. We have found dozens of Nabataean villages and towns, unmistakably marked by the remains of the exquisite Nabataean pottery. Among the greatest water engineers and soil conservationists of history, they knew how to establish themselves in the marginal lands of the Negev and wring a thriving existence from its unwilling soil.

One ruined hill city in the Negev, still bearing the name of Abda, may well be the burial place of Obodas, one of the great Nabataean kings. The manifold cisterns, terraces, dams and time-razed

towns and temples that testify to the creative handiwork of the Nabataeans and the high quality of their civilization, which flourished particularly between the 2nd century B.C.E. and the 2nd C.E., fairly clamor for the attention of the observant traveler. They had a sanctuary of their own at Ascalon at the west end of one of their important trade routes which they followed from Petra through the Negev to the Mediterranean coast. In it, they worshipped Astarte, the goddess of fertility in the form of a creature half woman and half fish.

Along some of these travel and trade routes, the multilingual and many-gifted Nabataeans frequently left rock drawings illustrating both the animals they domesticated and those they hunted. Their purpose may have been to propitiate the spirits or gods of the animal world. The practice of rock drawings was one that prevailed in the ancient Near East long before them and persisted long after them, indeed down to this very day. The writer has discovered rock drawings at Kilwa in the Jebel Kilwa in south-easternmost Transjordan which go back to Neolithic and even Paleolithic times, the latter dating back to about 50,000 years ago.

IN BIBLICAL times too there was fairly intensive occupation of the Negev. King Solomon's copper mines in the Wadi Arabah were reached by roads that led from Beersheba. Indeed, we discovered another one of Solomon's copper mines this last season, at a point about five miles northwest of modern Elath on the Gulf of Aqaba. Among the ruins of crude smelting furnaces and piles of slag we found remains of pottery used in King Solomon's time, which enabled us to date the site to the 10th century B.C.E. and later.

In the time of the kingdom of Judah, which lasted from the 10th to the 6th centuries B.C., there were farming communities in the Negev that carried on an extensive and skilled dry agriculture in terraced valleys. Some of these Judaeon fortresses and towns marked the line of march followed earlier in the 13th cen-

tury B.C.E. by the Israelites of the Exodus during their abortive attempt to enter Canaan from the south through the Negev.

For the very first time in the history of Bible studies, it has become possible as a result of our archeological explorations in the Negev to trace almost exactly that particular Exodus route which led from Kadesh-Barnea in Sinai to Hormah near Beersheba. Defeated there by the superior forces that the spies had brought back word about, as reported in Numbers 13:17-33, the Israelites retraced their steps, obviously back again through the Negev, to reassemble, as we are told in Deuteronomy 1:45-46, in Kadesh-Barnea in Sinai. From there they began the long trek, which years later, after they had been compelled to circumvent Edom and Moab, brought them to their goal by crossing the Jordan from the east into the Promised Land at Gilgal and Jericho.

But even many centuries before their time, the Negev was intensively occupied, as our discoveries have demonstrated, by agriculturists who dwelt in stone houses in well located villages. A thriving, permanent, advanced civilization flourished there between the 21st and 18th centuries B.C.E. as can now be demonstrated from archeological remains. This too is a completely new fact in the record of history. It casts new light upon those historical passages in the Bible that deal with the biography of Abram or Abraham, as he was called later on.

We are told in Genesis 12 and 13 about Abram's journey from Canaan to Egypt. There was no other way for him to travel than through the Negev and Sinai. Our archeological finds have revealed the existence of a whole line of villages along the only possible travel route, which is followed by Bedouins to this very day. Simple topography dictates the line this route must follow from Beersheba to Kadesh-Barnea in Sinai. And in these Middle Bronze I villages, with their absolutely distinctive pottery unmistakably characteristic of the entire period throughout much of the ancient Near East, there lived

people undoubtedly closely related culturally, linguistically and probably ethnically to Abram and his people. In a word, wherever he went in the Negev and Sinai, Abram found people and places to receive him and his household with the same hospitality for which his name became proverbial. The route Abram followed to and from Egypt must have been the same one that the Israelites were subsequently to undertake in their unsuccessful attempt to gain entry into the Promised Land through the way that led via the Southland of the Negev.

THE hindsight into history furnished by our archeological discoveries in the Negev helps us comprehend also more clearly than ever before the background and historical validity of the happenings described in Genesis 14. These too took place in the age of Abram or Abraham. Scripture informs us that Chedorlaomer and the kings confederated with him marched from southern Syria through Transjordan and across the Negev to Kadesh-Barnea in Sinai. Previously, Professor William F. Albright and the writer discovered a long line of ancient cities, throughout the length of Trans-Jordan, which had been destroyed in the 18th century B.C.E., and had never again been occupied. That corresponded with the Bible's account. The discovery now by our expedition of the continuation of this line of cities across the Negev destroyed at the end of the age of Abram completes the archeological underscoring of the astonishingly correct historical memory of the Bible. It is amazing to note that the history of these happenings in the time of Abram, as described in Genesis 12, 13 and 14, had to be remembered, and was indeed, as has now been proven, accurately remembered for many centuries before they could be recorded in biblical scrolls.

Our archeological finds in the Negev, however, have opened up doors into an age earlier by millenia than even the distant past of Abram. On the bank of a shallow, dry stream bed near the presently much disputed point of Auja, or

Nitsana as it was known in classical times, we found remains of a large settlement or encampment going back to the Neolithic period, no later than 7,000 years ago. The surface was strewn with thousands of broken, and some complete, specimens of flint knives and scrapers and hammers and arrows and spearheads. They had been used by a nomadic population of hunters and shepherds, encamped near the age-old travel route that led from Sinai through the Negev to Palestine. It is known that other prehistoric sites of the same Neolithic period exist elsewhere in the Negev. Is there a fleeting memory of these Neolithic peoples in the names of the mysterious *refa'im* and *zamzumim* who find scanty mention in the pages of the Bible?

Imagine our still greater surprise one day when we found something infinitely earlier than these Neolithic flint tools and weapons—something dating from the primeval days after dry land, to which the name of Earth was given, had first appeared: we picked up an amazingly beautiful and completely intact shark's tooth in the hill country of the Negev near the Sinai border. It was several inches long, and has been identified by competent geologists as belonging to the Maestrichtian period about 70,000,000 years ago. We had stumbled across a phosphate deposit containing remains of antediluvian sea-creatures. I had in previous years pulled out related bones and teeth from the walls of the phosphate mine at Roseifa, north of Amman, in the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan.

ANCIENT trails are still followed across the Negev by modern Bedouins. They pitch their black goat-hair tents and shepherd their flocks of sheep and goats and herds of camels in areas that have known their like throughout many millennia. Indifferent to governmental authority, even if submissive to its temporary restraints, they persist in their ways and wanderings. Deny them grazing rights here and access there, and they are back again tomorrow or a generation or two

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MIDSTREAM

A Quarterly Jewish Review

Periodically in their long Diaspora history, Jews have been caught between the hammer of a ruling majority and the anvil of an oppressed minority. This was true in seventeenth century Poland, when Jews were caught in the national conflict between Poles and Ukrainians, and more recently in the Austrian Empire. Analogous situations existed elsewhere and in most instances led to disastrous consequences. In major areas of life in the United States, Jews now find themselves wedged uncomfortably in the conflict between the dominant white majority and the oppressed Negro group; yet aside from expressions of good will, thus far there has been little serious discussion of this very important subject. In this essay LESLIE A. FIEDLER, Chairman of the English Department of the Montana State University and author of *An End of Innocence*, probes the deeper meaning of the relations between the two groups.

Negro and Jew— Encounter in America

By LESLIE A. FIEDLER

I HAVE never read anything by James Baldwin which has not moved me. Both his novel, *Go Tell it on the Mountain*, and his recent collection of essays* possess a passion and a lyricism quite unlooked for in another book about "the Negro." There is no securer or more soporific refuge from the realities of Negro-white conflict than most of the writing on the subject; and the greatest tribute one can pay to Baldwin is to state unequivocally that he does not contribute to that pious bedtime literature. Since I

am impelled to take off from, and in certain respects to amend what he has to say about the relations of Negro and Jew to each other and to America, I feel his honesty as a challenge. To write with less involvement or risk of pain would be an offense.

I am moved to begin with Baldwin's title. Unlike the Negro, the Jew is apt to feel himself not a "native son" but a sojourner in America. I do not mean that he cannot by assimilation and adaptation become as American as anyone else, merely that he knows he can only achieve that end by accepting a role he has played no part in creating. The Jew is, by and

*James Baldwin. *Notes of a Native Son*. Beacon Press. 175 pp. \$2.75.

large, a late-comer in the United States; and when he begins to arrive in significant numbers toward the end of the nineteenth century, he and America are already set in their respective ways; theirs is a marriage of the middle-aged. The guilts and repressions, the boasts and regrets of America are already formulated when he debarks, waiting for him. Their genesis goes back to an experience he does not share; and he himself is determined by quite other experiences—twice determined, in fact: by the dim pre-history of *Eretz Yisrael* and by the living memory of Exile.

Indeed, the Jew may already have been determined a third time, by the impact of the Enlightenment, perhaps even in the form of anarchism or socialism. Whatever the shape of his own life, the Jew comes to America with a history, the memory of a world he cannot afford to and does not want to deny. But the Negro arrives without a past, out of nowhere, that is to say, out of a world he is afraid to remember, perhaps could not even formulate to himself in the language he has been forced to learn. Before America, there is for him simply nothing; and America itself, white America, scarcely exists until he is present. Whatever the fate of the Jew in America, he knows he has not helped forge the conscience of the country. He may give a special flavor to New York or Hollywood, even to one or more of the arts in recent days; but he does not exist for the American imagination at those deep levels where awareness is determined. The encounter with the Jew is irrelevant to America's self-consciousness.

Nowhere in all of American literature is there a sentence bearing on the Jew with the terrible resonance of Benito Cereno's cry in Melville's story, "It is the Negro!" This is an exclamation of terror, to be sure; but it is also a statement of fact: the black man is the root of our guilt and fear and pain. Similarly, in

Whitman's "Song of Myself," where the United States found in the mid-nineteenth century a lyric voice, the Negro is evoked in all his suffering: "I am the hounded slave, I wince at the bite of dogs, Hell and despair are upon me . . ." but there is no Jew. No more than he can forget he was a slave can the Negro forget that he was the occasion, whatever the cause, of a war which set white American against white American and created a bitterness we have not yet ceased to feel. It is the historical fact of the Civil War, not specifically alluded to in Baldwin's book, which gives special sanction to his grim vaunt: "The time has come to realize that the interracial drama acted out on the American Continent has not only created a new black man, it has created a new white man, too. . . . One of the things that distinguishes Americans from other people is that no other people has ever been so deeply involved in the lives of black men. . . ." Certainly, none has witnessed its white citizens killing each other over the question of their relation to the blacks. Yet at the time of the Civil War, the single Jewish member of my own family by marriage or blood who was in this country (and I suspect this is not untypical) was called on to mount guard on the roof of a Fifth Avenue shop during the draft riots in New York. Baldwin's boast is one no Jew could make; and "Thank God for that!" one is tempted to add, for the Negro, insofar as he considers himself responsible for that war and all it sums up that is dark and ambiguous in the American experience, must endure a sense of guilt of which we are free.

Indeed, superficially at least, the history of the Jew in America is singularly free of guilt on either hand. We represent, rather disconcertingly, the major instance in America of an ethnic minority redeemed rather than exploited or dispossessed. Other foreign groups, the Italians or Scandinavians, for instance, were

also welcomed in the time of the great immigrations; but they did not arrive like the Jews, on a dead run, universally branded and harried. Only the Irish can be compared to us in the urgency of their plight. We fled to the Golden Door not merely from poverty and hunger, but impelled by an absolute rejection and the threat of extinction; and it is, therefore, no accident that the lines on the Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . ." were written by a Jew. They are sentimental enough, to be sure; but they could at least be inscribed by one of our people without the destructive irony that would have undercut them had they been written by a Negro.

The Jews have prospered in the United States, the single western country never to have had a real ghetto, as they have nowhere else in the world. Even the niggling social snobbery, the occasional outbursts of violence against us can be understood, without extraordinary injustice to the facts, as hangovers from the European experience we have all fled, remnants of debased religion and ancient terror that we have not yet sloughed off. The American, who must wince when the Negro is mentioned, thinking of the slave ships; stutter when the Indian is brought up, remembering the theft of the land; and squirm when the Japanese are touched on, recalling the concentration camps of the last war—can cite the Jews with pride. We are (it is fashionable to forget this now, but salutary to remember) the boast of the United States, as the Negroes are its shame; and it is across the barrier of this discrepancy that our two peoples confront each other. The Negro boasts grimly that he has helped shape the terror of the American spirit; we admit shamefacedly that we have profited by its generosity. It is no good showing our minor wounds, on the one hand; or insisting, on the other, upon the squalor and brutality of Africa out

of which the Negro was kidnapped; the guilt of Isaac toward Ishmael can not be so easily dispelled.

THE problem, however, is more complicated than that; the relationship of Negro and Jew to America involves their relationship to Europe; for America, transmuted as it is, remains still somehow the Europe it thought to flee. But Europe is "the West," that is to say, Christendom in decay. What, then, is the relationship of the Jew to the Christian world he invented and rejected; and how does it compare with the relation to that world of the Negroes, that is, of the last heathen to be converted by force? We are strangers both, outsiders in some senses forever, but we are outsiders with a difference!

America is for the Negro a way into the West, a gateway to Europe—and not only for the young colored writers and students and artists, like Baldwin himself, whom one sees sitting in the cafes of Paris and Rome, sustained by awards from our large Foundations. They are merely the vanguard, the symbolic representatives of their whole people. The Jew, conversely, is the gateway into Europe for America; for he has carried with him, almost against his will, his own history, two thousand years of which is European. The anti-American Frenchman or Italian condemning our culture and its representatives, will brush aside the names of certain writers and thinkers offered in our defense, protesting, "But he's a Jew," meaning, of course, not really an American. And there is a kind of miserable half-truth in the rejoinder.

Certainly no young Jewish American writer (*returning* to Europe, after all) can feel what Baldwin does confronting a group of ignorant Europeans in a remote Swiss village, "the most illiterate among them is related in a way I am not, to Dante, Shakespeare, Michelangelo . . . the Cathedral of Chartres says something

to them which it cannot say to me. . . ." Alien as the Jew may feel himself, he is an alien with a culture ambiguously related to that which informs all the monuments of European art. It is not merely that people of our blood, whether converts to Christianity or skeptics or orthodox believers, have been inextricably involved in the making of the European mind: Leone Ebreo, Maimonides, Montaigne and Spinoza and Marx—perhaps even St. John of the Cross and Christopher Columbus; but that we have haunted the mind of Europe for two thousand years as the black man has haunted that of America for two hundred. Standing before the cathedrals that make Baldwin feel a stranger, we remember that here a spokesman of our people was dragooned into debating the incarnation, there, every Sunday, the elders of the ghetto were forced to listen to a sermon on the destruction of the Temple. Walk down into the Forum, and there is the arch of Titus; enter the palace of the Dukes of Urbino, and there is Ucello's painting of the Jew burning the bleeding host; open Shakespeare, and there is Shylock!

But even this, of course, is by no means all. The Jew is bound to Europe not only by ties of guilt and mutual hatred, and he lives in its imagination not only as the sinister usurer and defiler of altars. The images of all it most aspires to and reveres are also Jewish images: the David and Moses of Michelangelo, the Virgin of Dante—the very figure of the Christian God are collaborations of our mind and theirs. Before the Cathedral at Chartres, the Jew can not help thinking, wryly, ironically or bitterly: this is our gift to the barbarians. And this the barbarians cannot deny. The boast of that Church most deeply rooted in the history of Europe is, "Abraham is our father. Spiritually we are Semites." The West may, in occasional spasms, try to cast us out; but it cannot without spiritual self-castration deny its own Jewishness. The Jew

is the father of Europe (irksome as that relationship may sometimes seem on both sides); the Negro only an adopted child. If Christendom denies us, it diminishes itself; but if we reject the West, we reject not our legend, only a historical interruption of it. We are what we always were—ourselves. The Negro, on the other hand, cannot endure alienation from the West; for once he steps outside of it, he steps outside of culture—not into Africa to which he cannot return, but into nothing. The cases of Liberia and modern Israel make the point vividly: a homeland urged on the American Negro and (by and large) rejected, versus one denied the Jew, but fought for and, against ridiculous odds, achieved. Similarly, the Negro is the prisoner of his face in a way the Jew is not. The freedom of the Jew is no mere matter of plastic surgery and nose-shortening; this would be a vanity as pointless as the Negro's skin bleaches and hair-straighteners. A generation or two in America, however, and the Jew is born with a new face. A blond and snub-nosed little boy looks out of the Barton's Pesach ad in the *New York Times*, crying, "Happy Passover, Grandma!" and it is hard to tell him from the pink Protestant image of "Dick" in the school primers. But no Negro dares imagine his child with such a face. This, too, lies between the Jew and Negro in America: the realization that for one (whether he finally choose it or not) there is always a way out, by emigration or assimilation; for the other there is no exit.

BOTH Negro and Jew exist for the Western world, as I have already suggested, not only in history but also in the timeless limbo of the psyche, that is, as archetypes, symbolic figures presumably representing the characters and fates of alien peoples, but actually projecting aspects of the white Christian mind itself. It is the confusion between these legendary projections (necessary to the psy-

chological well-being of Europe and America) and actual living men called by the same labels which makes the elimination of race prejudice a problem beyond the scope of mere economic and social measures.

The differences between the archetypes of Negro and Jew are especially illuminating. They begin with the fact, which we have noticed earlier, that the myth of the Jew is a European inheritance, or perhaps better, a persistence; while the myth of the Negro is a product of the American experience and of a crisis in the American mind. The image of the usurer and bad father with a knife that lies behind Shylock existed long before even the dream of America; indeed, it represents a distortion of our own myths of Jacob and Abraham in alien and hostile minds. The evil Jews of American writers like Fitzgerald, Pound or Cummings are no more than refurbishings of this original symbolic figure out of the Middle Ages; for there is, in the world of the imagination, no American Jew. The key archetypes of the Negro, however, are purely American: Aunt Jemima and Uncle Tom, those insipid and infuriating but (as Mr. Baldwin justly observes) inescapable images that, still in the best American tradition, belong really to childhood. From Uncle Tom, in particular, there descend such important characters of our literature as Mark Twain's Nigger Jim and Faulkner's Lucas Beauchamp, who symbolically grant the white man forgiveness in the name of their whole race, and redeem him by enduring the worst he can inflict.

It is intriguing that the chief literary archetypes of the Jew are frankly villains and figures of terror, while the myth of the Negro as it takes flesh in our classic novels is more often than not the symbol of a reconciliation more hoped-for than real, a love that transcends guilt. It is the noblest American sentimentality. By the same token, the liberal counter-images

of Jew and Negro in the "enlightened" fiction of the most recent past differ equally from each other but in reverse: the conciliator has been transformed into the murderer, the murderer into the conciliator, that is, Uncle Tom has become Bigger Thomas, while the Jew's daughter who lured Hugh of Lincoln to his death has been transformed into Marjorie Morningstar!

The Negro, however, whether thought of as killer or pious slave, has always represented for the American imagination the primitive and the instinctive, the life of impulse whether directed toward good or ill. The Jew, on the other hand, stands symbolically for the uses and abuses of intelligence, for icy legalism or equally cold vengefulness. They represent the polar opposition of law and lawlessness, the eternal father and the eternal child, who is also, according to the Romantic poets, "father of the man." In Freudian terminology, the one can be said to stand for the super-ego, the other the id, though both are felt, like the peoples with whom they are identified, as *other* by the white, Gentile ego.

Toward id and super-ego alike, the American, with his double inheritance of Romanticism and Puritanism, has a divided attitude; and this ambivalence is transferred to the symbolic Negro and Jew. The black man is associated with the primitive and the forest, with the "natural," which Americans like to think of as their element. But the Devil was called in Massachusetts the "Black Man," too; and what we label nowadays the unconscious had earlier no other name than the "satanic." The heart is another symbol for the same "natural" for which the Negro comes to stand, but so are the genitals; and if the Negro comes into classic art as a source of pity and love, he lurks in the back of the popular mind always as the rapist—the projection of the white man's own "dark" sensuality which he can neither suppress nor justify.

No Christian, however, can without calling Jehovah the devil (and even this was tried long ago and condemned as a heresy), think of the Jews as wholly satanic; recalcitrant or rejected, they are still God's people. The final Puritan equivalent of the id is Satan, but that of the super-ego is God: and this is why no good Protestant American can, whatever the presumable Gospel justification, hate the Jew (who stands forever on Sinai, the Tables in his hand), without a sneaking suspicion that he is also hating God.

Perhaps this explains, too, why a certain kind of Romantic anti-puritanism, which aims at setting traditional morality on its head and prefers whim to law, ends with a violent and sentimental espousal of the dark-skinned peoples and a complementary hatred of the Jews. D. H. Lawrence is one example of this tendency; but its clearest exponent is, as one would expect, an American. For Sherwood Anderson, the Negro in his "Dark Laughter," his visceral, impulsive joy in life, represents a positive pole, while the Jew, cerebral, talkative, melancholy, the enemy of his own sexuality, stands for all that is negative and reprehensible in modern life.

YET despite the many spectacular differences between the history and status of Negroes and Jews, between the ways in which they have come to America and the ways in which the American imagination uses them—they are somehow bound together and condemned to a common fate, not less real for being so hard to define. "Prejudice against Negroes and Jews"—it is a phrase that comes naturally and inevitably; and for all its banality, it contains a truth. As far as economic and professional opportunities are concerned there is no comparison between the status of Negroes and Jews; but in a certain kind of social exclusion, in the *quality* of that exclusion rather than its degree (for it is much more se-

vere in the case of the Negro), they are one. Similarly though not equally, both peoples are bound by restrictions that determine where they can live, what clubs and fraternities they can join, what hotels they can enter, and finally (and this is the crux, though we are often driven to deny its importance for what seem good strategic reasons) *whom they can marry*.

There are no other white ethnic groups against whom such thoroughgoing exclusions are practiced; for there is no other group which is felt, viscerally not rationally, as so completely alien, so totally other. Though none of our state laws against miscegenation apply, as far as I am aware, to Jews, every Jew knows that the spoken and occasionally printed injunction "FOR WHITES ONLY" may exclude him. There is at work everywhere in the United States, the Protestant-North European tendency to think of all Mediterranean peoples as more black than white, Dagos and Gypsies, swarthy fiddlers and actors, not to be trusted with women; but only in respect to the Jews among those peoples is there the true primitive fear of the *contamination of blood*. Historically, the Jew has been rejected on two grounds, for his religion and for his "race"; but in America in recent years the decay of piety into interfaith good will has rendered the former more and more negligible. The last irrational grounds of our exclusion are not very different from those which surround the Negro with horror: we are *tabu* peoples, both of us. The secret of our fraternity lies in the barbarous depths of the white, Gentile heart; and it is that shared secret which makes us aware of how we resemble each other and are mutually different from the Irish, the Poles or the Yugoslavs, discriminated against only for comparatively *rational* reasons: because they have arrived here later than other groups and now displace them in jobs, etc.

To be so alike and so different; dif-

ferent in ourselves and alike only in the complicated fear we stir in the hearts of our neighbors, this is what exacerbates our relations with each other. Surely the Negro cannot relish (for all his sentimental desire to think of himself metaphorically as Israel, "Let my people go . . .") this improbable and unwanted yoking any more than the Jew; and yet even physically our people have been thrust together. It is in the big cities of the industrial North, in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago or Detroit, that the Negro and the Jew confront each other and that their inner relationship is translated into a spatial one. The "emancipated" Negro fleeing poverty and the South, and the "emancipated" Jew fleeing exclusion and Europe, become neighbors, and their proximity serves to remind both that neither is quite "emancipated" after all. In America, to be sure, the ultimate ghetto (there is no way of avoiding the word, which gives its name to Baldwin's chief essay on the subject I am treating, "The Harlem Ghetto") is reserved for the Negroes. Jews inhabit at one remove or another the region between it and the neighborhoods which mean real belonging, except for the marginal Jewish merchant who finds himself inside the Negro quarter, forced to squeeze his colored customers for his precarious livelihood and to bear the immediate brunt of their hatred for all white men.

It doesn't matter how much newer and richer are the homes which the Jews attain in their flight toward the tonier suburbs and how shabby the dwellings they leave to the Negroes who follow them; they feel the pressure of those Negroes always behind them, five years away or twenty or thirty; and they can never lose the sense of being merely a buffer between the blacks and the "real" whites. Insofar as they are aware of their undeniable economic superiority to the Negroes, middle-class Jews are likely to de-

spise them for lagging behind at the same time that they resent them for pressing so close. It is not an easy relationship.

MOST Jews have, I think, little sense of how the Negroes regard them specifically as Jews. They are likely to assume to begin with that Negroes are incapable of making subtle distinctions between whites and whites; and they are, moreover, accustomed to look for anti-Semitism chiefly from people who are, or whom the Jews believe to be, socially more secure than themselves. And so they are easily taken in by the affable play-acting of Negroes, from whom they believe they have no cause to expect hatred. Jews, more often than not, take it for granted that the Negroes are grateful to them for the historical accident of never having been their masters; and they are shocked at the sort of black anti-Semitism which Baldwin describes: "But just as society must have a scapegoat, so hatred must have a symbol. Georgia has the Negro. Harlem has the Jew."

But why should the Negro hate the Jew? As far as he is aware, the Jew does not hate the Negro—at least not as much as the Gentiles do! To be sure, most Jews are conscious that the Negro is their lightning rod, that he occupies a ghetto which might otherwise be theirs and bears the pogroms which might otherwise be directed at them. But no Jew has ordained those ghettos, and if the owner of a Negro tenement happens to be a Jew, after all, he must live! In any court of law the Jew would be declared innocent of major complicity in the oppression of the Negro in America. What if he sometimes bamboozles or overcharges a colored customer, or refuses to sell his house to the first Negro to try to enter a neighborhood? He and his ancestors have never owned a slave or participated in a lynching or impregnated Negro women while worrying publicly about miscegenation. Almost alone

among Americans, the Jew seems to have no reason to feel guilt toward the Negro; and this is, though Baldwin makes no point of it, a matter of great importance.

Yet it is not true that the Jew feels no guilt toward the Negro; he merely believes that he *should* feel none, and is baffled when he does. There is no reason, the Jew tells himself, why he should be expected to be more liberal than any other Americans in regard to such problems as fair employment codes and desegregation; and yet I am sure that most Jews are. On the record and at the polls, they are the Negroes' friends; and if the overwhelming majority of them would object to their daughters' marrying Negroes, they would object with hardly less violence to their marrying *goyim*. If we discriminate against Ham in this regard, we discriminate also against Japheth. Some Jews, to be sure, adopt the anti-Negro attitudes of their neighbors in an excess of assimilationist zeal, as a way of demonstrating by the all-American quality of their hatred that they, too, are "white." There is, however, also a particularly Jewish distrust of the black man, buried deep in our own tradition. Are we not told in the Torah itself that the offspring of Ham will be cursed: "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

There is no use quibbling about it; though he does not oppress the Negro, the Jew does hate him with a double though muted hatred: for being at once too like himself and too like the *goyim*—for resembling what the Jew most resents in his own situation and also what he most despises in the whole non-Jewish world. The Jew sees in the Negro a care-free and improvident life-style, that he has also observed and envied a little, all around him, but which he feels he could not afford (even if, improbably, he could approve) in his rejection and devotion to God. Yet though the Negro is also

poor and rejected and pious, he is able to laugh over-loud and drink over-much, to take marriage lightly and money without seriousness, to buy spangles at the expense of food, to despise thrift and sobriety and to be so utterly a fool that one is *forced* into taking financial advantage of him. Real or legendary, this Negro the Jew finds or thinks he finds in his rundown, slovenly house; and he considers him no more admirable at worship than at play, jerking and howling and writhing on the floor in a final degradation of the alien Evangelical tradition.

Perhaps the Jew cannot be taken to task for despising improvidence and superstition. And yet he knows that somehow he has failed an obligation that he does not quite understand, failed his own history of persecution and oppression by not managing to—to do *what*? What he might have performed he can never really say, some bold revolutionary blow for emancipation, some superhuman act of love. So he cries out, if he is disturbed enough, against segregation to a group of his friends who are also against segregation, or he writes a letter to the papers, or makes a contribution to the NAACP. And, after all, what else can he do? What else can *I* do?

AT LEAST it is necessary to say "I" and pass on from safe generalizations about what the abstract "Jew" thinks about the abstract "Negro," generalizations from which it is possible to be secretly exempting oneself all the time. Even at the cost of some pain, it is necessary to say what "this Jew," what *I* feel on these matters in my own quite unstatistical flesh.

I can begin by saying, in the teeth of the usual defensive cliché, that none of my best friends is black. I have known many Negroes in my life and have talked to some, chiefly comrades in one radical party or another, far enough into the night to have some notion of the distrust

we would have had to overcome, the masks we would have had to penetrate, to discover our real selves, much less become real friends. I cannot see how that gap could be closed without genuine passion; and my only passionate relation to a Negro I do not even remember, but take on trust from stories of my mother. When I was little more than a year old, I was taken care of by a black girl, whom I loved so deeply, caressing and kissing her black skin in a way which horrified my family, that she was fired. I assume that I was desolate for a little while; I do not really recall, and my mother never carried her account that far.

My only other connection with a Negro that involves any tenderness comes at a much later date. I was thirteen or fourteen, working at my first job in a shoe store, and more than a little scared at the cynicism and worldliness even of the other "boys" (some of whom were as old as sixteen!), much less the salesmen and the hose girls. My only friend in the store, the only one who never mocked me, intentionally or unwittingly, was the colored porter. We would eat our lunches together in the basement out of paper bags, while all the others were off at cafeterias or lunch counters. He would speak to me gravely and without condescension about life—mostly sex, of course, which he thought the salesmen made too much of in their boastful anecdotes and I was overimpressed by in my callow innocence. After we finished eating, I would retouch the crude sketch of a gigantic, naked woman that some one had roughed out on one of the cellar walls, while he leaned back and criticized my efforts. Before we went upstairs to work again, he would help me push a pile of empty hose boxes in front of our private mural.

In retrospect, it seems to me that I found in this Negro porter, quite in accord with the best American traditions, my own Nigger Jim or Sam Fathers—

but with what a difference! Urban Jew that I was, I had no night-time Mississippi for the encounter, no disappearing virgin forest, only a half-lit cellar with the noise of the city traffic rumbling dimly above and the rustling of rats in the trashbin. It was not, however, a relationship with a person, but with a type.

Aside from these, my early encounters with Negroes were casual and public. There was, of course, the colored tenor who could sing "*Eli, Eli*" in Yiddish and was therefore in great demand at all Jewish events as a curiosity, a freak. What his fellow Negroes thought of him God only knows! I can remember the old women shaking their heads incredulously as he sang, and the kids afterwards arguing about whether one could really be both black and a Jew. Beyond this there were Negro customers in the shoe-store and in my father's pharmacy. The shoestore customers fell into two classes: ignorant working girls and old servants with broad, horny heels and monstrous bunions, who could be sold practically everything (even extra arch-supports for their rubbers!); and middle-class Negro women from the suburbs whom we hated for assuming, quite correctly, that we were trying to put something over on them. My father's customers I would see less frequently; his drugstore was in a distant and disreputable part of the city, with a Mission for repentant drunks on one side and a factory across the street. I would visit him occasionally, taking along a "hot meal" that had grown rather cold on the long streetcar ride, and watch him wait on the Negroes who made up a large part of his trade and whom he supplied with asafoetida to charm off the "misery," hairstraightener and large boxes of candy tied with even larger pink ribbons.

Last of all, there were the maids, which is to say, the kind of part-time help that would appear at my grandmother's house or ours when we were prosperous enough

to afford it. I think it was a long time before it entered my head that a maid might not be a Negro, or a healthy young Negro woman not a maid. In conversations between my grandmother and my mother, the girl who helped us was always referred to simply as "the *schwarze*," which did not really mean "Negro," nor, God forbid, "nigger," but only "servant." After a while, we settled down to one *schwarze*, Hattie, who was an ardent disciple of Father Divine, and would dance abandonedly in one corner of the kitchen when the spirit moved her or preach at us in the name of peace. It pleased my mother, I know, to be called "Miz Lillie" in an unfamiliar style handed down from plantation days and reminiscent of movies about the South; and she would certainly roar with laughter when Hattie clowned and grimaced and played the darkie for all she was worth. When I was adolescent and very earnest on the Negro question, I would rush out of the house sometimes, equally furious with Hattie for her playacting and my own family for lapping it up and laughing at the display with winks and condescension.

Things have changed a good deal since I was a kid; and when I return now to the city where I was born, there are not only colored cops on the corners, but in the stores, even the biggest ones, colored salesgirls as well as customers, black salesgirls who do not hesitate to be as insolent as the white ones. Indeed, when my grandmother was dying and I came back to see her for the last time, I found not only Hattie, quite old but spry enough to caper on seeing me as absurdly as she knew was expected, but also a Negro nurse. The nurse was a follower of Father Divine, too, but this was her only bond with Hattie; for she was not only a "professional woman," but a West Indian, very lightskinned and spoke a painfully refined brand of British English. She insisted on having a papaya every day for

lunch, presumably to keep her origins clear in the minds of everyone; but she was kind and patient all the same, though she slipped away, quietly but firmly, a few hours before my grandmother's death. "It's coming," she whispered to my mother in the kitchen. "I'm sorry, but it's against my principles to stay in a house of death."

DESPITE my lack of intimacy with Negroes, I have possessed from my earliest childhood very strong theoretical opinions on the question of their rights. The first book I ever bought for myself with my own money (I was eight) was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which I read over and over, weeping in secret, and making vows to myself that I would work always (imagining, of course, a heroic stand against the ignorant multitude) until the last vestiges of racial inequality were wiped out. Needless to say, no heroic exploits followed, though I have a vivid memory of myself at twelve, shouting and pounding the table until I grew red-faced in an argument with the rabbi of the chief Reform temple of our city. I can still remember his face, unspeakably moderate (he either looked like the late Senator Taft or I have remade his remembered face into that image) nodding at me disapprovingly, while my family, acutely embarrassed, tried to signal silence from behind his back. His apology for discrimination was certainly one of the spiritual scandals that drove me in despair from the bourgeois Jewish community. The poor Orthodox Jews did not, it seemed to me, even know there was a Negro problem: while the richer, Reformed ones had, for all their "liberalism," surrendered to Gentile conformism.

If the first impulse that took me as a young man into the radical movement was a desire to be delivered of the disabilities of being a Jew, the second was the counter-desire to be delivered of the

guilt of the discriminations practiced by Jews in their efforts to free themselves from those disabilities. Only in the Marxist scheme for remaking society could I then see the possibility of winning my freedom rather than buying it at the expense of somebody else—particularly of the Negro. Besides, I thought that one could discover in the Movement a society where already Negro and white lived together on the basis of true equality. Did not white girls and Negro boys dance together at their social evenings? Were they not even lovers without special re-priming or horror? I soon became uncomfortably aware, however, that the radical movement was plagued by the same inability as bourgeois society to treat the Negroes as more than instances of their color. Turning this inability upside down helped very little.

That the girls chose Negroes as boy friends *because* they were Negroes, or that the top leadership (who were, it happened, Jews once more) appointed Negro organizers not in spite of their color but because of it—and that they would, when their directives changed, hurry them out of sight—all this became distressingly clear. That one could not call a sonofabitch a sonofabitch if he happened to be black, that a comrade who was sullen, uncooperative and undependable was immune to blame because he was colored—this became unendurable. The fear of being labelled a “white chauvinist” is as disabling as that of being called a “nigger-lover”; and to be barred *a priori* from hating someone is as debasing as being forbidden *a priori* to love him.

It is not, finally, a question of the Marxian movement failing its own dream, the dream of an assimilated Jew not above calling a political opponent a “Jew-nigger.” Such a failure could be an accident of history, reparable under changed circumstances. The fatal flaw of all such approaches is that they begin with self-

congratulation: permitting us to set ourselves apart from the guilty others and to think of ourselves as immune to the indignity and hatred which is the very condition of the co-existence of white and black in America. Only with the recognition of our own implication can we start to be delivered: not to fight for Negro rights as if we were detached liberators from another planet, but to know that those rights must be granted to ease us of the burden of our own guilt.

OF ALL my own experiences, the one which seems to me now central to an understanding of my problem, a real clue to the nature of Negro-Jewish relations, is that of merely *walking to school*. For some six months, when I was in the ninth grade, I went to what was called “The Annex,” an aging, standardly dismal primary school building used to catch the overflow from one of our high schools. It stood in a neighborhood largely inhabited by Negroes, though there were still Jewish delicatessens and kosher poultry slaughterers among the race record shops; and one of the streets was lined throughout the day with pushcarts, among which Yiddish was the commonest language spoken. The sons of the butchers and the few trapped Jewish property owners left in the area seemed to become almost as often as not gangsters (one especially successful one, I recall, ran a free soup kitchen all through the Depression); and a standard way of proving one’s toughness was “nigger-smashing.” This sport involved cruising a side street at a high rate of speed, catching a lonely Negro, beating the hell out of him, and getting back into the car and away before his friends could gather to retaliate. I remember that one of the local figures associated, in kids’ legend at least, with “nigger-smashing” was himself called “Niggy” because of his kinky hair and thick lips, features not so uncommon among Jews, after all.

I had to walk to school through those streets, and it was not long before I was repeating to my friends what was quickly whispered to me: that it was not safe for either a white boy or for a colored one to walk there alone. It was a strange enough feeling to pass even in packs through so black a neighborhood to one's totally white class; for though the grade-school was predominantly Negro, there was not a single colored student in my ninth-grade room. Especially on the warm days in late spring, when everyone was out on his stoop or sidewalk, in shirt-sleeves or undershirt, one had a sense of an immense, brooding hostility. The fattest and most placid looking woman leaning out of her window or the knot of yelling kids who parted to let one pass could suddenly seem a threat. It was like entering the territory of a recently subdued enemy, still too weary and disorganized for resistance but not for hatred. And saying to oneself, "I am a friend of the Negro people. I am on your side," didn't help a bit. It would have been absurd to cry it aloud, though sometimes the temptation was great; for in such a context, it would seem as false to the mouth that spoke it as to the ear that heard.

The sense of entering an alien country was exaggerated during my first month in school by the barricades which blocked off the streets just past the last plush Jewish apartment house and on the verge of that real ghetto. A smallpox epidemic had spread through the crowded, filthy living quarters of the Negroes, and only those with business in the neighborhood were permitted to enter, though even they were snatched up and rudely vaccinated on the spot. After a while, the sense of poverty and dirt, the dark faces looking out of the windows and the fear of the most dreadful of diseases blended into one; and even a kid going to school had the sense that he was entering not a place but a condition, that he was confronting

the sickness and terror of his own soul made manifest.

Once toward the end of my endless term there, I was walking with my mother down the same street I followed daily to school. We were after something special, who knows, hot pastrami, maybe, or onion rolls or a fresh-killed chicken; when suddenly and quite casually she pointed to one of those drab, alien houses from which I had shrunk day after day, saying, "I was born there." It is the familiar pattern of the decay of urban neighborhoods; when the Jews are ready to go and it no longer pays to patch and paint, the Negroes are permitted to move in. The street where I myself was born is now almost all Negro, as is my high school; and the neighborhood where I lived until I was married is now surrounded. But at that moment beside my mother, I heard behind her familiar voice another which prompted it: the voice of a mild, horrified, old Gentile lady over her tea: "First the Jews, then the Negroes. . . ." But this is also the voice of T. S. Eliot, "And the Jew squats on the window sill, the owner. . . ."

EMANCIPATED and liberal, I could scarcely shake off my resentment and rage; for I saw the comedy and pathos of our plight, how *we* looked to the *goyish* eye at the very moment we were looking at the Negro: the first symptom of a disease, as inexorable as age itself, which eventually reduces newly seeded lawns and newly painted houses to baked grey mud and scabby boards. I could feel the Jew's special rancor at the Negro for permitting himself visibly to become (there is no question of the justice of such a notion, only of its force) the image, the proof of the alien squalor that the white, Gentile imagination finds also in the Jew. "As he to me," the Jew thinks helplessly, "so *I* to *them*!" And the "them" refers to the Gentiles already in the new, restricted addition to which the

Jew will eventually come, by hard work and with much heartburning, only to find the Gentiles gone and the Negro still at his heels.

For the Jew, the Negro is his shadow, his improbable caricature, whom he hates only at the price of hating himself; and he learns quickly (unless he allows rage

to blind him) that for this reason his own human dignity depends not only theoretically but in terrible actuality upon that of the Negro. No Jew can selflessly dedicate himself to the fight for the equality of the Negro; when he pretends that he is not also fighting for himself, he is pretending that he is indistinguishable from a *goy*.



ELIEZER LIVNEH, editor of *B'Terem* and former member of Knesset, is widely known as a trenchant critic of the Israel scene. In this article he frankly uncovers some painful aspects of life in Israel which have troubled all true Zionists, and places himself in the category of one who "inflicts the hurt of a friend." Readers of *MIDSTREAM* remember him as the author of "Soviet Policy in Europe," which appeared in our first issue.

Is Israel A Zionist State?

By ELIEZER LIVNEH

THE famous philosopher Hermann Cohen, speaking about Zionism, once exclaimed: "These people are looking for happiness!" He spoke contemptuously, as if to say, The Zionists are trying to transform the great drama of Jewishness into a kind of vaudeville skit. And Franz Rosenzweig said in a similar vein, "What do the Zionists want? To create another state like Bulgaria?" He, too, apparently thought Zionism was an effort to provide the Jews with a limited "happiness" like that of the Bulgarians, who find themselves on the periphery of history.

The statements of Cohen and Rosenzweig should give us pause, for it is quite possible that within Zionism there does lurk the element of an attempted escape from the historic Jewish destiny with its constant moral tensions. It is possible, indeed, that Zionism harbors a contradiction: that it is a great and spiritually daring effort to provide Jewish destiny with new meaning, operating at the same time to make the Jews "a nation like all other nations," that is, a nation combining some Western culture with a measure of Levantinism. Deep in the heart of the movement toward the new Zion there was perhaps a great longing for the relaxation of the tension characteristic of our

history and, for some, an urge to lapse into indifference. Zionist work in Israel has reflected in turn each of these tendencies, sometimes moving between them within the same generation. We cannot tell now when the wheel will turn next or in what direction, but we do sense that our present situation is not permanent, that the present spiritual "comforts" in Israel will give way to a new stage of creative tensions. We must be cautious, therefore, in assessing the weight and value of what Hermann Cohen termed our "happiness."

It may at first glance seem absurd to inquire whether the state of Israel is really Zionist in character. Wasn't it created by Zionists? Could it have come into being without the existence of the Zionist movement? It absorbed three-quarters of a million Jews during the eight years of its existence, and isn't such an ingathering the very essence of Zionism? One might even say that the existence of the state in itself constitutes Zionism. But we are not now discussing the past. It is true that Israel is the product of Zionist effort, and its limitations are a reflection of the limitations of the Zionist movement. The question that concerns us now is whether Israel still is and will continue to be a Zionist state.

Were we to assume that Israel is capa-

ble of carrying on as it is now, with its present population, and of continued progress by its own momentum, we would not have to deal with its Zionist character. But we cannot make such an assumption, surrounded as we are by the multitudes of Arab peoples who are making progress and are awakening to national consciousness. Indeed, how could we hope, especially considering the stasis that has arisen between us and the Diaspora, to maintain our special position against so much natural pressure with a population of a million and a half or even two million Jews? It is this question—whether one answers it in the negative or even simply feels concerned by it—that confronts one so directly with the problem of whether Israel can continue to exert a Zionist magnetism on the Diaspora.

The Zionism of Israel is expressed in its ability to attract, absorb and adapt Jews. The Zionism of the citizens of Israel expresses itself in their social, economic, and political attempts to make the state capable of attracting Jews. Everything else is tangential to this. Systems of colonization, economic stratification, the coordination of capitalist and socialist elements in the economy—from a Zionist standpoint such matters are important only insofar as they have some influence on attracting Jews from the Diaspora, Jews as they are *today*, not as they were before the catastrophe.

The terms "Jewish state" and "Zionist state" are not synonymous. Zionism is possible, and indeed existed, without a state, without even an appreciable Jewish community in Israel. For it is primarily a Diaspora phenomenon, the awareness of Jews in the galut that for one reason or another "things are not right" with them. I use this vague term intentionally because the feeling that things are not in order can have many meanings: it can mean a feeling of inferiority or of insecurity, of being in an "unnatural" cultural position, or of being economically dis-

criminated against. At one time, socialist Zionism set out various doctrines basing Zionism in the condition of constant pressure brought on Diaspora Jewry for its economic elimination. But it is unimportant how one defines the nature of the Jewish problem or how one analyzes the established feeling that such a problem exists; all that is important here is the understanding of the Jew in the Diaspora that he is a problem to himself and to others and that it is no good to go on being a problem—and that in order to get over it he has to come to Eretz Yisrael.

IT is evident that today Zionism is no longer a vital element in Jewish consciousness, including that of the people who call themselves Zionists. Anyone who has attended services in an American synagogue, or has participated in a Zionist or a fund-raising meeting in some American community, cannot escape the realization that these Jews do not consider the Diaspora a problem for *themselves*. They will argue that they are Americans like all others and there exists for them no particular Jewish problem, at least none that differs basically from the Catholic or the Quaker problem. They are not anti-Zionist either, for anti-Zionism is a reaction to Zionism.

And so American Jewry, today the largest and most representative Jewish community in the world, shares a common fund of non-Zionist and pro-Israel sentiment. The Zionism of us in Israel, so long as we are not under the economic, political and moral pressure of Diaspora Jews who feel themselves in exile and in need of a home, suffers in consequence, feeding as it now must only on internal resources and memories of the past. History teaches us that such a condition cannot last long and that what begins in such circumstances as love of Zion ends as simple *chalukah*.

Moreover as long as Diaspora Jewry is merely pro-Israel and not Zionist—as

long as its attitude toward us is based on sentiment, as long as it does not consider Israel a place to work in and live in, and seeks in our secure existence here merely a source of heightened morale and prestige—the very help it gives us takes on forms that make it difficult for us and for Israel to remain Zionist, that is, to prepare for the absorption of Diaspora Jews. When a Jew in Poland contributed his pennies to JNF or Keren Hayesod, he gave them in order that he or his son or his neighbor should be able to settle in Israel, and so he took a direct personal interest in what was done with his money. We, in turn, accepted the obligation to use his pennies in a manner that would facilitate his immigration, knowing that when he or his son did come we could account to them for what we did with their money. We therefore used the money productively; we did not waste it on ourselves; we did not spend it for our own social self-aggrandizement or for unnecessary ostentation. The American Jew, on the other hand, does not particularly care what is done with his millions. He does not intend to live here. Naturally, his feeling about his own contributions is not the same as that of the Polish Jew. And since the contributions of American Jews lack Zionist motive, our spending them is affected accordingly.

THE clearest standard of Israel's Zionism is immigration. In recent years the stream of immigration has dwindled. I do not think that this in itself is a decisive test; the decline in immigration that followed the mass influx was to be expected. The real problem has to do with the character of the renewed immigration of the recent past. This now comes from one area only, French North Africa. The fact that this is the only present source of immigrants can be explained by the physical threat hanging over the North African community. Some people maintain that physical danger was always the sole

goad to immigration. We don't have to deal now with the ideology involved, with whether only Jews subject to danger, or only the most fearful among them, immigrate. What is important is the composition of the new immigration. Who are the North African Jews coming to us at this time? Do they represent a cross-section of their community, or do only those with strongly developed Zionist sentiments come to us? Among North African Jews there are a considerable number who are by now appreciably assimilated to French culture. In Casablanca, Algiers, Constantine and Tunis there is an extensive Jewish intelligentsia. There are also thousands of trained artisans, employed and student youth (the element which in Europe provided the bulk of the membership of halutz organizations), as well as Zionist and other functionaries. But it is not these who come to us: only the Jews from the remote Atlas Mountains, the Berber villages, and the backward elements in the *mellahs*.

For a long time the Zionist movement debated whether immigration to Israel should be "selective" or should include all people who wish to come. Some argued that at this time Israel was capable of absorbing only the strong, the healthy, those possessing initiative, or skills or the capacity to acquire skills. Others maintained that Israel is for the entire "house of Israel," that a cross-section of any Diaspora community should be welcomed.

Today we have reached a point transcending this debate. It is neither the social and pioneering vanguard nor the intellectuals that come to us. We do not even get a representative cross-section of the Jewish communities of Morocco, Algiers and Tunis. Only the most backward elements in Moroccan Jewry come to us. To the extent that the skilled, better educated, more enterprising and wealthier elements among North African Jews emigrate at all, they go to France, Latin

America, the United States—anywhere, but not to Israel. This must cause us grave concern, for it was not so in the past. A study of the immigration from Russia and the Ukraine during 1919-22, and that from Poland in 1924-36, shows that those who came represented more than the average of their communities. The same holds true for the Jews who came in 1933-39 from Germany. These were as a rule stronger, younger, more enterprising and socially conscious than the German Jews who went to America. The immigration from North Africa is unlike any immigration before it, despite the fact that we now have a state of our own which should serve to encourage and attract *aliyah*.

Today Israel attracts (more correctly, brings) only those parts of North African Jewry that are dependent on charity and that have to be dealt with philanthropically. Had this been the nature of the immigration prior to 1948, there would have been no state of Israel. The pioneering settlement of the country, the social progressiveness of the community and its political awareness came into being as a result of the constant struggle against patronage and dependence on philanthropy. It is true that charitable and philanthropic help was an organic part of the process of the return to Zion, but the pioneering spirit, the ideology of volunteering, the readiness to face danger for the sake of self-defense, the intellectual tension and the yearning for independence—these were forged in the crucible of opposition to such help and charity. Without the 600,000 Jews who were imbued with this Zionist spirit we could not have established a state nor withstood the test of 1948. Yet 1948 was only the first, and by far not the most difficult, of the tests confronting us.

IT is therefore essential to ask what will happen after we bring from Morocco these segments of the Jewish population dependent on charity and will-

ing to come to us. This is only a small part of the Jewish dispersion, and it does not even include the bulk of North African Jewry. The typical Jew of today is the one who lives in the Bronx, Capetown, Montreal, Manchester, Paris, and the more modern quarters of Casablanca and Algiers. These constitute 95 per cent of the Jews in the free dispersion. If Israel exerts no attractive force on them, and the structure of the state is not oriented to their absorption, then we have no answer to the problem of *aliyah* and Israel has ceased to be a country of immigration.

This simple fact is generally concealed by a torrent of official platitudes. Israel's official jargon is thoroughly misleading, and it is characteristic of a period of spiritual and intellectual decline, when speech itself no longer encompasses reality and its problems. For instance, what we in Israel call capitalism is the exact opposite of free enterprise and competition; what we call socialism is remote from democratic planning and self-management. In the area of immigration, too, we use misleading concepts. The official version states: There exists a general problem of immigration of which the West occupies a small part. Whereas the truth is the exact opposite: after we have brought from the Moslem East and from among the refugees in Europe all those who could be brought by philanthropic means, the problem of immigration becomes the problem of immigration from the West.

Of course, we may concentrate on bringing a few more tens of thousands of immigrants from the *mellahs* of Morocco during 1956-57 and thus postpone facing the problem of immigration from the West in all its acuteness. But should we prove incapable of providing an answer to this problem, it would mean that Israel has no Zionist solution to it. Of course, Israel also has other problems: we exist, we will not return to the Dias-

pora, we will have to put up a stiff fight for our security and our economic and spiritual status. This small and unloved country in the Middle East faces many non-Zionist problems; but our fate as a Zionist state will be determined by our ability to attract Jews from the West. We will face the same problem whenever Soviet Russia allows its Jews to depart.

We should try to understand the Western Jews in social and economic terms. These are not, in my opinion, necessarily the decisive test of man and society, but it is a language we have all learned to understand. What, then, is common to all these Jews—Americans, Canadians, South Africans, English, West Europeans, etc.? What is the nature of the civil and economic status which they prefer? What are the social processes for which they feel an inner need? For one thing, they want a state where they can invest their means and savings and earn some profits from them. We may call them capitalists, but then we must conclude that Western Jewry consists of capitalists to the extent of some 90 per cent, though it must be stressed that these "capitalists" include large percentages of salaried and self-employed intellectuals. The modern industrial society on the threshold of automation requires an ever increasing percentage of professionals and specialists, and here the Jews are prominent. The Jewish proletariat scarcely exists any longer; gone also is the superfluous *luftmensch*. Such are the Jews of today: they possess means, they are professionals and they are committed to political liberalism. They would like to see in Israel a society that is not inferior to the progressive societies of the West in terms of individual initiative, economic freedom, social welfare and the rights of the individual secure from encroachment by governmental authority. Unlike the Jews of Eastern Europe, those of the West do not reject their host societies, economically or socially. At most they would like to improve them.

Nor is it a matter of economics only. What is at stake is a way of life. The Western Jew wants a state where the law will guarantee the individual effective use of his training and means and the opportunity to advance himself; where his efforts and abilities will not be dependent on the arbitrariness of officials (either capitalist or socialist) or the favors of party machines. The Western Jew is not interested in fine distinctions between capitalist oppression and socialist domination. He wants a regime where the rights of the individual are assured and economic advancement is dependent on ability applied under conditions of fair competition.

HAS Israel tended to embody the principle of liberalism? I am not speaking about *achievements* to date. The early years involved much breaking of ground in the literal, as well as symbolic, sense. But can a Jew coming here today from Western Europe or America say to himself: This country is socially more advanced and more productive than my former home; it encourages the individual and makes him more independent and self-respecting than the land I come from. Were this the case, could he really say it, the immigrant from the West would no doubt gladly suffer the material deprivations and rigors of pioneering that are characteristic of any colonization land.

The beginning of modern Zionism was marked by protest against charity and patronage. The charity took the form of providing consumer goods to the people of the old communities in the "four sacred cities" without demanding of them any productivity in return. Patronage, on the other hand, was extended to new colonists. The best known forms of it were those of Baron Rothschild and ICA. Today we are in a position to appraise objectively the advantages of *chalukah*, direct charity, and to realize how with the pennies thus provided new Jerusalem

outside the walls was built. Today we must also admit that had it not been for the patronage of the Baron, most of the early agricultural settlements would not have survived. Nevertheless, we cannot escape the conclusion that if the *yishuv* had not fought against charity and patronage, the Zionist movement could not have attained any serious fruition, and we certainly would not have achieved the establishment of the state.

Why did Ben Yehudah, Yechiel Michael Pines, the early settlers and the people of the Second Aliyah resist charity and patronage? Was it that the *chalukah* Jews perhaps lived wastefully in luxurious hotels or supported a numerous bureaucracy? Or was it that the officials of Baron Rothschild and ICA were basically corrupt? Today we can be objective and understand that the early Zionists had exaggerated considerably the economic vices of their forerunners. But fundamentally their attack was justified, for a community that depends economically and socially on the dole, and a colonization effort that depends on patronage, cannot attract Diaspora Jewry, certainly not its active elements. It was essential to do away with *chalukah* and patronage before the Second Aliyah, the halutz movement and the new *yishuv* could come into existence. An influx of fresh forces became possible only after the birth of a movement based on "self-labor," and after a class of settlers (in the broadest sense of the term) emerged determined to choose their own way of life and to test it on their own responsibility. Had it not been for these, we would have had no labor colonization, no self-defense, no Histadrut (as it once was), no Palmach, nor many other things without which we could not have reached our present status.

THE present-day version of *chalukah* and patronage which began with the establishment of the state has been de-

termined by two factors: large scale philanthropic funds not accompanied by Jews from the lands of their donation, and the character of the human material that is being brought to Israel. In combination these two factors determined the course of events. Undoubtedly this was to some extent unavoidable, but we are duty-bound to ask ourselves whether this trend will lead us, and whether this new regime of *chalukah* and patronage (should it continue for some more years) will leave us able to stand up to the challenge flung at us by the Arab countries, in peace or in war. (It is hard to say which of the two challenges will prove more taxing.)

It will not be easy to overcome the existing state of affairs—in fact, it will be much more difficult than was the struggle against the regime of *chalukah* and the Baron's bureaucracy in the past. In the course of administering the large philanthropic funds, there has arisen a new social caste that has acquired economic advantages and social importance. These people will have to renounce their instruments of supervision and pressure before Israel society will be able to advance on the road of self-support and distribute its national income in accordance with the abilities of individuals and groups. There are now powerful elements whose very existence depends on the instruments of dispensing patronage, without which they would have to enter into the market-place of fair and severe competition. Moreover, philanthropic funds from abroad and the dispensation of patronage within are more effective even than capitalism and state socialism in giving rise to new ruling circles. This is the reason why it is so hard to combat this phenomenon. A powerful social movement will be required to change this situation without attendant severe internal upheavals, which must be particularly avoided by a people that, like Israel, is threatened by such serious dangers from without.

The *yishuv* is today undergoing non-

Zionist metamorphoses and is drifting away from self-support. The always substantial gap between exports and imports increased in the last year by another \$40 million. This hardly prepares us for the time, not far off, when external aid will shrink. Our dependence on foreign philanthropic aid has cancerous social and economic consequences. For instance, no other country in the world has such a high percentage of wage-earners employed in the services industries as Israel. Only about one-third of the working population is employed in basic industry (and this includes the Dead Sea potash works, the development of copper mines and similar projects which to date are not yet in the productive stage). In other countries where productivity rates are comparable to those in Israel this proportion is reversed. In the past few years no appreciable change has come about in this regard. The *yishuv* has not become more Zionist or more devoted to "self-labor," and shows little inclination to rouse itself.

Verily, "these people are looking for happiness," and in a special way, not on the fruit of their labors alone, not on the basis of constant tension and competition with other nations, not through the goad of self-preservation which has molded the Jewish economic genius. They try to be "happy" with the help of Jews who do not want to come to Israel, and of *goyim* whose consciences are still troubled by the extermination of the Jews of Europe.

WE HAVE successfully perverted much of our past achievement. Socialist Zionism wallows in bureaucracy. Capitalist enterprise has been replaced by guaranteed profits. Commercial initiative has degenerated to the level of protected monopoly. The income of individuals or enterprises is only too often determined not by their respective abilities, or their capacities to introduce improvements, but by their "past merits." In other words, the distribution of the national income is

based on a backward instead of forward view. Such has become the condition of an intelligent and energetic people which taught progressive economics to most of the nations of Western Europe! And just as we have perverted many of the social and spiritual values inherited from the early stages of our movement, we also pervert concepts of democratic society. The concept "party," for instance, has been basically corrupted in our midst. The political party in Israel bears little resemblance to political parties in other democratic countries. What is the function of a political party in a liberal democratic country? It is to unite free and independent people, who are in a position to join or to leave the party at any time, on the basis of an agreed upon program for the purpose of attaining a majority and determining the policy of the nation from time to time. It is not the function of a party to organize business and to supervise colonization and labor. The moment a party begins to take over in these areas it ceases being a political party of independent persons. The Israel party is an all-embracing corporation. People are dependent on it for their housing, their settlement on land, their economic advancement and even their employment. The sociological essence of *such* a party does not consist in political struggle for control of the government, but in all-inclusive supervision of economic and personal selection in the numerous areas that are subject to its direct or indirect control. For this reason, the party apparatus becomes independent of the party membership, and it becomes one of the functions of the party to create a new "upper class" by means of political selection based on personal favoritism, and in disregard of all sound social, cultural and other distinctions based on ability, training, devotion, courage. The chief result of such all-embracing party rule is the corruption of social processes and politico-economic policies. It is not necessar-

ily the independent, talented, and enterprising person who rises in the scale of officialdom, management and society under such a regime. And what is true of the individual is also true of whole enterprises.

THE distortion of economic and social processes of necessity evokes corresponding spiritual traits. The combination of centralized charity and patronage and the resignation to economic dependence on the outside creates a harmful *ambience* whose dangers outweigh even its economic shortcomings. It is therefore not surprising that in our present condition we exert no spiritual fascination and cannot serve as the focus of attraction and guidance even for those now limited numbers of Western Jews who do not feel at ease in the Diaspora and do not find adequate satisfaction in the synagogue or in the noisy Jewish public activities. There are such. Annually many American Jews of all ages leave the cities to spend a few weeks together in an effort to examine the state of their inner being. When people do this, for no matter what reason or on what level of intensity, they are bound to go back to the sources of their past. Willy-nilly these people seek their Jewish roots. What does Israel offer them? I do not know whether any of the emissaries from Israel spend time in these American Jewish "retreats." Indeed, why should they go there? These are not places where one can get donations to a campaign or sell bonds. Is it an accident that we are absent from these sessions of self-examination? Is there no connection between the social, political, and economic manifestations I discussed before and the spiritual poverty that characterizes us? It is hard to sustain a pretense in matters of the spirit; the striking difference between a creative, critical spiritual atmosphere and propagandistic chit-chat soon becomes apparent. Any Israeli visiting the Diaspora quickly becomes aware that

something of the magic spell of Israel has been lost, and it is this magic that was at the very heart of love for Zion.

I wish to mention still another manifestation that belongs in this category: our relations with Germany. When the issue of German reparations came up for a vote in the Knesset, I cast my affirmative vote with a troubled conscience. Had I known then what I know now, it would have been even more difficult for me. I do not propose at this time to reargue the question of reparations. I do, however, want to examine our inner attitude toward the German people. Our use of the term "catastrophe" to describe the extermination of European Jewry is symptomatic: "catastrophe" implies a type of natural phenomenon, like a hurricane, or the eruption of a volcano—something that is not humanly preventable. We could not have done more than we did, we seem to say; let us therefore not dwell overmuch on this tragic chapter in our history; let us establish a memorial for those who had been exterminated—and proceed to the next item on our agenda. Is this the way Jews in the past reacted to even the much smaller misfortunes that had befallen them? Barely ten years have passed since the slaughter, and thousands of Israelis are now to be found in Germany as tourists, students, and even as businessmen. It would seem that our special talent for remembering, which was supposed to have distinguished us from other peoples, has suffered a serious eclipse.

It would not be amiss to compare the Nazi genocide with the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. Ferdinand and Isabella were blameless saints compared with Hitler. In their edict of expulsion they said: Our Jewish citizens who are now going to the port cities, leaving Castille and Aragon in accordance with our command, are permitted to take silver, gold, and precious stones and anything else of their wealth they can carry. Anyone who dares

molest them will suffer death. This happened long ago, in the Middle Ages, and after this event no Jew trod the ground of Spain for centuries.

And today? Let us assume that postwar Germans have been spiritually reborn. Who knows, perhaps such mass catharsis is possible. But can any one of us say with certainty that the Germans have indeed undergone a process of penance that has cleansed them? Since we do not have this certainty, how account for our total reconciliation with them? Let us be frank with ourselves—is there any basic difference today between our relations with the Germans and those with the Belgians, for instance? Would any generation of Jews in the past have reacted in a similar manner to such a calamity, had one happened? I have no hard and fast answer to these questions, but isn't it possible that there is a connection between our way of life and our reaction to Germany? Is this the *Zionist* example that we are setting for the Diaspora?

THERE are still other manifestations characteristic of this state of affairs. Let us consider some of the less serious ones. It is true that Jews come to settle in Israel. It is also true that other Jews leave Israel. Fortunately, the immigrants far outnumber the emigrants, but the significance of the proportion is not a purely quantitative one. For instance, we know that hundreds of Israel students in America, England, and France do not return. We need not feel shocked if out of a total immigration in recent years of about 750,000, some 50,000 could not adjust and left the country. But what about the Israel students abroad? Surely they are not immigrants who failed to become acclimated. They are not petty middlemen or incompetents for whom the hardships of a new country were too great. They are among the best of our sons and daughters, the second and third generation in the country, and they went abroad

to study, in some cases with government assistance, precisely because of their special capabilities. Most of them went with the sincere intention of acquiring an education and then returning. As long as the structure of the Jewish people has not broken down, Israel and the Diaspora will be interlinked, and a two-way traffic is to be expected. The question is, *who* does the traveling and in *which* direction? Do we not have grounds for fearing that Israel will become a kind of crucible, absorbing the more backward Jews and giving off others with greater potentialities?

Then, too, there is the matter of tourism. It is a fact that there has been an increase in the number of tourists in Israel. But one might also ask in which direction is there a greater flow of tourists, from the Diaspora to Israel, or from Israel abroad? An examination of the facts reveals a ludicrous situation. In 1955, for instance, the number of Israelis visiting abroad was not less than the number of Diaspora Jews visiting Israel, even though the latter outnumber the former nearly sixfold. The duration of the tourists' stay abroad is also revealing: the Israeli stays abroad much longer than the Jewish tourist in Israel. How explain this phenomenon? Can it be that we in Israel are richer than the Jews of America, Canada, and South Africa, and we can afford longer visits more easily than they? There is ground for serious concern in this mad rush abroad of so many Israelis; it sets precedents that become patterns. The rush includes over-staffed delegations, scientific missions, and numerous representations at international congresses of all kinds. It would seem that the Jewish community in Israel has a great yearning for foreign lands, a yearning much greater than that of the Diaspora Jews for Israel.

It is therefore hard to maintain that Israel as it is today is a *Zionist* state, that our chief energies are directed toward at-

tracting Jews from the Diaspora, or that the social and economic structure we are building, and the ruling castes we are creating, encourage Jews to come here and facilitate their absorption. It would be equally difficult to maintain that Israel's force as a spiritual center is growing and that in our attitude to historic events we

are setting an example for the Diaspora.

As a result of complicated spiritual, social and economic developments, Israel has reached the point where we can no longer say readily and unequivocally to what extent it is fulfilling the Zionist mission for the sake of which it was established.

Silver Moon

By Judah Goldin

You

Whom I have held in the green
Breath of evening dew
And spring grass, unseen

Have slipped
From my clasp like a blue
Shadow curling, tipped
With luxury and rue,

Into the clean and too soon—
O too soon—
Praised silver of the moon.

A Measure of Guilt

By THEODORE FRANKEL

IT IS always autumn in the land of my childhood, a season not yet touched by intimations of mortality nor discolored by the squalid brown of wet leaves waiting to be swept out of dirty gutters. No, it is still green with chestnut trees in leaf and verdant with the excitement of a new school year. But the wind is full of ominous whispering and there are portents of trouble in the air.

It is early morning and I am on the way to school. A greyish fog is wrestling with the sun and a single crow brings a sudden black chill into the blue morning. I feel strange and excited, though I have walked this way for five years and every sight tries to reassure me with its familiarity: the Kaiser, stern but just, looks down from his stone horse; the Marienkirche with its squat tower, which does not reach on high but keeps a dignified though not unhopeful distance from heaven, throws its maternal shadow over me, and the spindly houses with their seventeenth-century facades simper like kind old ladies.

But I trust these sights no longer. Nothing is as it once seemed. We write "the year 1936"—and there is a strange spirit abroad, not only across the border in Germany but in my own home town of Danzig as well. Though Danzig is legally not German territory, but an independent enclave under the protection of the League of Nations, its inhabitants are overwhelmingly German and they burn with the desire to be reunited with the fatherland from which they were severed under the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. We have a Nazi party, freely elected by a majority, which conducts the city's affairs and is busily engaged in infiltrating the police, the press and the school system. Storm Troopers in black and brown uniforms parade day and night over the cobbled stones of our quiet streets, and there are occasional raids on Jews and their property. Still, things are not as bad as in Germany proper. The flag of the League of Nations still flies over the town, an opposition party is tolerated in parliament and we Jews cannot yet quite believe that the madness will last, and we live in hope that one day we will again be acknowledged as the good German patriots that we are.

I, too, am a patriot and I would not think of going to the new Jewish high

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school that has just been opened. Even though more and more of my classmates are joining the *Hitlerjugend*, though anti-Semitic newspapers are tacked on the school's bulletin board and the new racist theories and the rest of the Nazi doctrine are taught in class, I continue to go to the German *Gymnasium*. It is my sustaining pride that I can take what "they" can dish out, but every day I get more nervous.

ON THE day I want to tell about, I was more than usually nervous because Latin class was scheduled for the first hour and our new teacher, who had recently taken over the class, was a Nazi notorious for his fanaticism. Sometimes he left me alone and sometimes he gave me a very bad time indeed; and since there was no way of knowing in advance how he would behave, I was perpetually on tenterhooks.

I had been rehearsing my homework all the way to school and I was still mumbling Latin stanzas when, on the school staircase, I was called out of my thoughts by Ulrich Eckert, a classmate of mine. "*Gut Morgen, Frankel,*" he shouted to me, addressing me by my last name, as was the custom among us students. "*'Morgen, Ulli,*" I answered, for Eckert was exempt from the rule and was always called by this diminutive of his Christian name. He was the baby of the class and one of those rare children of nature who are born to please and enchant. At fourteen, there was still something soft and babyish about him which was accentuated by his short nose and a certain awkwardness of gait and posture which gave him the appeal of a young colt that has not yet achieved full coordination of its limbs. Had we ever put on a play—of course we never did—he would have been chosen to play the princess. Yet he was not at all effeminate, as a matter of fact he excelled at sports. It was no wonder that he was the pet of teachers and class alike. But nobody bore him greater affection than I, possibly because mine was not free of envy, for he was everything I secretly longed to be and was not: he was tall, blond and German and I was small, dark and a Jew.

Thus I blushed with pleasure that day when Ulli put his arm around my shoulder and wailed humorously, "Frankelchen, I am scared stiff. I don't know a word of Virgil and if old Jox calls on me, I'll be a dead duck." "Don't worry, Ulli," I said, "I'll help you." "Thanks," he shouted again, "you're a swell guy. Come on, let's race," and up we went, bounding over the stairs, taking them three at a time. We fell into the classroom at almost the same time. "*'Morgen Ulli, 'Morgen Ulli,*" shouts went up from all sides. "Quiet!" Ulli shouted in the ringing voice of an old-time sergeant, throwing everybody into gales of laughter. "Frankel and I have a little cramming to do." And turning to me he said, blue eyes twinkling in a confidential smile, "Better start from the beginning."

I began with zest, but I was not to enjoy this happy conspiratorial intimacy for long. In what seemed no time at all we heard the call of the sentry, posted by school regulations at the door: "*Achtung!*" and jumped to attention. The *Herr Studienrat* Dr. Jox entered quickly, surveyed us with small, suspicious eyes, snapped to attention, flung his right arm forward and screamed "Heil Hitler!" Around me rose a forest of arms and a healthy chorus of young voices bawled with all their might, "Heil Hitler!" Then all heads were lowered in prayer and Dr. Jox recited with ostentatious perfunc-

toriness the morning prayer which had been recently introduced by the authorities. This distasteful duty done, he snapped: "Sit down!" Thirty rumps clattered noisily into thirty rickety seats, hobnailed shoes shuffled briefly, somebody coughed, then a dead silence descended.

Turning his small reptilian head quickly from side to side, Dr. Jox transfixed us with his cruel eyes till we froze. He had an extraordinary power over us and I can explain it only as another manifestation of the almost superhuman will on his part to prevail over the cruel burden nature had put on his shoulders from birth. For Dr. Jox had been born a repulsive freak; his left hand had only four misshapen fingers, while his right hand was not a hand at all, but a claw like that of a lobster, consisting solely of two large, fleshy pincers. It was always the worst moment at any school celebration when the time came to shake hands with our teachers. Dr. Jox would stand in the middle of the line, grim-faced and tight-lipped, waiting till we extended a tentative hand, then his own hand would shoot forward, grasp our wrist, flap it vigorously several times, and shoot back to his hip, waiting for the next thrust. What frightened us most was that this organ—we hardly thought of it as a hand—was not cold to the touch as we had unconsciously expected, but was hot, almost feverish, and throbbing with indecent life as it closed for an instant over our protesting skins. Rumor had it that his wife was a very beautiful woman, and in the dreams of my puberty I often saw those pulsating tentacles embrace the white body of a blond princess. I thought he must have bewitched her with honeyed speech, for he had a supple tongue.

"Eckert," he said now, his voice exploding with a dry crackle.

"*Jawohl, Herr Studienrat*," stammered the hapless Ulli.

"Translate!" Dr. Jox hissed.

"*Arma virumque cano . . .*" poor Ulli began and almost immediately became entangled in the feet of the meter, forgot to elide vowels, and heedlessly sped past the caesura. Dr. Jox let him go on, all the while shaking his head in mock exasperation. Finally he stopped him and said in an unexpectedly kind voice: "Eckert, I understand you won the broadjump contest at the *Hülerjugend* festival last week. I congratulate you, the *Fuehrer* needs strong bodies. But remember, *mens sana in corpore sano*. Tomorrow you will be letter perfect."

"*Jawohl, Herr Doktor*" Ulli responded, hardly believing his ears; his blue eyes shone and his grateful smile rewarded Dr. Jox, who was already casting about for a new victim.

I LOOKED at my watch, it showed eight-thirty; the half way mark had been reached. At that precise moment my soul split. To be quite truthful, I rather expected it to happen and was fully conscious of this phenomenon which had become routine with me ever since Dr. Jox had taken over the Latin class. I was still I, Theodore Frankel, fourteen years of age, sitting in the third seat of the second row of the *Untersekunda*, only now there was somebody sitting above me, up in the fourth dimension, at a point parallel to the *Fuehrer's* picture, who observed sardonically, and not without pride in his detachment, that at eight-thirty on the dot my knees had begun to shake, my hands were wet with perspiration and I had started to exude the strong, unpleasant smell of fear.

But that day my confounder was confounded, because exactly at eighty-three Dr. Jox put away his Virgil, turned to the grammar book and read, in a fine ringing baritone, a proverb taken from medieval Latin, exemplifying a rule of grammar. "Well, Eckert," he said, "let's try again, shall we?" Ulli rose surprised; it was most unusual to be called on twice in one hour, and the class began to sense that something out of the way was up. Finally Ulli found his place and translated haltingly: "Bullets made of lead fly fast, but those made of silver fly faster."

"Good," said Dr. Jox, and we knew we were in for something. "Now explain it."

"Uh, Uh," stammered the confused boy, "it means that silver bullets fly faster than leaden bullets."

"And why is that?" inquired Dr. Jox sweetly.

"Well, maybe because silver is lighter than lead."

A THIN smile played only for a moment over Dr. Jox's lips, but the class caught the cue instantly and broke into a pandemonium of shouts and laughter. Ulli looked about triumphantly as if he had made some particularly witty remark, though it was obvious that he knew no more than anybody else why his remark had provoked one of Dr. Jox's infrequent smiles. When the noise had died down, Dr. Jox sighed like a man suffering patiently under heavy affliction.

"Oh Eckert, Eckert!" he said. "When will you understand? Don't you really know what silver bullets are?" and he thrust his head forward as if to find the truth at the bottom of Ulli's soul. "You see," he continued, "most people, when they want something badly enough, go out and fight for it, with leaden bullets, if necessary, and at the risk of life and limb. But there are certain races who are too cowardly to fight, who get what they are after through bribery and corruption, who fight not with lead, but with silver." On the word "silver" he leaned forward again and his eyes took on a cunning expression. He did not look at me, nor did he utter the word "Jew." He just stood there, rubbing his horrid claws against each other, grinning. Then he again started talking about foreign elements, baser races, degrading influences, rubbing, rubbing his fingers till my teeth seemed to rattle in my head. There was no end to this hell. I dared not look around to see the faces of my friends, who listened to Dr. Jox's caustic tongue in that state of euphorious relaxation that overcomes schoolboys whenever a strict taskmaster has been decoyed away from the odious routine.

Just before the bell rang, Dr. Jox turned to Ulli and said, "Well, Eckert, do you know now what silver bullets are?" And he, beloved traitor, only too ready to please, jumped up and shouted: "*Jawohl, Herr Studienrat!*" Then the bell rang, Dr. Jox strode off and the class filed out for recess.

On the staircase I was taken aside by Goebel, one of the few boys in the class who had not joined the *Hitlerjugend*. "Don't worry," he whispered conspiratorially. "Remember what happened on Sunday," and he hurried after the others. I did remember what happened. On Friday little Reimer, the president of the class, had turned to me during recess and said with a casualness that did not hide a certain self-consciousness, "Listen, the class is going on a hike, without a teacher, just ourselves; you are coming along, of

course," and I, too surprised to answer, nodded speechlessly. Though the "of course" should have warned me that this invitation was anything but a matter of course, to my wishful mind the phrase was as important as the invitation itself because it seemed to prove that my classmates still thought of me as one of them, that neither the *Hitlerjugend* nor Dr. Jox nor even Hitler himself could destroy the comradeship of so many years.

ON Sunday morning we went out on the hike. Left to ourselves, my classmates and I were a little awkward with each other at first. There was now so much in their lives from which I was excluded, so many experiences in the *Hitlerjugend* and at sport festivals which I could not share and which they discussed constantly. . . . I felt shut out. In back of it all, there stood between us the image of the Jew, whom they had been taught to hate, despise and, ultimately, destroy. And though my classmates kept the Jewish people and me, their friend, in different compartments of their minds, something of the dreaded mystery of the image had inevitably rubbed off on me. But as the day wore on and we climbed the hills, helping each other on the way up and rolling down together, shouting and yelling, as we played soccer and sang songs around the camp fire, the recent strangeness gradually wore off, the years we had spent together asserted themselves, and in the end we were once again the carefree gang of friends we once had been.

Toward evening, when we were ready to break camp, we rose ceremoniously at Reimer's command and, while Ulli unfurled the flag, sang the national anthem. But the miracle was that, in deference to my feelings and with a tact beyond their years, they had not brought out the Swastika, nor did they hoist the emblem of Danzig (which to them was the symbol of Germany's shame) but flew the Black, White and Red standard of the Kaiser's Imperial Germany. So it came about that I could join them with a full heart and without mental reservations in singing "*Deutschland, Deutschland, Ueber Alles*," and know myself, for the last time, a good German and a faithful comrade. It was a momentous occasion for us, in its defiance, and as we walked home that evening in a sober and silent mood we knew, though none of us mentioned it or could have articulated it, that we had made an oath on the flag, that we had given each other a silent pledge, and that a covenant had been made between us.

I thought of this as I walked that morning in the court yard. The bell rang and called me back to reality and I returned to class. As always after one of Dr. Jox's lectures, the room was noisy and charged with restlessness. The bell rang a second time and still Dr. Kirchner, who taught German, had not appeared. The unrest increased, two of the fellows were wrestling in the rear of the room and in the twinkling of an eye the classroom was transformed into a battlefield. We crouched behind our desks, reached for the gym shoes we kept in our desk drawers for just such an emergency and let fly with all we had. Alliances were formed and just as quickly broken, there were sneak attacks, frontal storms on well defended positions, earnest hand-to-hand fighting and long-range artillery duels with books and inkstands. The hubbub was indescribable, with the smack-smack of rubber on flesh and wood, the groaning and shouting, and Ulli's piercing war yells rising above the turmoil.

At the teacher's raised lectern Reimer, the class president, who was charged with maintaining order in the teacher's absence, was helpless. His shouts for quiet only added to the general uproar. As a last, futile resort he wrote on the blackboard the names of all offenders to be punished later by the teacher. The last names on the board were Ulli's and mine.

Suddenly the sentry cried his warning. We dropped our implements of war and snapped to attention. At the last possible moment, Reimer flitted to the blackboard and erased all names leaving, quite deliberately, only mine. For a moment I was petrified, as if somebody whom I trusted had suddenly struck me, brutally and without warning, across the face, giving me no time even to flinch. Then indignation over this perfidy flooded me like a hot wave, a very real physical pain rose in my chest and tears shot to my eyes. All through Dr. Kirchner's entrance, the exchange of "Heil Hitlers" and the command to sit down I stared fixedly at the blackboard, seeing, as through a veil, my name trembling, alone and white, on the immensity of black background.

I HEARD Dr. Kirchner pronounce my name and jumped up. "How do you explain this?" he asked, nodding his head toward the blackboard. I just shrugged my shoulders. By now I was seething with anger. I felt that I had been betrayed, not so much as a comrade and friend (I was not even thinking of our hike), but as a human being. I felt that a monstrous injustice had been perpetrated, and the fact that I was its victim came to me only as a seemingly irrelevant afterthought. I was indignant, I felt, not for myself, but for the cause of justice. Still I did not speak, not out of any sense of obligation to the class, but because I knew that, were I to tell the truth now, it would look like tattling—and I was well acquainted with Dr. Kirchner's opinion on that subject. So I kept my peace and stared at the tips of my shoes, unwilling to lose the good will of Dr. Kirchner, who had been in charge of our class ever since we entered school, knew each of us intimately and was a kind of academic godfather to us.

Now he said coldly and, I thought, with a special emphasis, "I am amazed that *you* should disturb the peace. *You*, of all people, ought to know that to attend the *Gymnasium* is a privilege and not a right and that you are here on sufferance. In the future, don't abuse our patience." At these words I was shaken by a blind rage; heat poured over me as from an oven, and in my skull reverberated the one word: Injustice. I could contain myself no longer and in a voice shaken by sobs I yelled incoherently: "This is an injustice! Everybody else's name was erased and only mine left!" Unable to check myself, though I regretted the words even as they came out of my mouth, I pointed to Ulli and screamed: "Eckert's name was directly above mine!"

The class had fallen absolutely still. Dr. Kirchner seemed stunned. Then, without a word, he walked to the blackboard and erased my name, giving me a look that I took to be contemptuous. But I did not care, I stood vindicated and triumphant, conscious that I had won in righteous cause.

I was still standing, trembling a little with the exertion of victory, when I chanced to look at Ulli and saw the expression of hurt and defiance on his face. Instantly I sobered up and a great sadness came over me. The exaltation that had come with victory drained out of me. I sat down and felt weak,

foolish, and very lonely because suddenly I knew that I had lost everything. In that sad clarity of mind which is the aftermath of such an emotional orgy I realized that the incident which had started as a malicious prank by Reimer and which I had chosen to regard as a matter of abstract justice had somehow been transformed into a test of my loyalty, a test I had failed. It had come suddenly and unintended and for that reason was all the more decisive, because my classmates would feel, not without some disingenuousness, to be sure, that there were absolutely no mitigating circumstances since it was not they who had given me away. I looked around and read my verdict in their faces. I had broken the covenant and I was cast out.

Almost twenty years have passed since that day in August. I have found a new life on a different continent, though I had to leave my hostages behind. Danzig's medieval houses and churches have been bombed out of existence, and most of its former inhabitants are scattered in exile. Those of my classmates who were not killed in the war have been resettled by the Polish government or have learned, as refugees in Western Germany, how it feels not to be wanted by one's own. I think of them quite often and I ask myself: Could I stretch my hand out to them, over the years, over the dead? I should like to, but I cannot—justice still stands between us. But sometimes, at a late hour of night or on an empty afternoon, I wish with all my heart that I had possessed, so many years ago, the strength to keep faith with them no matter how difficult they made it for me. Those are the hours when I know that I, too, bear a measure of guilt.



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The Trouble in Cyprus

By GEORGE LICHTHEIM

AT THE beginning of May this year, the British Government, in another of its spasmodic moves to break the Cyprus deadlock, offered a reward of £10,000 (\$28,000) for the capture of Colonel George Theodor Grivas, supposedly the leader of the secret terrorist EOKA network on the island. Immediately a rumor spread that Grivas had once been trained by British officers in guerilla tactics for use against the Germans in occupied Greece. When this story reached the usually reliable London *Daily Telegraph*, it provoked a reaction from a well-known British personality with particularly good contacts among the Greeks: Mr. C. M. Woodhouse, at one time "Colonel Chris" of the wartime British military mission in Greece and the author of a highly informative account of Greece's wartime and postwar political troubles. "For what my own experience is worth," he wrote in a letter to the paper, "I never met Grivas, nor did I hear his name until after the German occupation of Greece was over, and even then not in connection with the Resistance Meanwhile anyone interested in the reputation Grivas enjoyed ten years ago might care to look up his name in the index to my book *Apple of Discord*."

This was perhaps a needlessly discreet way of stating that Grivas at the time fell

somewhat short of being regarded as a national hero by his countrymen. He has, however, every hope of becoming one now. Indeed his chances are distinctly better than those of Archbishop Makarios. For one thing, the Archbishop is now an exile in the Seychelles, while the Colonel at the time of writing is still hiding out among the hillside caves of Cyprus. For another thing, the Greeks are not as fond of their clerics as British and American newspaper readers are sometimes led to suppose. The thousands of Greek schoolboys on the island to whom EOKA has brought a welcome distraction from the humdrum struggle with irregular verbs have already settled on the "unknown terrorist leader Captain Dighenis," alias Colonel Grivas, as their idol. Dead or alive, his place in their private Olympus is secure. To British officers who remember his wartime activities under and after the German occupation, Grivas is one of the political mercenaries who joined the Allies when it had become safe to do so and then devoted most of their time to banditry. (Woodhouse, himself a Tory, refers to "the reactionary thugs . . . under Col. Grivas," and later, during the civil war, mentions him among the "bandits of the Right.") But Cypriot schoolboys do not have to know these things, though they might not be shocked if they did.

THE military-police mechanics of the British attempt to make an end of EOKA, although fascinating to the expert, are relatively modest in scale, compared to what the Colonial Office had to face ten years ago in Palestine—an uncomfortable parallel never very far from the surface of British political thinking these days. With nearly 20,000 troops now available for operations in an area about half the size of Wales, the military resources at the disposal of the Governor, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, would at first sight appear to be adequate, especially when it is borne in mind that EOKA's hard-core strength is authoritatively estimated at between 70 and 100 full-time terrorists, scattered in groups of 6 to 15 among the hillside caves of Cyprus. The difficulty arises from the fact that there are an estimated ten thousand of these mountain caves, and now that the warm weather has come, living in caves at heights up to 5,000 feet is not sufficiently disagreeable to wreck the morale of the "Captain Dighenis" force. EOKA's problems spring more from shortage of supplies than from effective harrying by the security forces. The fact that Cyprus is an island—and much closer to Turkey than to Greece, where the supplies are supposed to come from—does give the British a certain technical advantage. Naval patrols are on the lookout, and radar watch is kept against aircraft which may (and occasionally do) drop men and supplies during the hours of darkness. In the Troodos Mountain area, where the hard core of EOKA is believed to have its hideout, the troops and police are particularly thick on the ground. The fact that these precautions are directed against Britain's NATO partner, Greece, and strongly supported by her other NATO partner, Turkey (also linked with Greece in the moribund Balkan Pact, from which the third partner, Yugoslavia, has now virtually withdrawn), lends a certain piquancy to the affair. Officially, Britain

and Greece are not at war. This does not prevent King Paul of the Hellenes from giving his royal backing to the ENOSIS (union) movement, and, by implication at least, to EOKA. It also does not inhibit the Athens radio from broadcasting Grivas-Dighenis's proclamations over the official Greek network. These manifestoes are stirring in tone, their general tenor being well represented by the New Year message from the leader to his followers which was broadcast over the Athens radio on January 7:

"The year which has ended has been the beginning of a hard, bloody and glorious struggle for the overthrow of the repugnant tyrant's oppressive yoke We shall continue the New Year with the same determination . . . until the tyrant who desecrates churches, seizes the belongings of breadwinners and rapes virgins (yes, even this has been observed!) is driven from the land of our fathers. . . . Let us continue the struggle that awaits us, harder and bloodier. . . ."

SINCE the rise of EOKA in April 1955, the Athens broadcasts, which until then had contented themselves with generalized abuse of the British, became operational and gave precise instructions to villagers in Cyprus about cooperation with the terrorists, broadcasting the names of suspected British agents (some of whom were subsequently shot at), and in general taking on the character of one of those underground radio stations that the Western Allies subsidized during the war-time struggle against the Germans. The killing of a Cypriot police constable by the terrorists, for example, evoked this broadcast comment, taken from the Athens press:

"The punishment of the detestable special constable, who agreed to betray his country for a few pounds, is severe but just. Let this punishment be a lesson to those who forget their most holy duty [to ENOSIS]."

The curious thing is that until the ENOSIS-EOKA campaign really got going, most people in Cyprus had not seriously thought of themselves as being duty bound to put their "country" before their private or professional interests. To the Turkish minority, of course, their "country" (if they thought about such things at all) was the island on which they happened to live. But even to the Greek-speaking four-fifths of the half million population it was by no means obvious that they were Greeks first and Cypriotes second, with the British Commonwealth (supposedly a supra-national institution) coming a bad third. Yet this process of identification with the Hellenic motherland is of course what the whole ENOSIS movement is about. By now it has gone too far to be reversible. Having lost the ideological fight, the British Government is reduced to the unwelcome role of a Colonial administration holding on to a valued strategic outpost, on the simple plea of self-interest. This loss of contact with the mass of the population is the real cause of the administration's current failure to smash EOKA. Even the importation of police dogs from Britain (cf. *The Times*, January 30) and the enlistment of veteran police officers with experience in Kenya, Malaya and Palestine is unlikely to make up for the absence of adequate support among the island population.

The result is tragi-comedy: Cyprus, which had been selected by the British General Staff as a garrison place on account of its supposedly friendly atmosphere, has become the focus of a bitter struggle. Towns and villages left unguarded, to avoid the "barbed wire mentality" which the armed forces hoped they had left behind in the Suez Canal Zone, are now wired and patrolled by soldiers. Every military vehicle carries an armed guard, gun in hand; and as an added refinement, cocktail party hosts provide cloakroom facilities for the pistols of their

guests. Even so, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding was very nearly murdered in his bed by a seemingly trustworthy house servant.

II

IT is often assumed—particularly by people outside Cyprus—that if Sir John Harding and Archbishop Makarios had succeeded in reaching an agreement, the Cyprus problem would have been as good as solved. This is an illusion, though one shared by large numbers of liberal and well-meaning people in Britain, including most of the Labor Party. Even if the few but important "differences of substance" between the Governor and the Archbishop had been overcome prior to the latter's arrest and deportation last March, there would only have been a formula for future negotiations about the all-important question of when, if ever, Cyprus is to obtain self-determination, i.e., the right to join Greece. The talks broke down over the British government's formal acceptance of this right in return for the Archbishop's recognition that strategic considerations necessitate a delay before it can be exercised. Since in the British draft, the interim period was not clearly defined, but made dependent on certain conditions having been met, the solution would seem to be to agree on an outside authority—NATO for example—to decide whether the necessary preconditions do in fact exist; and it seems probable that some such arrangement will in the end be pressed upon the reluctant British by the U. S. State Department. But the trouble will then by no means be over.

Elections in Cyprus are certain to bring a pro-ENOSIS government into power, and such a government will inevitably try to advance the date of self-determination (as distinct from self-government, which has already been conceded in principle). No matter what Makarios may try to do

if and when he is brought back from exile, the pressure of nationalist and/or Communist opinion will force the pace. The next problem would then be to make an agreement on eventual self-determination palatable to the Turkish minority, and to the Turkish government in Ankara. What part, if any, would Turkish representatives have in Cypriot government? So far, the only part they are able to foresee for themselves is that of being outvoted four to one on every conceivable issue. If, however, they could be persuaded to join a government, and if portfolios were allocated to them in proportion to their numbers, who would be left to provide Her Majesty's Loyal Cypriot Opposition? The only possible candidates seem to be the Communists. But the Communist party is now illegal (as indeed it is in Greece), and in any case its representatives are hardly fit to make parliamentary government work.

UN Til now the only form of politics in Cyprus has been for or against ENOSIS. After agreement on self-government as a step to complete self-determination, the Cypriot government would in principle be able to take over the British-sponsored £39 million (\$100 million) economic development program. But by doing so it would associate itself with what Greek nationalists regard as a belated British financial bribe to keep Cyprus in the Commonwealth. On the other hand, the British would, during the interim period, insist on having control of foreign affairs, defense and the police (now being expanded to assume responsibilities which formerly lay with the army). Is the Cypriot government then to do nothing at all? Supposing it were to associate itself with the maintenance of law and order, it would soon find itself at grips with forces now lying dormant. For even if an agreement between Britain and Greece, or between Harding and Makarios, led to a genuine ending of EOKA

terrorism—a doubtful point—it would not end Communist terrorism under the EOKA flag. Nor would it remove doubts about the worth of Turkish policemen under Greek control, and vice versa. Yet control of the police is unlikely, under self-government, to stay with the British for long.

Education opens up even more interesting possibilities. As matters stand, almost all secondary schooling on the island is in Greek or Turkish, and under the respective control of two embattled communities—just as it was in Palestine under the British Mandate. The Greek schools have Greek teachers, Greek textbooks, Greek regulations and a curriculum attuned to that of the Athens University. Together with the village priests of the Greek Orthodox Church, the schools have been the true wellspring of ENOSIS feeling. A belated attempt is now being made by the British administration—after almost eighty years of holding the island—to introduce English-language schooling and British-type education. But now that the Greeks are convinced that union with the mainland is only a matter of a few years, they are no longer interested in English education, which a generation or two ago they might have welcomed. English as a means of world-wide communication, plus the British Treasury and the sterling pool as sources of development funds for the island, thus remain the only arguments in favor of persuading some middle-class Cypriotes to stay in the Commonwealth. Had the issue been put in these terms before the ENOSIS campaign got into swing, it is possible that a minority of the Greeks—perhaps one out of five—would have joined the Turks to maintain the status quo in a free plebiscite; there would then have been less than a two-thirds majority—presumably the necessary minimum—in favor of ENOSIS. Today that opportunity has been missed, as have a number of others throughout the Mediterranean. For this joint failure,

neither of the two British parties is entitled to blame the other, save insofar as Labor can maintain that self-government (and British citizenship on equal terms) ought to have been offered to Cyprus some fifty years ago.

THAT, as it happens, is the view of some of those best qualified to judge the matter. For, like the Maltese who have just voted themselves not merely into the Commonwealth but actually into the United Kingdom (Malta in the future is to send three representatives to Westminster), the Cypriotes were not in principle unassimilable. Both Greeks and Turks, brought up in British schools and accorded full British citizenship, might have made the transition to Commonwealth membership and found common ground in the process. Even so, the British would have come up against the hard fact of Hellenic nationalism; the difference is that, instead of treating the Cypriot Greeks as Levantines, and thus gradually inflaming their Hellenic culture-consciousness to the point of anti-British terrorism, they could either have tried to assimilate them—or decided to let the island go to Greece, as Lloyd George indeed is known to have contemplated at the time of Versailles. Failure to do either has landed the British, and NATO, in a mess from which there is no easy way out. For the Greek government has now committed itself formally to support of ENOSIS, while Turkey insists on maintenance of the status quo, i.e., of the unrepresentative colonial regime in force since the islanders burned down Government House in 1931 (thereby causing the Governor, Sir Ronald Storrs, to flee in his pajamas and leaving Whitehall no choice but to suspend the Constitution).

This puts Turkey in the queer position of being more colonialist than the British, who are now willing to concede elections and self-government (though not union with Greece); but the reason is obvious:

the Turks rightly suspect that to grant self-rule is to open the floodgates to ENOSIS. Hence the dire threats of "very grave repercussions" if Britain should try to tinker with the status quo, under which the Turkish minority is secure though disfranchised. Yet the status quo is visibly collapsing, and the British have no stomach for maintaining it by brute force. It is Palestine all over again, except that Cyprus is more important strategically, now that Suez has been evacuated. Also, while the officially voiced British fears of leaving Palestine to the Jews, with their alleged socialistic mentality and tenderness for Russia, were plainly absurd or disingenuous,* the same cannot altogether be said of Turkish nervousness over the prospect of letting Cyprus go to a country as politically unsteady as Greece.

How seriously is one then to take the Turkish threats of going to war, if necessary, to save the Turkish minority from a fate allegedly worse than death? On the face of it they sound formidable indeed. Off the record, however, some Turkish leaders take a different line. Privately they admit that ENOSIS is bound to come, and indicate that when it does come, Turkey will make a loud noise for the record, and leave it at that. Nor do they seem to fear that Turkish public opinion would get out of hand; public opinion, they imply, can be wound down again, just as it was wound up last September to the point of sacking the Greek quarter of Istanbul. Lastly, if An-

* How deeply rooted they were nonetheless, even among highly placed people in Britain who prided themselves on their freedom from vulgar prejudice, may be discovered by studying the newly published volume of Beatrice Webb's *Diaries* for 1924-32. For Mrs. Webb was not merely convinced that Zionism was an absurdity, but long before the crisis had come she thought that insofar as it was real it had "Communist" overtones. (Which did not prevent her from developing a highly uncritical admiration of Stalin's Russia a year or two later.)

kara tells the Turkish minority in Cyprus to calm down, there is every prospect that this advice will be followed; whereas if Athens were to pour cold water on ENOSIS (a mostly unlikely thing to happen), EOKA would nonetheless continue its terror campaign, the only difference being that it would come under Communist direction. Thus Turkey can restrain its followers on the island, while Greece cannot; and in this difference lies the key to the Greek Cypriotes' mounting confidence that in the end Britain, Turkey and NATO itself will all give way and let Cyprus become part of that Greater Greece which Hellenic nationalism has not ceased to dream of since mainland Greece won her independence in a bloody struggle one hundred and thirty years ago.*

III

NO ONE has so far undertaken a proper sociology of European nationalisms, and yet the subject is fascinating and full of unsolved (and probably insoluble) riddles. How is it, for example, that those countries which were to be found on the side of the French Revolution and Napoleon subsequently developed a tradition of liberal nationalism, while their opponents did not? To what extent was the Italian Risorgimento

rooted in that earlier participation in the wave of liberalism radiating from revolutionary and Napoleonic France? Is one to account on similar grounds for the extraordinary vitality of liberalism in Poland, as against its debacle in Prussia, which had fought on the "wrong" side during the Napoleonic period? What of the difference in this respect between Italy and Spain? And where does Greece fit in? Hellas early became one of the shibboleths of European liberalism, but Greek nationalism during the 19th century somehow failed to come up to the standards set by Garibaldi, until Venizelos made a belated effort to fuse liberalism and nationalism into a common mold. The resulting compound proved sufficiently tough and durable to survive the catastrophe of 1922, when the over-ambitious attempt to reconstitute Greater Greece was shipwrecked by military defeat and the bloody expulsion of a million and a half Greeks from Asia Minor. (The Greeks, unlike the Arabs a generation later, accepted the fact of defeat and even resettled their refugees, with some very modest help from the League of Nations, instead of trying to keep old hatreds alive. So perhaps the liberal ingredient in the compound was active after all.)

This subject inevitably introduces the important figure of Gladstone. Now Gladstone was staunchly phil-Hellenic all his life, and indeed was instrumental in enabling Greece to obtain the Ionian islands from Britain in 1863. But when it came to Cyprus he proved a broken reed. True, he protested violently against Disraeli's virtual annexation of the island in 1878 under cover of a lease from the Turkish government, which was then trying to involve Britain in the defense of its territories against Russian encroachment. He declared that the deal was immoral, and that if anyone had a right to the island it was the Greeks; but when he became Prime Minister two years later, he did nothing about it. This was indeed in tune with

* "Most of the Greeks want to become citizens of Greece, but I met no Turks in Cyprus who wanted to become citizens of Turkey," wrote a Dutch journalist, Mr. J. H. Huizinga, in the *Manchester Guardian* on February 17 this year, adding: "... it should also be realized that the political organization of the Turkish community which bears the name 'Cyprus is Turkish' is not a local growth but an import from the Anatolian mainland, whence in 1954 two emissaries came and prevailed upon the minority leaders to rechristen their organization with this defiant name. . . . It all seems to indicate that there would be no great difficulty in getting the Turkish minority to agree to ENOSIS, once Ankara allowed it to do so."

Gladstone's subsequent performance with Egypt and with British possessions generally: he was forever protesting against the annexation of more territory, and forever justifying the retention of territories which had been so annexed over his protest. But the Greeks could not be expected to fathom the subtleties of Mr. Gladstone's conscience, and his attitude about Cyprus disappointed them. For at the time when Britain, by its convention with Turkey, took over the island in 1878 (nominally in the Sultan's name), the ENOSIS movement was already flourishing. It had been founded in the middle of the 19th century, and its leaders, then as now, were the high dignitaries of the Orthodox Church in Cyprus who, under the Ottoman occupation, had become the natural leaders of their flock. Greek nationalism even then was closely tied up with membership in the Orthodox Church; for (as was pointed out in *The Times* of May 5, 1928) "A Cypriot may be anything by blood, but being Orthodox, he thinks of himself as Greek." That is to say, he thinks of himself as belonging to that Greek community which was submerged after the fall of the Byzantine Empire, but has now come into its own again, and even founded a national state in one part of its former domain: on the Greek mainland. The fact that the Greek-speaking Cypriotes are not Greek "by race" (whatever that may mean) is as unimportant to them as the circumstance that the island was incorporated in the Byzantine Empire as a separate unit, not as part of Greece. In the Mediterranean and the Near East, a people's language and religion determine its nationality. Thus the island which Britain obtained under lease from the Sultan in 1878 was regarded as part of Greater Greece by Greek nationalists, although the British at the time were not aware of it.

THE next chapter in the story does no particular credit to anyone. From

1878 to 1914 the island languished under an administration which did nothing for its economic development, ignored its educational interests, and maintained the fiction that the Sultan was still the ultimate owner. When Turkey came into the war on the German side in 1914, she thereby, in British eyes, lost all title to the island, which she had originally ceded to Britain for protection against Russia, now a British ally. In consequence the Protectorate gave way to direct British administration. Otherwise nothing changed, i.e., there was still no economic development, and no attempt to introduce English education. Educated Cypriotes went to Athens, not to British universities, while the schools followed the Greek curriculum, and since until the 1931 riots no attempt was made to interfere with the ENOSIS movement, these schools became centers of nationalism: their maps represented Cyprus as part of "unredeemed Greece," portraits of King Constantine, Queen Sophia, Venizelos and the heroes of the Greek Wars of Independence decorated the walls, the pupils were taught that Greece was their mother country and there was no restriction on the display of the Greek flag, while the British colors were rarely seen. Some of this remains true today, except that the Greek flag has become illegal and the British now control elementary education. The secondary schools have remained under Cypriot management, and their teachers—mostly educated in Greece—are staunch nationalists to a man. Together with the Church they have made it impossible for the British administration to strike roots in the island.

In the meantime, however, the conditions under which Britain had originally occupied Cyprus have become entirely obsolete. The original Cyprus convention of June 4, 1878, and its annex, laid it down that the island would be evacuated by Britain after Russia had restored to Turkey the district of Kars and the other

conquests made by her in Armenia. By the Soviet-Turkish treaties of March 16 and October 13, 1921, two of these territories, Kars and Ardahan (but not the third, Batum), were so restored. Juridically, as between Britain and Turkey, this was without import, since the Cyprus Convention itself had lapsed upon the outbreak of war between Britain and Turkey on November 5, 1914, and the subsequent annexation of "enemy territory" by the victorious belligerent was in accordance with international law. But as between Britain and Greece the case was different, for in October 1915 the British Secretary of State, Sir Edward Grey, had offered to cede Cyprus to Greece on condition that Greece joined the Allies. The offer was refused and Cyprus remained in British hands. By the secret Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916, Britain undertook not to dispose of Cyprus without French consent, an undertaking made public in the Franco-British Convention of December 23, 1920, and on July 24, 1923, by Article 20 of the Treaty of Lausanne, Kemalist Turkey formally recognized the British annexation of Cyprus. This left the Greeks with a moral grievance, for the conditions under which Britain originally acquired control of Cyprus had lapsed and whatever the Turkish Government might do about its own rights, Greece's attitude was determined by the fact that some 80 per cent of the island's half million inhabitants spoke Greek and regarded themselves as Greeks. Thus at an early stage in the post-1919 period a Cypriot Greek national movement in favor of secession from the British Empire and union with Greece (ENOSIS) declared itself and gradually obtained support from the Greek government; while Britain continued to maintain that there were two communities on the island, neither of them fit for self-rule, and that the ENOSIS movement lacked real support among the Greek-speaking population.

IT WOULD be tedious to follow the story in detail through its various subsequent ramifications. Its highlights were the collapse of local self-government following the 1931 riots (themselves provoked by an ordinance placing the school teachers under British control); the consequent abolition of the Constitution and the setting up of an Executive Council of four official (British) and two unofficial (Greek and Turkish) members; the formation in London in 1937 of a Committee for Cyprus Autonomy, and the presentation, in 1939, of a document embodying the constitutional demands of two hundred persons and organizations in Cyprus; Italy's invasion of Greece in October 1940, and the consequent rally of the Cypriotes to Britain—6,000 are said to have fought on the British side in the Greek campaign and 19,000 to have been under arms (5,000 abroad) by October 1941; the municipal elections in March 1943, when the Cyprus government permitted the formation of a new party, the Progressive Party of the Working People (AKEL) whose candidates were successful in some of the principal towns, and which to no one's great surprise turned out to be the Communist party under another name; the general strike of August 1944, organized by AKEL; the municipal elections of May 1946, in which AKEL won a sweeping victory in all but two of the principal centers; the British Labor government's offer to liberalize the island's administration, and in particular to permit the free election of a new Archbishop; the uncompromising attitude nonetheless taken by the Orthodox Church; the Constituent Assembly meeting of November 1947, when a demand was made for a constitution such as that of Ceylon or Malta; the British government's decision in 1948 to develop Cyprus as a military base in view of the impending loss of Palestine; the general strike in August of that year, and the first public intervention of the

Greek government, in the shape of an interview given by King Paul in which he claimed Cyprus for Greece and offered to let Britain have a base on the island; and so on, down to the present impasse. The only surprising feature in recent years perhaps was the outcome of the municipal elections in May 1949, when AKEL kept control of the ports of Limassol, Famagusta and Larnaka, but the right-wing supporters of ENOSIS won the capital, Nicosia, and could claim eleven out of fifteen municipalities, having polled about 60 per cent of the vote. The final phase opened on January 15, 1950, when a plebiscite on ENOSIS organized by the Church resulted in a favorable vote being cast by, it was claimed, 215,108 people, or over 95 per cent of those entitled to vote. In June that year Archbishop Makarios II died, and in October Makarios III was elected without opposition at the early age of thirty-seven. Since then Cyprus has rarely been out of the news.

Now the relevant point is that towards the end of this period the British government had gradually managed to maneuver itself into a position of almost complete international isolation on the Cyprus issue. From 1951 onward, the Greek government—probably owing to the fact that receipt of U. S. assistance had removed its previous dependence on Britain—came increasingly into the picture, and its claims obtained a favorable hearing in the United States and elsewhere. On February 11 of that year, the Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, demanded the union of Cyprus with Greece. In November the Greek delegate to the UN Assembly in Paris raised the matter; by the following spring, the fact that Libya had been granted independence “while the descendants of Socrates remained slaves” (Cf. *The Times*, May 29, 1952) had become a prime preoccupation with the Greek government. On September 23, 1954, the British representative, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, told the UN General Com-

mittee that Greece was “in effect asking the United Nations to interfere in the domestic affairs of a foreign power in order to effect a territorial change favorable to herself.” He did not, however, attempt to conceal that Cyprus was above all a strategic necessity for Britain. “The strength of my country in that part of the world is still one of the main bulwarks of peace. We have treaty obligations to the Arab states; we are vitally interested in the southern flank of NATO, and in the defense of Turkey and of Greece itself.” The Greek Foreign Minister riposted that for all he cared the British could retain a base on the island. But “a military base cannot function effectively in the midst of a hostile population.” Shades of Suez! From early 1955 onward, Greek arms were “unofficially” smuggled into the island, while the Athens radio officially placed itself at EOKA’s disposal. Worst of all, from the British viewpoint, the Greeks were getting a favorable audience all over the world.

IV

TO ANYONE familiar with the history of Greek nationalism since 1821, when the first anti-Turkish insurrection started in mainland Greece, this course of events must have seemed predictable. The fact is that Greek irredentism has hitherto been checked by only two things: military defeat or genocide. Since the British, unlike the Turks, are not disposed to massacre rebellious populations, it is fairly evident that the Greeks will in the end get what they want; and indeed this conclusion has already been drawn by some of the best-informed observers in Britain. The outcome thus appears predetermined. And yet looking back to the starting-point in 1878, one wonders what would have happened if Britain in those days had not been so addicted to *laissez-faire*. For it is just conceivable that a determined policy of

assimilation might have worked; or, the administration might have recognized the Hellenic character of the majority and, instead of treating them as Levantines, accepted their claim to be Greeks. However, the Colonial Office bureaucracy first ignored the cultural problem entirely, and when it was too late made a feeble and foolish attempt to de-Hellenize the inhabitants. In evidence of the latter charge, Greek nationalist spokesmen are now able to cite the contents of history books used in British-controlled schools, the publication of official notices in English (even in purely Greek-speaking districts) and the employment of British officials who make no attempt to learn Greek. Gladstone's instinct is thus proved to have been sound—both when he ceded the Ionian islands and when he protested against the acquisition of Cyprus; and it is saddening to reflect how much trouble could have been avoided if that other phil-Hellenic British Premier, Lloyd George, had had a classical education: presumably the ability to measure what *Hellas* means to every Greek would have induced him to place more weight behind his original impulse in 1919 to let the Greeks have Cyprus. Instead, very much against their best interests, he encouraged them in their disastrous gamble in Asia Minor. Now that British politics is dominated by the see-saw between a traditionally pro-Moslem (and therefore pro-Turkish) Conservative party, and a Labor party whose leaders for the most part lack the sound classical training of their Liberal predecessors, there is little prospect of an amicable solution being promoted by ideological considerations of the kind still alive in Gladstone's day. If the problem is solved at all, it will in all probability be through NATO by some dreary utilitarian formula paying lip service to self-determination and giving Turkey a sop in the shape of guaranteed minority rights. It is a pity; whatever one may think of the ENOSIS movement

in its present improbable combination with the Orthodox Church on the one hand and the Communist party on the other, there was a chance here to reaffirm the 19th-century alliance of liberalism and nationalism by letting the Greeks have what in the end they are bound to get anyhow. The ability to make this kind of disinterested gesture is after all the definition of statesmanship.

WHY was the gesture not made? Largely no doubt for reasons bound up with the postwar liquidation of British control in the Eastern Mediterranean. This process started under the Labor government, but continued under Churchill and Eden, and by now it has reached dimensions alarming to many Britons who are not flag-waving imperialists. People in England these days do not talk much about the British Empire, except when bits of it are whittled away, and then they tend to get cross. There is no question that the British public is getting cross with the Greeks, just as it recently got cross with Colonel Nasser. These feelings are particularly vivid among the Conservatives, and they account for the absurd praise showered on the Eden government when it deported Makarios.

This dislike works both ways. The Greeks are aware to what they owe the obstinate resistance to claims that could have been met with a minimum of trouble years ago; they also know that it is Tory sentiment, as reflected by Eden and his colleagues, which accounts for the remarkable restraint with which the news of the Istanbul riots of September 6, 1955, was received in Britain. Most papers indeed did not even trouble to report in detail what the Turkish mob had done to the Greek quarter — twenty-nine Greek churches out of eighty totally destroyed and thirty-four damaged, four thousand Greek shops looted, Greek cemeteries desecrated, tombs destroyed and coffins dug up, etc. The atrocities were

passed over almost in silence by a press which did not wish to embarrass the Turkish government, already sufficiently embarrassed by evidence of its own previous connivance with the rioters. Whatever the motivations of this attitude, the Greeks have since then nourished a bitterness against the British government for, as they see it, siding with Turkey for the sake of control over Cyprus. Nor were these suspicions likely to be alleviated by such expressions of British sentiment as the editorial comment in the October 1955 issue of the influential monthly review, *The World Today*, published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs—an institution that maintains the closest contact with Whitehall:

"For U. S. politicians, with a Presidential election looming on the horizon, there will be a temptation to court the considerable Greek-American vote, provided that the Greek Government can resist the temptation to withdraw into neutrality along with Yugoslavia. In any case, we are no longer so responsive to the stratospheric idealism of a Wilson or a Balfour: in this down-to-earth age President Eisenhower's Government is likely to pay more heed to the realities of the power situation than to the equivocal abstractions of 'self-determination.' The western position in the Eastern Mediterranean could hardly survive the strain of another Palestine, where, as now in Cyprus, British authority was vilified and undermined while it stood, self-interested, certainly, but also, like Solon in ancient Athens, holding a shield between two contending factions that knew not the meaning of compromise."

This revealing passage bore no signature, nor was one needed. Both from the context and the style it was not difficult to guess that its author was "close to official circles." All the more remarkable that the words just quoted were preceded by a cordial reference to Turkey ("A

more reliable partner than Greece") and a passage expressing firm confidence that this appreciation would be shared by the U. S. defense departments "who have done so much to strengthen both Greece and Turkey during the past ten years." For: "It is self-evident that in the power relations of the Eastern Mediterranean, Turkey counts, and will continue to count, for more than Greece."

IF THIS was official policy last October, after the Istanbul riots, Whitehall's attitude had by December borne fruit: terrorism, collective penalties on villagers, mass arrests, the daily murder of British officers and soldiers, and mounting fury among the Greek population on the island and on the mainland. Moreover, as a writer in the Conservative *Spectator* pointed out on December 17, "... the Cyprus question has ousted all other problems from Greek thoughts. The English, and now the Americans, are detested, the Balkan Pact is in fragments, the NATO defense system in the Eastern Mediterranean has broken down, vast destruction has taken place in Constantinople and Asia Minor, and from allies the Turks and the Greeks have become implacable enemies in a combustible area of great strategic importance."

But the writer, Mr. Patrick Leigh-Fermor, went further: "In all this deterioration much of the blame has been levelled by the Greeks at our present Prime Minister. It is believed by many that Sir Anthony nourishes a personal dislike of Greece."

Needless to say, this cannot be the whole explanation of a policy whose vocal supporters have in recent months disclosed a good deal of the old Tory prejudice in favor of Turkey (and of the Moslem world generally) as against Mediterranean newcomers like Greece and Israel. But the personal element does count for something; in the case of Cyprus it is unfortunately easy to pinpoint.

Furnished Lives

By Jon Silkin

I have been walking today
Where the sour children of London's poor sleep
 Pressed close to the unfrosted glare,
Torment lying close to tenement,
 Of the clay fire; I
Have watched their whispering souls fly straight to God:

'O Lord, please give to us
A dinner-service, white, and washed and gay
 As a plain of swan-stilled snow;
Lord, flood this room with your outrageous smile.'
 I have balanced myself on
The needle of the Strand where like a charnel house

Each man and maiden turn
On the deliberate hour of the cock,
 As if two new risen souls,
To the cragged landscape of each other's eyes.
 But where lover upon lover
Should meet, where sheet, and pillow, and eiderdown

Should frolic and breathe
As dolphins on the stylized crown of the sea
 Their pale cerements lie.
They tread with chocolate souls and paper hands,
 They walk into that room
Your gay and daffodil smile has never seen

Not to love's pleasant feast
They go, in the mutations of the night,
 But to their humiliations
Paled as swan's dead feather scorched in the sun.
 I have been walking today
Among the newly paper-crowned, among those

Whose casual, paper body
Is crushed between fate's fingers and the platter,
 But Sir, their perpetual fire
Was not stubbed out, folded on brass or stone
 Extinguished in the dark,
But burns with the drear dampness of cut flowers.

I cannot hear their piped
Cry. These souls have no players. They have resigned
The vivid performance of their world.
And your world, Lord,
Has now become
Like a dumb winter show, held in one room,

Which must now reek of age
Before you have retouched its lips with a straight fire
That through your stony earth
Burns with ferocious tears in the world's eyes;
Church-stone, door-knocker and polished railway lines
Move in their separate dumb way
So why not these lives;
I ask you often, but you never say.

The Golden Calf

By David Ignatow

BEFORE the sacrifice the animal is fed.
They let him roam the streets,
and find a mate for him.
He drinks their wines and fills himself
on love. They lead him to the altar,
past the sights enjoyed, the standing towers,
the tall women who mothered him.
They gave their milk and promised happiness.
A golden ring set in his nose,
he trots benignly to his death.

The women stamp their merriment,
the men approve. Spilled blood
will make the grapes grow large;
and if that fails, they'll set another offering,
and still more, till all the joys they feed it
fall to them.

As might have been expected, Hollywood's talent scouts were certain sooner or later to discover the Bible as a rich mine of subject matter. What Hollywood did with its discovery is discussed in this essay by HENRY POPKIN, who teaches English at Brandeis University.

Hollywood Discovers the Bible

By HENRY POPKIN

A FEW years ago *Variety*, reviewing a television variety program, commented: "Patti Page scored on 'Father, Father,' an Anglicized version of the Hebrew 'Eli, Eli,' although her cleavaged gown seemed oddly out of place on this religioso number." Surely nothing was out of place except the word "oddly." The cleavaged gown and the "religioso" song should not have seemed strange in juxtaposition, since the combination of religion and sex has long been a standard feature of our cultural scene. One of the liberal weeklies has called attention to the "alternating sensuality and piety" of the Luce magazines, "all too revealing of the American psychology." But *Life's* technique is subtle in comparison with the bold yoking of faith and flesh that was once a feature of the Hearst newspapers' Sunday supplement, the *American Weekly*. The new *American Weekly*, on glossy paper, is relatively subdued, but in the old days, pious subjects—often biblical tales retold—would always get the full sensual treatment, complete with handsome engravings of lustful potentates and toothsome damsels, clad in little but their native modesty. On another page, the same papers would offer more direct evidence of their good moral standing by assailing the "dirty books" of such case-hardened pornographers as Edmund Wilson. However, in this area as in oth-

ers, journalism must take a back seat to the movies, in which the salable blending of the pious and the prurient has long been a fine art. In dramatizing biblical and post-biblical subjects, Hollywood has consistently embroidered the spare traditional narratives with buxom dancing girls, golden palaces, and, of late, oversized screens.

Biblical movies have traditionally been permitted a bold approach to sex, since this was presumably counter-balanced by their godly purpose. Their religion, to be sure, is largely spurious, but their sex is as nearly pure animality as the averted eyes of the censors can permit. All of this is in accordance with the old story that Cecil B. DeMille, the principal creator of the biblical film epic, has long been envied by other Hollywood directors for the odor of sanctity that permits him to get dubious sequences past the censors. Lip service to piety is, it seems, the price of frankness.

Long before Hollywood, in medieval England, it was clear that audiences at Mystery Plays wanted impiety mixed with their piety and a more than cursory examination of the alternatives to the paths of glory. Noah's wife, Mak, and Herod stole the show in their time, just as surely as the dancing girls do today. And yet, in spite of the necessary humility of its creators and the general illiteracy

of its audience, the Mystery Play possessed a thematic and aesthetic principle far more sophisticated than any underlying the biblical-cinematic-cinemascope extravaganza. The rationale of the interpolations must have been something like the purpose William Empson attributes to the Elizabethan double plot, "an obvious effect . . . of making you feel the play deals with life as a whole, with any one who comes onto the street." Thus, in a world about to be destroyed for its spectacular sinfulness, we have time for a glance at the modest sin of a bumptious woman who, out of spite, sits spinning till the waters begin to rise about her. In a world about to be shown the way to salvation by its savior, we can still observe the unregenerate "free enterprise" of a sheep rustler. Such a purpose is beyond the reach of Hollywood's epics.

Later drama has, in more solemn ways, demonstrated that a biblical story can be freshly reinterpreted for the theatre—Racine's *Athaliah*, Gide's *Saul*, D. H. Lawrence's *David* and Richard Beer-Hoffman's *Jacob's Dream*. What these plays possess are fresh ideas about the Bible characters and stories, but ideas are a commodity unfamiliar to the Hollywood biblical film. To go from Lawrence's *David* to Gregory Peck's and from Oscar Wilde's *Salome* to Rita Hayworth's is to enter a new universe.

DEMILLE once spoke of his post-biblical epic *Sign of the Cross* as being not a religious but an idea picture. Perhaps so, but the idea is one that an inexorable tradition long ago ascribed to the general run of movies: Boy meets Girl, Boy loses Girl, Boy gets Girl. Boy may get Girl as the lions of the arena prepare to feast on both of them (in *Sign of the Cross* and *The Robe*), or as an unseen speaker intones the Sermon on the Mount (in *Salome*), or as the savory odor of roast fatted calf rises to his nostrils (in *The Prodigal*), or as the

temple of Dagon crashes about his ears (in *Samson and Delilah*, where destruction follows the reconciliation of the lovers), but the big idea remains the same.

The genuine idea-pictures that Hollywood has put out have almost invariably been contemporary in scene; I mean in particular the social-conscious films, from *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* to *On the Waterfront*—the sort of films that used to be produced two decades ago by Warner Brothers, and more recently by M-G-M. There have also been developed one or two genuine ways of achieving something like fresh comment on traditional themes. Where the Greek tragic dramatists returned again and again to the Theban cycle and the tale of Troy, Hollywood is perpetually returning to the cowboy and the gangster; that hardest of all Hollywood perennials, the cowboy picture, can sometimes approach tragic intentions, as in *High Noon* and *The Gunfighter*. But in most costume pictures, ideas are out of the question. The best we can hope for is escapist fare, the kind of entertainment that used to be furnished by Errol Flynn, a blade and a babe. Except as spectacle, the biblical films are much less than such examples of cinema skill as *Robin Hood* and *Scaramouche*, because they pretend to be so much more. Action must be the chief strength of such a picture, but the biblical epics often freeze their action to show us colored-postcard settings, to linger regretfully over debauchery and, occasionally, to preach at us.

The ideas preached are offered as the saving grace of these films. DeMille's claim for *Sign of the Cross* is implicit in all the others, that they dramatize ideas. Even when we press beyond the primary, basic pattern of Boy-meets-Girl, we find that the ideas are quite familiar both in themselves and in the nature of their treatment. The big idea in *David and Bathsheba*, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*, and *The Prodigal* is that adultery is very,

very bad. (The last of these has a significant corollary; it comes *right out* against the worshipping of idols. The reviewer of this film for the *Jewish Frontier* confessed to his conversion to this "idea": "You are left spilling out of the theatre with blood in your eye for any old idol-worshippers you might see skulking around Schwab's.") A hostile attitude toward adultery might be a proper starting point for a play about David and Bathsheba, but to say no more on this subject or on any subject, and to say it through the medium of wooden, stock characters, is to say nothing at all.

For one thing, disapproval of adultery is built into the Hollywood Production Code. The penance of David, Demetrius and the prodigal is no more than is required of similar characters in modern-dress films. The biblical movie's general atmosphere of fantasy does nothing to make this lesson more persuasive or more profound. One of last year's war epics, *Battle Cry*, puts a boy and girl through the whole standardized Production Code plot of *The Prodigal* in less time than it takes the prodigal to break out of a clinch with Lana Turner. True, Miss Turner wears less than the adulteress in *Battle Cry*, who only once strips to a bathing suit. That makes the temptation greater, and may make the lesson more edifying.

IN SELECTING its obvious, hackneyed treatment of biblical subjects, Hollywood has been so predictable that some of the recent films of this type have, in fact, been predicted. To be a prophet, one needs only to know Hollywood traditions, Bible traditions are secondary. Accordingly, a 1942 book about the movies, *With a Hays Nonny Nonny*, written by Elliot Paul and illustrated by Luis Quintanilla, offers some shrewd prognostications about films to come. Paul shows how certain Bible stories would have to be altered to fit the Hays Code, yet some of the changes he invents are required

not merely by the Hays Code but by Hollywood custom. For instance, Delilah is made to regret her betrayal of Samson, just as Hedy Lamarr does in the movie DeMille made eight years later. Paul makes a rather pardonable wrong guess, that Samson, with movie-hero durability, survives the fall of the temple. He also makes the mistake of casting Lana Turner in the role that subsequently fell to Miss Lamar, but he was on the right track: even when she chooses to be a blonde, Miss Turner is obviously a biblical type. One of the movie's most delicate touches is anticipated: "And, it goes without saying, he must not be an Israelite, to avoid stirring class feeling and racial hatreds." On the screen, Samson belongs to the tribe of Dan, and that is all. Paul dryly glances at Hollywood's safe boldness in flaying Philistines, idol-worshippers, and others who are in no position to affect the box office: when he describes the destruction of the temple to a movie executive, the executive retorts, "Nix on that. We can't bust up a church."

Paul tells why the story of David and Goliath is unsatisfactory for a movie: "David and Goliath had an epic fight, and the star got the best of the heavy, but there was no woman watching fearfully or listening on the radio in her apartment." True; therefore the movie must be *David and Bathsheba*, and Goliath may appear only in a flashback.

In its special approach to a biblical story, Hollywood often overlooks the real dramatic material that is at hand. The most striking recent example of this instinctive preference for the mediocre is *The Prodigal*. (In defense of this film, to which I seem continually to be returning, I must say that, so far as I know, no one responsible for it issued any pretentiously pious statements of the sort that have accompanied the release of DeMille's epics and of *The Robe* and its sequel.) Jesus' parable of the prodigal son emphasizes the resentment and pacification

of the good son who stays home; that is the main issue and not the prodigal's addiction to "riotous living." No one would guess it from the movie, although the attitude of the prodigal's brother raises the most interesting character problem in the parable.

In the story of King David, what might lend itself to distinctive treatment is the ambiguity of David's relations with Saul, Jonathan and the whole nation of Israel. The movie places its emphasis elsewhere, on the tale of adultery and remorse that it shares with hundreds of other films. The story of Samson is in general so lacking in edification that biblical scholars have wondered at its inclusion in the Book of Judges, but the very elements that make it dubious scripture make it suitable cinema. Samson, on the screen and off, is a big rowdy who gets into eye-filling fights with the enemy, and he therefore makes an ideal screen hero. In *Samson and Delilah*, it is Delilah who must be recast in a conventional Hollywood mold. She sins and repents, but what really explains her role is her reputation. Hollywood has in recent years specialized in whitewashing women to whom history has been unkind: Cleopatra, Marie Antoinette, Lucrezia Borgia, Helen of Troy, Catherine the Great. The governing principle seems to be straight out of Luke: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." Helen of Troy, for instance, did not fall. She was pushed—quite literally. Paris pushed her off a cliff into the sea, and that is how she happened to leave home, in the movie version.

THE great biblical beneficiary of this stock characterization is not Delilah, but Salome. As played by Rita Hayworth, Salome is just a nice girl who likes to dance and have fun. This character is very much like the "good-bad girl" played by Miss Hayworth in *Gilda*: a good girl who only appears to be bad.

But there is one oddity here worth mentioning: Salome's bad reputation is largely external to the movie. It is based mainly on what we must consider to be the New Testament's libelous account of her. Salome is cruelly misjudged, only because she likes to dance, by the Emperor Tiberius. It turns out to be rather fortunate after all that she knows a few steps because she is suddenly called on to give an impromptu performance that will distract King Herod's attention while her Roman fiancé tries to save John the Baptist. The dance itself, however, belies everything else we have been told about Salome. While Charles Laughton's Herod salivates, this poor, maligned little girl does the sexiest, gaudiest dance of the seven veils ever—a truly extraordinary improvisation. This performance contains in concentrated form the whole essence of the biblical movie. The carnal delights you see and which have brought you into the theatre are clearly the best, the most expensive, the most successful of the film's ingredients. But you aren't supposed to believe in what you see; instead, you must believe in the trite, soggy words you hear. You must persuade yourself that Salome really hates doing this dance, and does it only to distract wicked old Herod; you see, *his* mind is in the gutter—not yours, of course.

This is the line, then: the simplest stories are selected and interpreted as simply as possible; any departures are dictated either by the Production Code or by inexorable Hollywood traditions. Evaluating the people of the film is simplicity itself; partisanship becomes invariably a matter of whitest white and blackest black. Except that its girls are pretty and dance energetically, the opposition has nothing to say for itself. Its total depravity is its only excuse for existence. So much is true of the Philistines of *Samson and Delilah*, the idolaters of *The Prodigal*, and the writhing, oily Caiaphas of DeMille's *King of Kings*. But the best ex-

amples of this contempt for the enemy occur in what we might call the post-biblical films—*The Sign of the Cross*, *Quo Vadis*, *The Robe*, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*. The four films show either Nero or Caligula as Emperor of Rome. These rulers are chosen with malice aforethought; it hardly matters that the choice was originally made, for the same reason, by Wilson Barrett, Henrik Sienkewicz, and Lloyd C. Douglas. Whatever history records of the madness of Nero and Caligula is improved upon by the free-wheeling lunacy that Charles Laughton, Peter Ustinov and Jay Robinson lend to their roles. The nature of this tradition was recognized by *Variety's* reviewer, commenting on Robinson's Caligula: "It is something out of Peter Ustinov and Charles Laughton in their hyper-histrionic moments." In the movies, then, the leading adversaries of early Christianity are represented as snivelling, grape-peeling, effeminate imbeciles; in short, these are comedy parts. Characterization of this sort helps considerably to keep these dramas from being taken seriously. We are left wondering why Christianity was not established at once and why the Roman Empire took so long to decline and fall.

The movies must also show us good Romans of sterling character and impressive physique. Since the early Christians were mainly Jews, the post-biblical films must turn about the conversion of Romans, the *allrightniks* of the ancient world. Converting Romans makes Christianity kosher, so to speak. The main force in these conversions is not reasoning but the physical charms of the ingenue. The Roman soldier of *Salome* has been pretty much converted by John the Baptist when we first meet him, but we are permitted to observe the effect the beautiful Christian girl has upon the Roman soldier of *The Sign of the Cross*, the Roman soldier of *Quo Vadis*, and the Roman soldier of *Androcles and the Lion* (based on George Bernard Shaw's play,

which was intended as a reply to Wilson Barrett's *Sign of the Cross*). The girls and soldiers are virtually indistinguishable from one picture to another. The plot, if not the characterization, is varied slightly in *Salome* and *The Robe*, in which the Roman soldier converts the girl, but still the Roman soldier is Christianity's indispensable trophy, the certificate of its success. However unworldly the religion and its teachings may be, to succeed on the screen it must achieve this worldly triumph, the conversion of a Roman.

THE most cursory examination reveals that the *raison d'être* of the biblical movies is quite different from the principles which nominally inspire their filming, and is, in fact, just the opposite. These films, almost without exception, exist mainly in order that they may feature the dangers of sexual license as frankly as the Production Code will permit. We can always expect that a Hollywood glamor queen will be prominently involved with our righteous hero's dalliance on the primrose path—Hedy Lamarr as Delilah, Rita Hayworth as Salome (a part played by Theda Bara in 1918), Susan Hayward as Messalina and Bathsheba, Claudette Colbert as Poppaea. It was only proper that *King of Kings* should begin with Mary Magdalene. Also strewn tastefully about in these pictures are assorted harem girls and specialty dancers. It's only natural: King David has to have *some* entertainment after a big battle. Incidentally, the real miracle of *The Robe* was not Cinemascope but its general avoidance of this time-honored tradition. The dancing is minimal, although it is pictured in the souvenir program; the hero bids for some slave girls, but he is only shopping for his mother. Perhaps this departure from convention is caused by the movie's origin, a novel by a Protestant clergyman. The sequel, a Hollywood concoction, more than makes up for the omissions of *The Robe*.

The true inspiration of these pictures is by now a public fact. Although DeMille is popularly regarded as an interpreter of religion, it is still remembered that he floated to fame on his milk baths, including the one in which we find Pop-paea in *Sign of the Cross*. (The implicit motto that cleanliness is next to godliness is echoed in *David and Bathsheba* and *Salome*, in which the leading ladies wash up near the watchful eyes of their young men.) Public acknowledgment of the true purpose of these films is embodied in the advertisements, which leave no doubt on the subject. In 1923, DeMille's first biblical epic was described as follows: "With jewels and perfumes from the Orient, the siren came to him—a married man—and he broke another of THE TEN COMMANDMENTS." The advertising for *David and Bathsheba* in 1951: "DAVID took unto himself the adulteress BATHSHEBA—most forbidden of the world's great love stories—DAVID had six wives, and he forsook them for BATHSHEBA—For his woman . . . he broke God's own commandment!" When the *Christian Herald* published an attack on the biblical movie and showed a few examples of stills and advertisements, one reader was so shocked by the reproductions that he wrote in to protest the editors' bad taste in printing such obnoxious material. This categorical objection is one that few will share, but what is really obnoxious is the dishonesty of these productions. They are all ostensibly dedicated to the idea that illicit sex is loathsome. Almost without exception, they are made on the assumption that illicit sex, vile as it is, will bring huge crowds to the box office.

HYPOCRISY where sex is concerned is the most prominent feature of the biblical movies, but their other themes are similarly belied by the movies themselves. These films sin against their own bread and butter, for, in addition to coming out against the unhallowed sex that

attracts the audience, they oppose with equal warmth the rest of the big bargain they offer—violence and luxury, Mars and Mammon. To drive their salutary lesson home, the films feature a maximum of violence and splendor. The film-makers are never niggardly in showing the full extent of these evils and take full advantage of Cinemascope and the large screen. Since they are aware that wicked thoughts are flourishing vigorously, they shrewdly rely upon Mars and Mammon to help Aphrodite bring the paying customers in to the theatres.

The role that Mars must play is aided by the Old Testament wars against Philistines and Egyptians. Where the Bible is deficient, it can always be supplemented. *Samson and Delilah* added three new strongman acts for Samson. The New Testament might, at first glance, create a greater problem, but the ingenuity of the cinematic preachers is limitless. The prodigal, blithely unaware that he is a character in a parable invented by someone who preached against those who take the sword, leads a bloody slave revolt in Damascus. In *Salome*, the Roman soldier who is a follower of John the Baptist has remarkably little conflict of principle with his martial profession. Other early believers are induced to meet fire with fire. The pacifism of the early Christians is easily waived—or, if they insist on being pacifistic, lions are provided which more than make up for the violence the Christians lack. One way or another, the hated violence of the pagan Romans produces the big scenes of the post-biblical films: Charles Laughton as Nero enjoying the gladiatorial games in *Sign of the Cross*, the famous chariot race in *Ben Hur*, Buddy Baer in *Quo Vadis* wrestling the savage beast that threatens Deborah Kerr, Victor Mature triumphing in the arena during his extended holiday from Christianity in *Demetrius and the Gladiators*. Its predecessor, *The Robe*, is generally an exception, eschewing violence

except for a few splashes of swordplay and a scene in which Victor Mature is tortured for his faith. *The King of Kings* is also less given to violence, but most of the big biblical extravaganzas are bursting with scenes of strenuous, violent action. Not only martyrdom of the old-fashioned kind but also outdoor sports—chiefly boxing, wrestling, fencing and horse-racing—have become indispensable to the film representation of early Christianity.

Lavish settings seem equally necessary to show the excesses of the pagans. D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance* pioneered the combination of the biblical theme and the overpowering set. By 1927, the Mary Magdalene of *King of Kings* is no longer a modest harlot but a lady who lives in a palace. It is described in the novelized version of the movie: "How could he ever forget it—that palace of pleasure with its glorious exedra marked by marble and onyx pillars, its flower garden and swan lake, its grand banquet hall where a Lucullus-like feast and the wines of Chios and Lesbos were served mid apparatus of the highest luxury to the accompaniment of sweet and sensuous music!" Ever since, big expenses and lavish sets have characterized every film with a biblical subject. Certainly ancient Rome, Jerusalem, Damascus and Babylon were fabulous places, and Hollywood has spared no effort to tell us so. The wide screen seemed to be made for just this purpose. It was no accident that the first picture in Cinemascope was *The Robe*, which was required to display king-sized spectacles in Rome and the Near East. The logical connection was noted in *Variety*:

Curiously, and as first exemplified in "The Robe," CinemaScope is never seen to better advantage than when mirroring the pageantry of the pagan Roman setting. It almost seems that the anamorphic lens was meant for Biblical drama. Certainly, it is hard to conceive of any other photographic process doing as much with the scenes

of the arena fights between man and man, and man and beast, or the sweeping panoramas of pagan court sessions and other visual fixtures of that period.

Accordingly, Caligula gets a palace large enough to hold most of the population of Rome, and thereby surpasses Nero in *Quo Vadis* and Herod in *Salome*. But he will hold the record only until the screen somehow grows larger.

Paul Rotha, in the standard history of the movies, *The Film Till Now*, is brutal in his comment on this aspect of biblical films. He records the existence of

Spectacle films, without apparent decorative motive, instanced well by *Ben-Hur* . . . *Noah's Ark*, *The Ten Commandments*. . . . These mammoth productions are usually of negligible aesthetic value, serving only as advertisements on a large scale for their producing firms, who scatter wholesale publicity as to the number of persons taking part, how much timber was used, the average weight of the cast, etc. They generally originate from Hollywood, for no other producing centre has the immense amount of money needed nor the time to waste.

In his reference to expense and the publicity given to it, Rotha is not overstating things. The cost of making *Quo Vadis* was variously estimated at \$6,000,000, \$6,500,000, \$7,500,000 (*Look*), and \$9,000,000 (*Life*). The *New York Times* credited it with employing 4,750 actors and extras, while *Life* and *Look* raised the figure to 30,000. (The *New York Herald-Tribune* made it 300,000, but that was surely a misprint.) *Life* drew attention in fitting superlatives to the peculiar virtue of *Quo Vadis*, calling it "the most genuinely colossal movie you are likely to see for the rest of your lives." To the unpractised eye, *The Robe*, which cost a modest \$4,500,000 a few years later, was equally colossal. But it is clear that both of these epics will soon be outdone by a film which has not yet been released

—DeMille's new VistaVision *Ten Commandments*. Its cost is now estimated at \$12,000,000, and we can be sure that DeMille is getting eye-filling value for his money, no doubt including a solid gold calf. Several months earlier, the head of Paramount Pictures was quoted as saying, "If DeMille brings the picture in at as low as \$8,000,000, I would consider it reasonable." The situation is much the same as when DeMille was making the original, silent *Ten Commandments* for \$1,000,000. He remarked that it was not the most expensive but one of the least expensive pictures ever made, referring, of course, to the abundant profits it was sure to bring.

These pictures made in defiance of Mammon and his works have, not so incongruously, earned enormous dividends. *The Robe* has grossed \$17,000,000; *Gone with the Wind* is the only movie in history to make a larger profit. Comparative statements are likely to be misleading because inflation and the current (post-television) trend toward fewer, bigger pictures have caused the biggest money-makers to be, almost all of them, rather recent films. It is probably fairest to measure each film against other pictures of its own time and the years preceding. Thus, *Quo Vadis*, which stands ninth on the all-time list, should rank even higher as a money-maker because only three earlier films showed a greater profit. Only four earlier films earned more than *Samson and Delilah* (1950), and only nine earned more than *David and Bathsheba* (1951). *Salome*, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*, and the pseudo-biblical *The Egyptian* also appear on *Variety's* list of 150 films which have made \$4,000,000 or more. Only three silent films are on that list; *Ben Hur* is one of them. There may, however, be some new trend in the other direction. *The Prodigal's* profits were disappointing; the studio that made it seems to be doing better with less pretentious films.

SOMETHING about the Biblical movie —perhaps the thought of all the money it is likely to earn, perhaps the prestige of its remote, religious origin—strikes awe into the hearts of its makers. I suppose the awesome influence is most of all the immensity of the undertaking, immensity being largely a financial matter. The size of the investment helps to make a biblical film a very grave affair. If a few million dollars are going to be spent on settings and on extras, then there is a certain obligation to stop the action and let the audience see what it is paying its money for. Occasionally, it is a particular matter of pride for a producer to announce the total number of extras in one scene; such was the case with *Sign of the Cross*, which boasted 4,000 in a single scene, and *Quo Vadis*, with a claim of 5,000 in one. The undisputed all-time record is held by last year's semi-biblical *Land of the Pharaohs*, with 9,787.

It is probably this feeling of awe on the part of Hollywood, plus some vague, unfocused, untutored religiosity, that is responsible for the still-life quality of most of the presentation (alternating with bits of swordplay), imitating the frozen, literal paintings of old "gift editions" of the Bible. The moving picture stops moving to become an illustration. Just as in a certain old American-history film, Washington and his men suddenly become "Washington Crossing the Delaware," similarly, in *King of Kings*, Christ and his disciples stop to pose for a photograph to be called "The Last Supper." Manny Farber, reviewing *The Robe* in *The Nation*, pointed to its static quality: "But the whole intent in such scenes—to produce static pictures that are breathtakingly big and colorful—seems as philistine as anything I've seen recently, reminding me of nothing so much as the worst examples of calendar art." And William Lee Miller, writing in *The Reporter* finds the Sermon on the Mount

scene in *Salome* "exactly like the colorful, strictly representational pictures of that event on the covers of many Sunday-school leaflets." The background in this scene—an enormous crowd, more like Hollywood Bowl than the Sermon on the Mount—actually is painted, and not very convincingly. For once, somebody did count the cost; however, Rita Hayworth and Stewart Granger, holding hands in the foreground, are quite real. DeMille in particular goes in for this slow, meaningless pageantry. In *Samson* he gathers the lords of Ashdod, Gath, Ekron, and Ashkelon to lend their physical support to the Philistine pomp. The proper spectacular name-dropping tone is caught by the novelized *King of Kings*, reciting the guest list at Mary Magdalene's "palace of pleasure": "The great of many lands had been there: Roman noble, Persian prince, Egyptian 'Pharaoh,' Herodian princes, Judean aristocrats. . . ."

Awe produces an audible effect, too. When the Biblical film first began to talk, with *Sign of the Cross*, the weakness of its dialogue was at once apparent. British critics were especially indignant about the American idiom Hollywood attributed to the ancient world; the *London Times* complained that the Roman patricians were using "the vocabulary of American gangsters ('Let's go see,' says the Empress)." In the latest cycle of biblical pictures it is coming to be required that trite and tepid lines be well spoken. The timbre must be classy, even if the words and thoughts are not. To promote this effect, British actors and American stage veterans have been induced to appear in the films. The cast of *Salome* represented Britain with Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Sidney, and Alan Badel, while Judith Anderson, Arnold Moss, and Maurice Schwartz had come from the New York stage. In view of all this stylish enunciation, perhaps the proper thing would have been to dub the part of the star, Rita

Hayworth. All of this expensive talent must have been somewhat embarrassed by what they were required to do. The wide-eyed John the Baptist (played by Badel) got to no more basic or controversial issues than the fact that Herod and Herodias were living in sin. A Jewish leader (played by Schwartz) surveyed the Baptist in the best spirit of Brotherhood Week: "I know him for a great prophet, a holy man." Miss Hayworth's dance was more eloquent than that.

The preponderance of British actors in *Quo Vadis* (almost everyone but Robert Taylor and Buddy Baer) is traceable to the fact that, for reasons of economy, the picture was made in Italy, but the casting of *The Robe* shows the familiar, voluntary predilection for those who come either from Britain or from Broadway. This time it is Victor Mature who remains the isolated Hollywoodite of undistinguished speech. This curious choice of actors is evidently due to the awesome effect of a majestic subject matter and of equally majestic investment. Under this pressure, producers and directors freeze and go British, just as an American actor, Marlon Brando, did when he played Napoleon. The resulting over-articulate woodenness of speech—but it's not speech, it's *enunciation*—is the auditory equivalent of biblical calendar art.

THE real doctrine of the biblical movies, the view of the biblical events that underlies all these films, is not the moral position they share with every other movie made under the Production Code. The true doctrine consists of the events themselves. If they are frozen, that is to show that in a peculiar sense they are real; if they do not seem real, the implication is—study them a little longer, and perhaps the idea of their reality will sink in. For all of the departures of spirit and letter, Hollywood is concerned to show that the more patently unlikely occur-

rences of the Bible did actually take place. The Bible's morality, its characterization and its logic may undergo a sea-change, but its supernaturalism survives. Samson destroys armies single-handed, one of David's soldiers falls dead at touching the Ark, Jesus walks on the water, and his robe has a magic effect on all who handle it. The talisman effect of the robe is so overused that it becomes consciously comic at one moment, when the hero approaches Caligula with the fateful robe and the Emperor starts back, revealing physical fear of it. He has the right attitude; he has imbibed the ideational content of these films. The doctrine is, at bottom: *this is so*, and any further interpretation is beside the point.

Religion becomes, finally, a matter of empty forms, miraculous occurrences, and physical tokens. In the post-biblical films, if the token is not a robe, it is likely to be a silver chalice. In the Old Testament, the same purpose can be served by Samson's hair or by the Tabernacle or the Temple. William Lee Miller correctly interprets this attitude:

The whole approach is literal and materialistic. When a heavenly vision or a miracle is shown, it is represented with a physical exactitude that only a scientific age would consider important. God becomes a kind of super magician who works strictly physical and capricious miracles, and the Bible is treated primarily as a book of tall tales about His tricks.

This pattern stems from an obligation, in the cinematic medium, to make God's power visible. Miracles lend themselves more easily than ideas to a strictly pictorial treatment.

While the alleged ideas that remain consist entirely of hand-me-downs from the Production Code, the miracles get the full advantage of all that Cinemascope, Technicolor, photographic expertness and vast expense can do. It is impossible to spend \$1,000,000 to have Christ speak

the Golden Rule; it is easier to throw money around on a palace for Mary Magdalene, a cooch dance for Rita Hayworth or some miraculous battles for Samson. There is nothing intrinsically wrong in creating and showing all this physical splendor. In a free country, and especially in Southern California, people should be permitted to worship Mammon, Aphrodite and Mars if they like. But it is a mistake to assume that any of this has anything to do with sanctity, morality and religion. The frozen, literal miracles are equally irrelevant to religious teaching. George Bernard Shaw has probably said the last word on this subject in his preface to *Androcles and the Lion*:

Jesus's teaching has nothing to do with miracles. If his mission had been simply to demonstrate a new method of restoring lost eyesight, the miracle of curing the blind would have been entirely relevant. But to say "You should love your enemies; and to convince you of this I will now proceed to cure this gentleman of cataract" would have been, to a man of Jesus's intelligence, the proposition of an idiot.

In the Bible, there are both the morality and the miracles; we have our choice, or we can take both. In the movies, the ideas wither; the physical objects and events flourish. Religion itself becomes a pictorial matter—a matter of believing in this vision or in this event and not in any conception, in any way of life. To the events themselves the films attribute a sanctity that is transparently spurious. The biblical films are usually very great shows; that is all, and that should be sufficient. (It is appropriate that DeMille's most ambitious and most profitable non-biblical venture should have been a movie about the circus, *The Greatest Show on Earth*.) They are no more than great physical events, expensively and painstakingly created, out of a motivation that is as worldly as their substance and their effect.

Gamblers

By PAUL GOODMAN

TO GET into the candy store to buy a can of tobacco, you have to step over the feverish little gamblers. The game is Twenty-One—to reach it but not go over the limit. The child says in a choking voice, “Gimme another card,” and loses, and he has hot tears in his eyes but does not shed them. Some pennies have rolled through the grating down to the basement floor bedded with candy-wrappers, bottle-caps, and pieces of green glass; and sprawled on the pavement, a dirty girl is reaching for the pennies with a stick tipped with chewing-gum, her behind shining in the sun through her ragged pink drawers.

Mrs. Fortescue imagines that she hates the horde of brats who disgrace her shop-front, that she is afraid to alienate them who are, penny by penny, her chief customers, for they are capable of a unanimous boycott (they are capable only of unanimous action). They do not buy from the Puerto Rican and he is poor. What in fact she communicates is her irritation, and they frankly exchange insults. It is only Jorbitz that she hates. She is a precise-spoken Cockney and she aims to please. One realizes with a start that the room is quiet, dominated by her voice.

On the counter there is a large glass jar of colored sugar-balls with mostly white centers but some have pink centers. This is another game. You pay a penny, choose a ball, and bite into it, and if it has a pink center you get a prize. The candy is saccharine and insipid beyond even the unspoiled taste of four and five years old. The prize is even more worthless, a paper bag containing a metal cricket, a tin badge marked “Detective,” and a bar of sweepings off the floor of a peanut factory, cemented with cocoa. The children avoid the taste as they swallow the balls, and the metal prizes are to be found in the gutter after they have torn their way through the pants pockets. Yet the jar is Mrs. Fortescue’s most popular item, for the children are gamblers. The chance of winning a pink-center has been cunningly calculated by the manufacturer at 1 to 7. The guilty winnings of the frantic card game in the sun are squandered and alleviated choosing from the polychrome heap, in the jar that reflects the pale walls.

Little Merv

Little Merv is too young for the card game but he is gambling wildly from the jar. He has come with another penny he has stolen and, trembling

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with excitement, he chooses and loses. He does not eat the white-center but throws it on the floor; Mrs. Fortescue is sorry for him and cleans up after him. He has very bad luck; last night he squandered a dozen pennies before he was dragged bawling off to sleep. He fell asleep with a burning desire and came back before the store opened, when the morning papers were still piled outside in bundles. Mrs. Fortescue has already given him the prize, but he is not satisfied; he seems bent not for the prize but to win, as my small boy wants to catch a fish and it is nothing to him if I give him a dead fish.

Now suddenly he has bitten into the center and it is pink. He shouts out. Quickly Mrs. Fortescue brings the prize, with words of admiration. But what's this? He has burst into tears and run out, clutching his belly.—The woman mumbles nervously, clicks the cricket in the bag and frightens herself. The guilt and fever of the gambling children make her feel the imminence of violence and of a nameless accusation. And Jorbitz has appeared in the room.

But Merv had expected that the pink ball would have a different taste, a heavenly taste. But it tasted only like the others. He has a weak stomach and now he is heaving behind the fence where he has sometimes watched the bigger boys and girls hide to smoke cigarettes.

Jorbitz

It is Jorbitz.

"Pick any one, for 'eavens sake!" she snaps at him. "They're all the same."

"Got all day," says Jorbitz.

"Don't touch the jar with your feelthy 'ands! Don't you dare!"

Jorbitz gives the jar a shake.

He is an unsavory nine-year-old, lank, with a thin long twisted nose. He is not dirtier than the others, but he has dirty habits. He picks his nose and leaves a trace on the jar. She polishes busily and insultingly under him, but he does not relax his close scrutiny. She has already stung his knuckles with the rap of a ruler, because she knew by the shadows on his pale cheeks that he had been at his filthy tricks and was communicating his contagious disease. Jorbitz hardly whimpered: he is callous to treatment like that.

Silently he appears in the room and he persists there. If, significantly, she goes into the back room with loud heels, then another kid steals a cartoon-book from the rack and vanishes. (But Mrs. Fortescue always knows who it is and she comes to terms with each one in due time.) Jorbitz only examines the jar, absently reaching inside his pants to adjust his unwashed underwear that binds him.

The secret of the candy-balls is a simple one, and he knows the secret. The sugar-coating is imperfect, and through the chinks and transparencies one can indeed see the white center, under the yellow, the green, the lavender, and the bloody red. But for this it is necessary to scrutinize them, and shake the jar.

"D'ye 'ave to 'ave yer eyes in hevery single one, you dirty boy?" she says in bewilderment. "*Which* one d'ye want? Keep yer 'ands out o' the jar."

When Jorbitz at last takes his pick, he does not need to bite into it and

show the center; she dumbly gives him the prize unclaimed. He calmly chews up the candy, maybe showing her the pink slime on his tongue. "Tastes like sh—," he says. He leaves the prize on the counter.

Card-Players

Watching the card-players in the sunlight, Jorbitz judges them to be stupid because they do not pay attention to the revealing marks on the backs of the cards. But he does not feel superior to them, nor any disdain for them, nor get any positive satisfaction at all. Perhaps he wishes he could be like them, but he cannot be stupider than he is, he cannot not notice what in fact he does notice. Most of the cards are flagrantly marked. The card about to be dealt is the Queen of Hearts, it's torn; why does the fool ask for it when he's already at the limit, as if in order to lose? Yet Jorbitz has no feeling either to sneer at him or to put out a hand and restrain him.

They are playing with Terry Fleming's deck. The Two of Diamonds was in somebody's pocket and looks it; the Ace of Spades has a crease down the middle; the Big Casino fell in a cup of coffee; and Merv dripped ice cream on the Jack of Clubs. The Ace of Hearts has a corner missing, and some cards have these ink-blots and some have those thumb-prints. The back of the King of Diamonds is so faded that you would not think it was from the same deck.

Even while he is watching, he sees Denny drop the print of his sneaker on a card. Jorbitz picks it up and hands it to the dealer; it is the Deuce of Spades. He knows thirty of the cards; he is observant and has a good memory.

What the lonely boy does not feel is that the children are frantically gambling, are out of their wits gambling. Or rather, he feels it as something alien that they feel and he does not feel, that has them in its grip and excludes him, leaving him watchful. He is lonely. He can hear their breathing and see the flushed faces, and he knows they are wetting their pants. They have been through a big pot, the outcome is revealed, and they cry out and exclaim; and they are still exclaiming.

Also, it is not the case that some do not notice, and know, what Jorbitz notices. If in other circumstances you would show to Denny the back of the Queen of Hearts, he would say at once, "That's the Queen of Hearts, it's torn." But now in the game he says, "It's the Queen of Hearts, I should leave it alone. I'll risk it. I'm lost—it's the Queen of Hearts." For he is playing in order to throw himself desperately on chance, in order to heighten the agony of his frustration and anger, to break through into glory, in order to lose.

Jorbitz has already lost too much. Long ago, in other circumstances. He cannot risk the feeling of risking it.

The crouching Banker has laid out half a dozen games and Jorbitz tosses his pennies on a couple. He wins. Next deal he wins a big pot. He plays well in any case, with a good instinct for the mathematical probabilities, and besides he often knows with certainty. When he does not know certainly, he bets light and often wins; when he knows for sure, he bets heavily and wins. Soon he is sitting with a heap of pennies between his legs. He feels

directed at him the hatred of the others but not their envy. He is projecting his self-hatred, for they are envious of him but do not hate him.

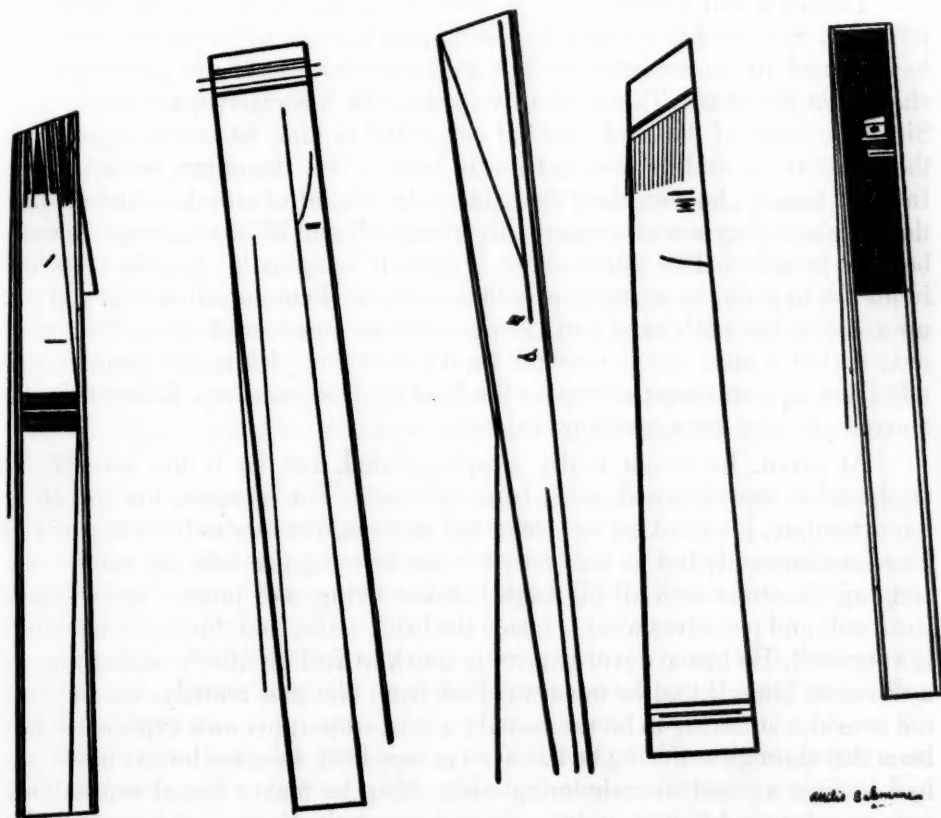
"Let me be the Banker," says Jorbitz, and the dealer throws down the cards.

And now Jorbitz too comes to feel at his throat the grip of life, as he begins to cheat. He does not flush like the gamblers, with hope, but grows pale, with fear, and moment by moment his pallor deepens to the hue of death, and his back teeth begin to grate. It is to endure this ordeal of despair that he, for his part, has entered the meaningless game.

He deals from the bottom of the deck and from the middle of the deck. It is not enough for him to know the card that the player is hiding against him, he must control the game to the end. When he wins, he wins at will; when he decides it is safer to lose, for he is prudent, he loses at will.

Asking himself the question, and looking from one pair of eyes to another, "How long? and how much? can I continue to win before they turn on me and murder me? Fleming is desperate—I am afraid—his father is in jail. This time I had better make him win. No!—next time." And he draws the card from the bottom and wins, but Terry Fleming does not strike him.

Because he does not feel how the others are frantically gambling with chance, Jorbitz fears for himself more than is necessary. But the most horri-



ble is for him to see on the opposite face the blind momentary gleam of victory, that he himself has given him.

So now Jorbitz too is able to gamble, by means of cheating. The hot tide floods into his face and swiftly ebbs, leaving him blue as dusk. His ears are ringing. He notices, down through the grating, that the sun is glinting from a bit of green glass, and as she raises her behind higher, he has a clear view of little Marian.

As he comes alive by cheating, Jorbitz feels his loathing for his degradation, that his underwear is dirty, the force of Mrs. Fortescue's insults. His knuckles are stinging where she rapped him with the ruler. He feels the glory of his disdain. His teeth are chattering with terror. Through his chattering teeth, he laughs with scorn at the stupidity of the kids on his block. Suddenly the air is warm and supporting, and he smells the pungent macadam that the workmen are mixing; he feels that he is going to faint.

He wishes that they would cry out, "You're cheatin' us! you dirty cheat! you lousy filthy cheat!" and from that would follow whatever consequences would follow.

But they do not, and he does not dare to provoke it. He deals the next card from the top of the deck, knowing that he is going to lose.

Lothair's Boy

Now up the street toward them comes Uno.

Lothair's and Emilia's boy is new on the street, he has not much explored it. Still, he has watched the card-game in front of the candy store and has learned its movements. He too does not understand the gambling, the chance, in the game. This is simply because he has clairvoyant perception. Since the faces of the cards are not concealed to him, he cannot experience the uncertainty, and he does not really believe that the others do not know. Instead, simply, he considers the game to be a kind of ritual, a curious motion in which they are all remarkably absorbed, and all the more portentous because pointless. This afternoon he is himself bringing his pennies clenched in his fist in order to participate with the others. He understands that you put up a penny for each card and if your number comes to 3 times 7 or very near it (but it must not go over the limit), then you pick up the pennies and add them to your heap; otherwise the Banker picks them up. Either way the outcome is very good, exciting, solemn.

At seven, he is not really simple-minded, but he is too powerfully equipped to have learned much from adversity. For instance, his speech is too articulate, his thinking too clear and distinct, for him to have learned to be misunderstood; but he has not yet come to recognize this. He comes running up the street with all his might, almost flying, and jumps; or he stands stock still and perceives what is inside the brick walls, and this again he thinks is very well. He has a warm nature, is quick to feel another's misfortune as a threat to himself that he must ward off from him and remedy, but he does not consider suffering to be necessarily a misfortune; his own experience has been that through suffering he has always benefited, because he has never yet had to fight against overwhelming odds. Also, he makes moral evaluations only to advance his own actions which are mostly lively and happy, so he

sees little evil. He has bronzen hair, his father's shoulders, and he is dressed in ultraviolet.

So, kneeling in the sun and shadows opposite Jorbitz the Banker, he puts a penny on the back of a card. He perceives that it is a pretty Jack of Diamonds. He knows the faces of the other cards that have been dealt and of the Ace of Clubs that Jorbitz is about to deal. With quiet pleasure, because he is participating in the game, he watches the process of the cards being turned over and flashing into visibility.

He notices accurately enough that the other players are in agony—the set of their teeth and the breath sharply indrawn, and how their limbs are—but he feels this in its excitement, a rising to a climax; he judges it to be better than ordinary and he himself is breathing evenly and stronger in excitement. Because of his ignorance, due to inexperience, he does not understand that *their* excitement will not, cannot, reach any climax; he thinks that they are like himself. He hopefully gazes into Jorbitz's face, if he can find out the sense of what they are all doing and he himself taking part.

He is astonished. A different card has turned up from the one he expected. He starts with surprise. (Jorbitz does not miss this start, that rings and echoes like a trumpet in a gorge.) Uno stares: The expected card is still lying there, under the dealer's thumb. Where did the other come from? He is disturbed at it, being, like all children, intensely conservative; he does not like changes in the rules.

"Give *me* a card, please," he says and puts down a penny . . . "Oh! but you took that card from the bottom of the deck. Why didn't you give me the card from the top? Is this part of the game?"

"What do you mean? You ast me for a card, don't try to welsh out of it."

Uno looks at him.

"No. the *top* card—the Three of Hearts. That's the one I need."

"*What* Three of Hearts?" cries Jorbitz, who knows that it is the Three of Hearts.

"*This* one," says Lothair's son and takes it and holds it up.

"*Keep* your filthy 'ands off! How d'you know it was the Three of Hearts, you dirty little cheat!"

"What do you mean how do I know? I can read as well as you. It's the Three of Hearts. Next is the Three of Spades. And under that is the Ten of Diamonds."

Jorbitz turns up the Three of Spades, and under it he sees the back of the Big Casino that was dropped in the coffee.

"Why do you call me a cheat? Doesn't everybody notice which cards are coming?" says Lothair's boy, bewildered. "Aren't you supposed to notice? Did I spoil the game?"

Blindly Jorbitz throws a punch at the face in front of him, looking through him. This blow sinks into nothingness. And pursuing it there, Jorbitz falls down.

Daring to throw his punch into nothingness, and pursuing it there, to lose his balance. Now between losing his balance and hitting the ground, for an instant he faints away; and by the time he has reached the ground and

hurt his wrist, he has regained consciousness and he whimpers. Still clutching the deck in his hand.

"Which is the bottom card?" he whispers.

"Seven of Spades," says Lothair's boy, doubtful whether or not to answer, but the other's tone is gentle.

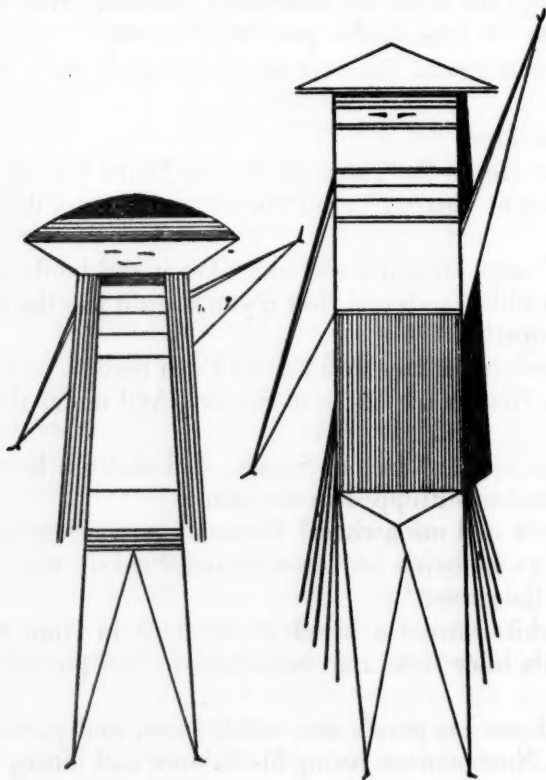
Jorbitz holds up the deck for them to see the Seven of Spades.

They are silent, fairly stationary, in a rough circle in front of the candy store. Mrs. Fortescue has come to the door. Their heads, their hands, their feet, are making the small irregular and seemingly erratic movements of stationary living creatures. Lothair's boy is embarrassed to be the center of attention. Jorbitz is sick to the stomach with the heat and pain of his broken hand.

Yet he cannot bother himself about this yet awhile. For he is cool and panting with comfort, with a good feeling in his midriff, and his neck and shoulders buzzing with guiltlessness. For the small boy is clairvoyant; he knows; and there is no need, there is no use, to try to cheat him and painfully to learn the markings on the cards. Jorbitz is happy that from where he is lying he can easily stretch out his hand and touch his knowing one; and he does so. His wrist is broken and he begins to bawl. He wipes his snotty nose on his sleeve.

Lothair's boy wonders that Jorbitz is so dirty, but he perceives that he has no handkerchief and hands him his own, which is not clean.

"'E's 'urt—'e 'urt 'is 'and!" cries Mrs. Fortescue. "'Elp 'im up."



WILL HERBERG is well known for his work in two fields—theology, and labor and social research. In recent years his major concern has been theology and social philosophy, on which he has written widely. His study of religion in America, *Protestant, Catholic, Jew*, was published recently by Doubleday. Mr. Herberg was educated at, and received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from Columbia University.

Socialism, Zionism, and the Messianic Passion

By WILL HERBERG

“THE true Israelite is torn with discontent and possessed with an unquenchable thirst for the future.” In these words, Ernst Renan, who had his moments of insight, expressed the inner meaning of the messianic passion that has informed Jewish life through the ages. For the “thirst for the future,” the orientation of the whole being to that which is to come, is the very essence of messianism, and messianism is the very essence of the historical existence of the Jew. Like the sense of “chosenness,” with which it is so closely linked, the messianic passion has characterized Jewish spirituality through all mutations of belief, culture, and social circumstance. It has permeated the thinking and feeling of believer and unbeliever alike, even of those who have felt compelled to reject it as a doctrine along with the faith in which it is grounded. Quite literally, it is the Jew incarnate.

Through the millennia of Jewish history, messianism has assumed many and diverse forms and has come to expression under the strangest guises. Prophetic promise, apocalyptic vision, sacrificial suffering, mystic thaumaturgy, military

and political adventure, have each, at one time or another, been the manifestation or instrument of the messianic dynamism that has given Jewry and the world no rest through the ages. No aspect of Jewish life, no period of Jewish history, has been left untouched by the messianic urge to “realize” the future. Even our own secularist age has felt the impact. Indeed, the two most significant movements in Jewish life in the past century—socialism and Zionism—reveal with particular force the messianic sources of Jewish creativity. They also raise the question of what happens to the messianic impulse when it is robbed of its transcendence and diverted to secular goals. The experience of these two movements, in this country particularly, is striking evidence of both the power and the ambiguity of the Jewish messianic fervor in the secularized world of today.

I

WHAT is messianism? What are its authentic and essential elements, the beliefs that go to make up the messianic “idea”? Through all its metamor-

phoses and historic transformations, messianism has always borne witness to certain fundamental convictions about life and reality, and among such convictions the following may well be regarded as central.

Messianism, in the first place, has meant taking history seriously as something real and important. This is by no means self-evident. In the philosophies and spiritualities of the world, history—the doings of men in time—has almost without exception been brushed aside as something unreal and unimportant, “a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,” in comparison with the timeless and immutable. To the Hindu, it is the *maya*-world of illusion; to the Greek, the dreary realm of “eternal recurrence.” To the Hebrew alone, history has from the beginning been that which is real, the texture of human existence, the medium of man’s encounter with God, the stuff of creation, revelation, and redemption. Our Western feeling for history is almost entirely of biblical-Hebraic provenance, with little meaning outside that context. The Hebrew sense of history is indeed so great that nature itself is “historicized” and given an historical destiny. All that is real and important is, to the Hebrew mind, historical, engrossed in the fateful drama of history. Man’s life is real insofar as it enters creatively into this historical drama. This is the first element making up the messianic idea.

The second element is the thirst for fulfillment. Messianism means seeing history—that is, the human enterprise in time—as real and important, and for that reason seeing it as destined for fulfillment and completion. A history in its nature unconsummated and incapable of consummation is a history essentially without meaning. The passionate hope and expectation of fulfillment emerges with power despite, or rather because of, the endless frustrations, ambiguities, and contradictions of actual existence. In the mes-

sianic conviction, the “wrongness” of the present is neither the first nor the last word of reality. The “wrongness” of the present is seen as a “falling away” from an original “rightness” and as destined to be overcome and rectified in the final fulfillment. The messianic vision is thus a vision of a grandiose three-phase drama, consisting of a *protological* first phase, of an *historical* middle phase, and of an *eschatological* end phase. The “discontent” with the present, which Renan finds so characteristic of the messianic passion, is rooted in both the bitter sense of loss of the original “rightness” and the deep yearning, the “unquenchable thirst” for the restoration that the future, the “absolute future” of fulfillment, will bring. The passion for the future is thus a passion for the “true life” for which man was meant (“chosen”), which he has lost, and to which he will, in the “fullness of time” once more be restored. N. N. Glatzer has well described this essential outlook in summarizing the historical teaching of the Tannaim:

Election, defection, and return [he says] are the three periods in which history is seen running its course . . . Election without defection would be an assumption of paradisaic historylessness; the fall gives impulse to history. Fall without return, however, would mean history surrendered and planless. Between fall and return, history completes its course.*

MESSIANISM means not only taking history seriously and seeing it destined for rectification and fulfillment; it means, in the third place, staking the human hope for the messianic future on the ultimate, on the Power in whose hand all outcomes lie. Man enters into the messianic process; his deed is in a very real way essential, and yet it is not to himself that he looks for the final outcome, but to that which is beyond and on which he depends. In the traditional biblical-rab-

*N. N. Glatzer, *Untersuchungen zur Geschichtslehre der Tannaiten*, pp. 35-36.

binic eschatology, it is God who sends his Messiah to usher in the new age; yet men somehow participate in what is done. In the humanistic versions, it is History, conceived as an immanent creative force pervading and energizing the actual course of events, that brings the fulfillment, though again not without more obviously human participation. The strange dialectic of human action, taken up and made use of by that which is beyond, is well expressed in the rabbinic saying, when the saying is taken to refer to the entire human enterprise: "It is not for you to complete the work, but neither are you free to desist from it" (Abot 2:16). "It is not for you to complete the work" — but completion there is; "neither are you free to desist from it" — yet, in the end, it is not you who fulfills and completes.

These are the three essential elements of the messianic idea: history is real and significant — it is destined for fulfillment and rectification — in the course of a great historical drama which man indeed participates in with the fullness of his power, but which looks for its completion to the ultimate beyond.

It is hardly necessary to point out that, so understood, the messianic idea has informed Jewish spirituality and Jewish existence from whatever beginnings we may find in history or tradition. Throughout the Bible, from first page to last, from the earliest "documents" to the latest redactions, the divine-human encounter, which is the substance of the biblical account, takes place in the full context of history, as an historical encounter, and a future is looked to that in one form or another is a future of restored "rightness." In the prophetic promise, the messianic hope becomes explicit, and rises to grandiose heights in the vision of Israel the messianic people, from whom will come the Messiah of God to restore Israel and the world to their proper destiny and to usher in the "end of all things," in the kingdom without end. Later apocalyptic

takes up the same theme, though it introduces a determinist and dualist note little known to authentic prophecy. In the earliest rabbinic tradition, the messianic conviction is already central, the corporate hope of Israel being linked with the hope of personal destiny through the teaching about the "resurrection of the dead."

IN all of these forms, prophetic, apocalyptic, and rabbinic, it enters into primitive Christianity, where the futuristic note remains strong despite the conviction that, in a real sense, the "end" has already come in Christ. Later Christianity, however, mutes this note, and almost extinguishes the messianic passion, by its success in "spiritualizing" the biblical eschatology and in virtually identifying the Kingdom of God with the Church. Radical messianism goes underground, to burst out from time to time in heretical and sectarian movements, above all in the teaching of Joachim of Floris, that strange twelfth-century monk who projected the vision of an imminent "third age" of the "Spirit," in which the world, having passed through the two earlier ages of the "Father" and the "Son," would be caught up, renovated, and transformed in final perfection. Joachim was condemned, and his immediate followers suppressed, but a kind of subterranean Joachimism persisted through the centuries, breaking out again in the turmoil of the Reformation and even in more modern times.

But it was among the Jews, and in Judaism, that the messianic passion burned with fervor in the middle ages. All talk of the redemption already come and of the embodiment of the Kingdom of God in the Church could have little meaning for the Jew who felt the "burden of the unredeemed world" as something more palpable than the most palpable facts of life, and who somehow could not discern the lineaments of the prophetic vision of

the Kingdom in the actual Church that confronted him. Because the Jews had never "been stilled by anything which [had] happened," they remained "wholly directed toward the coming of that which [was] to come."*

The messianic passion and the messianic idea permeated Jewish history through the middle ages into modern times. In Cabbalism, it often assumed thaumaturgical forms directed toward "forcing the end"; for long stretches of time, it remained apparently latent in a quietist "waiting for God," in the profound conviction that redemption comes through suffering; on occasion, it burst forth in such demonic expressions as those associated with the names of Sab-batai Zevi and Joseph Frank. Throughout, it was sustained and nourished by the liturgy of the synagogue, which breathes the messianic passion in its every prayer and its every blessing. The hope and expectation of the Messiah became, indeed, as Franz Rosenzweig has said, that "by which and because of which Judaism lives . . .".** And whatever form it assumed, however strange and untraditional, however heretical or repellent, it preserved in some way the authentic marks of the messianic idea: "discontent" with things as they are and an "unquenchable thirst for the future" of fulfillment and perfection.

II

WITH Enlightenment and Emancipation, toward the end of the eighteenth and through the nineteenth century, the whole traditional structure of Jewish faith and practice began to crumble. First to go, for increasing numbers who came under the influence of the sec-

ularizing trend in modern Western culture, was belief in the Sinaitic revelation and observance of the halachic way of life; frequently enough, the belief in God was abandoned as well, along with much of the rest of the religious heritage. But messianism remained, messianism and the hidden sense of "chosenness" with which it is so organically bound up. The messianic idea underwent drastic transformation, the messianic passion was directed into new and strange channels, but neither the idea nor the passion disappeared with the disintegration of traditional Judaism. In a way, perhaps, messianism became even more central in the secularized Jewish consciousness, for it was pretty much all that was left for these "modern" Jews of the Jewish spirituality that had come down through the centuries. The two great Jewish movements that arose at this time bear the mark of this "de-religionized" messianism.

From earliest times, Jewish messianism had revealed a twofold theme, a theme of double alienation and double restoration. There was first the alienation of the world from God, its defection from the divine source of its being; and there was next, the alienation of Israel from the Land, coming as a consequence of its faithlessness to the God by whose promise the Land had been made its possession. Both of these alienations—or better, both of these phases of the one primal alienation—were understood under the figure of "exile": the "exile" of mankind (Adam and Eve) from the presence of God, the "exile" of Israel from the Promised Land. Both of these were interpreted also as aspects of the suffering of the compassionate God—the "God of the sufferers," to use Buber's celebrated phrase—the God who takes man's suffering upon himself; and so the double "exile" became the "exile of the Shechinah," the "exile" of God from his creation and his people.

*Martin Buber, "The Two Foci of the Jewish Soul," *Israel and the World*, pp. 35, 39.

**Franz Rosenzweig, *Jehuda Halevi*, p. 239; N. N. Glatzer, ed., *Franz Rosenzweig: His Life and Thought*, p. 350.

But if the alienation was double, so was the restoration to come. The restoration of Israel to the Land, and of the world to God, were the two facets—"particularist" and "universalist," to use the familiar terms—of the integral messianic vision. It is important to recognize that these two restorations were not separable, but were conceived of as two aspects, or phases, of the one great act of fulfillment. And, indeed, in the authentic biblical-rabbinic view, it could not be otherwise, for in this view, Israel as the "people of God" was the instrument of God for the redemption of the world, so that the destiny of the world and the destiny of Israel were in the end one and the same. "Particularism" was a means toward a "universalism" of redemption of which not even the allegedly universalist Greeks could dream. "In the [messianic] future, the Jew was concerned with building a house for all mankind, the house of true life."^{*}

WITH the disintegration of the unity of Jewish life and thought under the impact of modern culture, these two phases, or aspects, of the messianic idea became disjoined, and each assumed a separate and autonomous existence in a radically secularized form. The "particularist" phase of Jewish messianism found expression in Zionism; the "universalist" phase, in socialism. Despite all efforts to reunite them on a secular basis—in socialist Zionism or in Zionist socialism—no real synthesis could be achieved. In the Jewish tradition of faith, they had been held together by God, whose creation the world was, and as whose instrument Israel acquired its place in the total scheme. But with God dropping out of the picture, nothing could prevent the decomposition of integral messianism into these two distinct, and often opposed, movements.

^{*}Martin Buber, *Drei Reden uber das Judentum*, p. 91.

Actually, however, the matter was somewhat more complex. A large segment of "emancipated" Jews in nineteenth century Europe and America simply lapsed into the liberal humanism that pervaded Western culture until the first world war. This liberalism meant a utopian idealism, on the one side, and a local nationalism, on the other. It was an American Reform rabbi—and not a "German" either!—who in the 1840's proclaimed: "America is our Zion and Washington our Jerusalem." It was Abraham Geiger who, in his manifesto at the second *Rabbinerversammlung* at Frankfurt am Main in 1846 declared: "We perceive the kingdom of heaven on earth constantly approaching through the endeavor of humanity . . . We are already entered into redemption: liberty and virtue have increased; everything becomes better . . . the Jewish teaching concerning the Messiah is approaching its realization with vigorous steps . . ."^{**} It is surely obvious that despite Geiger's invocation of the "Jewish teaching concerning the Messiah" and the American rabbi's reference to "Zion" and "Jerusalem," despite, too, the gospel of "ethical monotheism" which they so fervently preached, the authentic content of the Jewish faith had been voided and the power and meaning of the messianic idea made to nothing. For a messianism in which the Jew, as man and as Israelite, is at home in the world, a messianism indeed in which everything is seen as progressing nicely toward the ideal, is no messianism at all; it is simply a complacent, self-satisfied delusion that at last all is going well in this best of all possible worlds.

^{**}There is a strong echo of this liberal utopianism in the Pittsburgh Platform (1885) of American Reform Judaism: "We recognize in the modern age of universal culture of heart and intellect the approaching of the realization of Israel's great messianic hope for the establishment of the Kingdom of Truth, Justice, and Peace among men."

SOCIALISM and Zionism were made of sterner stuff and possessed of a different temper. Both felt a strong sense of the "wrongness" of actual existence and were driven by a deep urge toward restoration and rectification. The origins of both movements are many and complex. Into Zionism went the sharp resentment of the "almost assimilated" Jew at the recrudescence of anti-Semitism in the "enlightened" nineteenth century, in the very home of Enlightenment, France and Germany; into it went also a revived ethnic nationalism, and a longing to "normalize" Jewish existence; into it went finally the ancient and traditional "love of Zion" that had drawn the Jews of all ages to the Holy Land. But what gave the Zionist movement of a half century ago its peculiar vitality was the channeling of the messianic passion in its particularist aspect into a political movement of redemption—the "redemption" of Jewry by its restoration to the Land. Socialism, too, was the product of many converging forces: the French Revolution and the unleashing of the modern class struggle; the rise of large-scale industry and the dreams of "technocracy" it engendered; the *élan* of bourgeois radicalism overpassing itself. But again what gave it its special appeal and dynamic was the messianic passion for universal redemption it embodied and exploited. An underground, much modified "Joachimism," combined with a strain of Jewish messianism torn from its proper moorings, provided the structure and pattern, as well as the driving power, of the new secular religion. Marxism obviously arose as a secularized version of Jewish-Christian messianism, with History replacing God and the Proletariat taking the place of the "chosen people" as the instrument of a redemption that was seen as proceeding in the familiar three-phase movement from "primitive communism" through "class society" to the "new socialist order" of the future. Thus from its very

birth modern socialism bore within itself the essential sign of its messianic origin.

Zionism and Socialism represented not only the splitting of integral messianism into two autonomous movements; they represented also the radical secularization of the messianic idea in the modern world.

Secularization means the denial of the transcendent and the reduction of reality to the two dimensions of nature and society. In regard to messianism, it means the rejection of the suprahistorical and the conversion of the pattern of redemption into an immanent historical process, taking place entirely within the confines of history itself. History becomes the ultimate power, and history-making collective man—not individual man, who shrinks into nothingness—his own savior. The "beginning" and "end" of history, the original and restored "rightness"—in Jewish-Christian tradition, suprahistorical realities "before" and "after" history—become points *within* history. Eschatology thus turns into utopia; instead of the realistic understanding that history is bound to remain precarious, contradictory, and ambiguous to the very end, looking for its rectification and fulfillment to God, we are presented with a vision of a redemption and perfection to be achieved by man, collective man, within current time and history. Socialism looked to the establishment of the "house of true life" not in the "absolute future" signifying the "fullness of time" and the "end of days," but in the course of history, at some particular time—if not today, then tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow. Zionism dissociated the ending of the *Galut* and the Ingathering of Israel from the total eschatological picture of the "end of days," and made it a particular and isolated historical task. The whole transcendent context of the messianic hope was thus eliminated with the secularization of its elements.

THE "finitization" of eschatology involved in its secularization means also its idolatritization, for it is plainly idolatrous to convert a particular time or event in history into the "absolute time," with absolute and final significance, since this means the absolutization—that is, the divinization—of the goals or values in the utopian fulfillment. In pseudo-messianic socialism, the Movement, the Party, the New Social Order become absolutes, beyond all judgment and criticism. In pseudo-messianic Zionism, the absolutization of the Jewish people and of the Zionist task leads to an ethnolatry that has given many thoughtful Zionists pause. The consequences of pseudo-messianic utopianism in any form are too obvious in recent history to require any elaboration here.

The point I want to make is rather different. It is not merely that there are types of socialism and Zionism which are not pseudo-messianic and so do not fall under the strictures here advanced; it is rather that even pseudo-messianism has its function in the movement of history toward its fulfillment. "The expectation of the coming of the Messiah . . .", Franz Rosenzweig pointed out long ago, "would be a meaningless theologoumenon, a mere 'idea' in the philosophical sense, . . . if the appearance again and again of a 'false Messiah' did not render it reality and unreality, illusion and disillusion . . .".* At a time of spiritual decadence, when all sense of Jewishness was being dissolved in a smug and complacent adjustment to the modern world, Zionism, with all its illusions and extravagances, sounded a warning and a call—a warning that all was not well even in the modern liberal-constitutional state in which the Jew was emancipated and enfranchised, and a call to authentic Jewish existence. Even many opponents of Zionism recognized the role that Zionism was

playing in bringing a sense of Jewishness to the "dejudaized" Jews in Western Europe in the early part of the century. On the other side, socialism, with all its utopianism and moral ambiguities, was bringing a sense of destiny and a hope for the future to the "displaced" masses of proletarians and intellectuals in modern industrial society. "[Marx] spoke of a promised time . . . Millions of people were through Marx put in the Jewish attitude to history, and looked forward with messianic expectation to the coming of the time . . . To this extent, he was a prophet . . . But Marx also was a false prophet . . . He proclaimed the false Messiah . . . He linked his promised era to a . . . final program that would round off and complete history . . . He proclaimed the coming rise to power of the proletariat as the fulfillment of time, as the final justice. That was false prophecy . . . But he was a prophet."**

IT IS not necessary to overlook the sinister consequences of the idolatrous pseudo-messianic element in Marxism, particularly as that has entered into the perverted structure of Soviet communism, to recognize, as does Maybaum in the words just quoted, that Marx did indeed put millions of people in the "Jewish attitude to history," and to that extent was indeed a "prophet."

Again it was Franz Rosenzweig, the non-socialist and non-Zionist, who out of his deep messianic understanding saw the strange role that socialism and Zionism were playing in the history of his time. "Just as the Social Democrats, even if they are 'atheists'," he wrote to his friend Hans Ehrenberg in April 1927, "are more important for the establishment of the kingdom of God through the church than the church-minded, . . . certainly than the vast mass of the semi- or wholly indifferent, so are the Zionists for the syna-

*Franz Rosenzweig, *Jehuda Halevi*, p. 239; N. N. Glatzer, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 350.

**Ignaz Maybaum, *Synagogue and Society*, pp. 57-58.

gogue.”* Both, he felt, were doing a work in furtherance of the divine purpose, however insistently they might deny the very notion of such purpose.

Yet we must never forget that significant as was the role they played in a cause beyond their ken, socialism and Zionism, in their pseudo-messianic form, were affected with a deep inner vice. They were utopian and idolatrous, and increasingly fell under the sway of the evils generated by utopianism and idolatry. In them, the unity of the messianic idea in its “universalist” and “particularist” aspects was hopelessly split, and messianism itself sundered from its transcendent source and origin. That they achieved so much is indeed testimony to the strange ways in which divine providence works in history, using “unbeliever” as well as “believer” for the fulfillment of its purposes.

III

ZIONISM, on any appreciable scale, came late to America, but Jewish socialism came fairly early, with the great immigration at the end of the last century. The mass of Jewish immigrants from eastern Europe were of traditional religious background, and attempted, usually with indifferent success, to maintain the old ways in the new world. They quickly adjusted themselves to the conditions of ethnic group existence in America, and fell in with the general patterns of American life. A strong minority, however, were social radicals of one sort or another, largely Socialists or Anarchists. In the early days of the immigration, many of these radicals hardly considered themselves Jewish; their cultural life and associations were rather with the radicals and intellectuals of the countries from which they came: they were Russians, Rumanians, and the like. A few persist-

ed in their non-Jewish identification, but the vast majority, fortified by later accessions of Yiddishists, located themselves in the Jewish community, of which they became the real “creative minority.” The Jewish community in New York and other large cities was dominated culturally by its radical elements in a way and to a degree without parallel in any other ethnic-immigrant group in this country.

The radicalism of this immigrant generation was, by and large, part of their Jewishness. It entered into the complex of *Yiddishkeit* in as intimate and organic a fashion as did the old religion in the case of their Orthodox fellow Jews. It was, in fact, the “religious” or ideological aspect of their Yiddish culture, which embraced the totality of their lives, at least that part of their lives which was lived in the ethnic group. Of Zionism, in its modern form, there was relatively little in those early days.

The second generation—the American born or bred children of the immigrants—presented a very different picture. The young people of the second generation were marginal to a really painful degree. They were at home in neither of the two communities in which they lived, neither in the Jewish ethnic group of their parents nor in the larger American community toward which they looked. The second generation reacted to its double alienation—“too American in the home, too foreign in the school”—in various ways, but the two extreme reactions are perhaps most important for us. Some reacted by an attempt to overcome their alienation through an intensified assertion of their ethnic group loyalties with a passion and vehemence unknown to their parents, for whom ethnic belonging was more or less a matter of course. Others, at the other end of the second generation spectrum, attempted to overcome their alienation by transcend-

*Franz Rosenzweig, *Briefe*, p. 580; N. N. Glatzer, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 157.

**Marcus L. Hansen, *The Problem of the Third Generation Immigrant*, pp. 6-7.

ing group affiliations in a radical internationalism or cosmopolitanism. The former turned to Zionism; the latter, to socialism or Communism. "Zionism was the outlet, particularly for the second generation," Handlin writes of the segment at the one extreme. "This group was especially perplexed, as all second generations were, by the question of their place in American culture, confused by specific problems of social and economic adjustment, and anxious over the meaning of anti-Semitism."* "Torn away from the old moorings and not yet anchored in the new realities," Sherman writes of those at the other extreme, "large sections of the second generation presented fertile ground for the most radical social ideas and the most revolutionary views . . .".** Zionism and social radicalism became the expressions of characteristic second generation reactions of American Jewry.

YET they were characteristic with a difference. Zionism was ethnic nationalism, to be sure, but how different from the ethnic nationalism of the second generation Germans, Poles, or Hungarians. Jewish socialism was second generation radicalism, of course, but whereas in the second generations of other immigrant groups such radicalism was relatively insignificant in the life of the community, among the Jews socialism and Communism swept over large parts of the second generation and left a deep mark on American Jewish life. The difference was precisely the result of the breadth and intensity coming from the messianic passion that went into the two movements. Jewish messianism thus entered into the life of the second generation to define its most characteristic responses to the American environment.

The third generation of American Jewry, now rapidly emerging, is unlike both the second and the first. It is thoroughly

American, at home in America, no longer marginal in the second generation sense. But it has the problem of identification in a way that the first and second generations did not have, for while it is definitely American, it is faced with the task of distinguishing itself from other Americans, Americans of other "heritages." It is meeting this problem in a characteristic American fashion, by attempting to establish its own heritage through religious identification and affiliation. The third generation typically thinks of its Jewishness as adherence to a religious community, to a Jewish religious community, existing side by side with equivalent Protestant and Catholic communities in the tripartite scheme of American religion. The "return" of the third generation to religious self-identification and synagogue membership needs no documentation.

Significantly, this "return" to religion, or rather the relatively secure adjustment to American reality of which the return is, in large measure, a reflection, has led to the rapid dissolution of the ideologies and movements which, in the second generation, were an expression alike of its messianic impulse and its cultural alienation. Zionism and Jewish social radicalism, in their earlier and more authentic meanings, have faded away almost before our very eyes. Very little is left of either the immigrant generation "Yiddish" socialism or of the second generation cosmopolitan variety, and very little is left of the ideological Zionism of a decade or two ago. Almost everybody today is a social liberal, and everybody is a friend of the State of Israel, but what remains of Zionism or social radicalism in the old sense? Of course, the dissolution of these ideologies and the decline of these movements have taken place in the larger context of a world situation very different from that in which the second gen-

*Oscar Handlin, *Adventure in Freedom*, p. 217.

**C. Bezalel Sherman, "Three Generations," *Jewish Frontier*, July 1954.

eration lived and moved. But the effect of the kind of adjustment the third generation of American Jewry has made to American reality, and made it with a singular appropriateness to American conditions, cannot be denied or ignored. Zionism and Jewish socialism in America were essentially second generation phenomena, and they are disappearing with the emergence of the third.

AND what of the messianic passion? That too seems to be disappearing. Third generation American Jews are increasingly becoming like other Americans of the like generation; their distinctiveness, at least on the surface, is rapidly diminishing. The "intellectual preeminence" which Veblen once noted is no longer so marked; nor is the restlessness, the "unadjustedness," of these "aliens of uneasy feet" (again Veblen). The decline of the messianic passion among American Jews is part of this picture; it is also part of the new world situation, in which the sense of *kairos*, of "the time is at hand," has given way to a sense of the void. The messianic Jew is as if born to be the prophet of the *kairos*; he is hardly cut out to be the guardian of the void in an age of no promise.

Has the messianic passion then vanished from the Jewish soul? It cannot be. Jewishness is messianic or it is nothing.

"True messianist or false messianist," Arthur Cohen has rightly said, "the Jewish intellectual"—and the Jew is always in some sense an "intellectual"—"is a messianist."* The messianic passion cannot be drained from his being without draining away his Jewishness; so long as a trace of the latter remains, so will the former. The messianic passion is not dead; it is dormant.

Third generation adjustment is a fact, but it is not the final or ultimate fact in American Jewish life. The world situation of the void is also a fact, but it is not the final or ultimate fact in human history. In its proper time, a new *kairos* will appear; a new restlessness, a new "discontent," will arouse the Jew, the American Jew as well, to his messianic vocation. Whatever is of enduring value in Zionism and Jewish social radicalism is not lost; it will, in its time, be taken up, reassessed, and made part of the new manifestation of the messianic idea, of which we today have no conception, but which we know is to come. Let us prepare ourselves and those who come after us to be the servants of the new *kairos* with a messianic passion that is integral and restored to the transcendent source and origin from which it has drawn its power through the ages.

*Arthur A. Cohen, "Messianism and the Jew," *The Commonwealth*, July 15, 1955.

Comment

Apologiae—Pro and Contra

To the Editor of MIDSTREAM:

In his essay, "Apologia Contra Rabbines" (Spring, 1956), Mr. Ben Halpern has issued an important challenge to the religious leadership of American Jewry. I confine myself in the following remarks to a defense of the thinking of Mordecai M. Kaplan, leaving the other "religious ideologists" mentioned by Mr. Halpern to fend for themselves.

There is a basic difficulty in latching on to Halpern's thesis. He writes, ostensibly, in defense of "secularist socialist Zionists," but it is unclear what this setting has to do with his critique. The Zionism, it is true, comes through in his essay, particularly in his discussion of the concept of Exile. But there isn't the slightest hint of what critical bearing socialism has on the entire problem of religious ideology. Yet Mr. Halpern could have strengthened his own position by holding American religious ideologies up to scrutiny before the social values of "halutz Zionism." It would seem to me that socialist Zionist theory, as exemplified in the writings of A. D. Gordon, Berel Katznelson, Ben Gurion, Hayim Greenberg and others, offers another, if not necessarily contradictory, vision of life than that exemplified in American "middle class" religious ideology.

However, it is Mr. Halpern's secularism that is disconcerting. Of what does it consist? Apparently, a refusal to join a synagogue. But it is, I gather, not an anti-religious secularism, a denial of God or the values of religious folkways and ritual. It is Mr. Halpern's right to define secularism as being basically a refusal to commit oneself to the synagogue. But this, too, is hardly a sufficiently cogent point of departure for an attack on the thinking of Mordecai M. Kaplan. For Kaplan, above all American Jewish ideologists, has found room in the Jewish group for non-synagogue Jews of genuine spirituality and even (may Kaplan's colleagues forgive him!) for anti-synagogue atheists.

In these preliminary remarks, I have tried to state why Mr. Halpern's critique

of Kaplan emerges out of a rather hazy background. I should not have raised this issue at all were it not for the fact that he himself seems to consider his position as a secularist socialist Zionist so significant.

One more comment by way of introduction. Mr. Halpern links Kaplan with those thinkers who assert that secularism leads necessarily to paganism. Kaplan, however, has been careful to draw the obvious distinction between the ideas men accept and the ways they behave. Kaplan never maintains that behavior is caused by holding a particular idea. Democracy does not flow from a particular metaphysical position. Neither does secularism necessarily cause or lead to paganism.

Furthermore, the very brand of secularism which Mr. Halpern seems implicitly to espouse is based precisely on that "faith in the highest potentialities of human nature and persistence in activating them" which Kaplan feels is essential to a vision of life that can sustain individuals and groups in critical moments. It is questionable whether, lacking such vision, men can survive crisis; but it does not follow that men who fail to see life *sub specie aeternitatis* must, therefore, lose all their humanitarian ideals. The motivations of the human mind are far too complicated for that kind of equation.

Four main lines of criticism against Kaplan are adopted in the article:

1. Kaplan, along with the other religious ideologists mentioned, accepts too uncritically American institutions. Therefore, he cannot explain why so many American Jews lose the sense of inner security as Jews. "Why do we, the secularist socialist Zionists, have the sense of being real and authentic Jews—while the Jews who accept most unreservedly the standard of American institutions have lost that feeling?"

2. Kaplan does violence to the spirit of Judaism by eliminating the concept of Exile. Mr. Halpern asserts that "any ver-

sion of Judaism which tries to dispense with the concept of Exile and Redemption from Exile is attempting nothing less than a divorce from our central historic experience as a people. Such a Judaism (if it could even exist) would have cut itself off from its memory, and could have no Jewish future." Paradoxically, Kaplan, in abandoning the idea of *galut*, is described by Mr. Halpern as insisting that "Israel must save American Jews—by not only living a full ethical, Jewishly inspired life-in-this-world, as it has begun to do, but by formulating its practices as principles and expressing these as ceremonies which could be adopted by the Jewish cult in America". Kaplan, in other words, admits the effects if not the theory of Exile and therefore has to call upon Israel to save American Jewry.

3. Kaplan tries to straitjacket Judaism in a definition. He, like the other religious ideologists, considers "the question of defining 'Jew' and 'Judaism' to be of critical and fundamental importance—as one well may if he is dealing no longer with real Jews but with Jews who still have to be converted into the real thing." In particular, Kaplan "has always felt that one could almost reduce the entire Jewish problem to one cardinal difficulty; we have lost a defined status as a community."

4. Finally, Kaplan, like the others, offers us God too cheaply. "We do not want Him as a solution for the problem of the Jewish Diaspora in America, nor as a least common denominator to reduce the differences between Israel and the Diaspora, or between contemporary and traditional Jewish culture. To make such a use of God seems to us respectful neither to Him nor to our problems. The latter we wish to solve on their own terms. As to God—we have faith that He will be indulgent enough to let us, individually and collectively, make our way to Him by whatever detours we chance to meet on the road that we must travel."

OF ALL the philosophies of American Judaism, Kaplan's Reconstructionism has been most alert to the need for Jews to evaluate their position in American society. Far from accepting unreservedly the institutions of American life, Kaplan has probed the meaning of democracy and formulated a theory of a democratic polity in which a creative Judaism could flourish.

Kaplan has long seen the threat to Jew-

ish survival in the United States that inheres in the all-too-prevalent practice of equating Christianity, or even Judeo-Christianity, with Americanism. Christianity, like any other religion rooted in supernaturalism, must face up to the challenge of the new scientific world outlook. It can meet that challenge in only two ways—by reinterpreting and amending its tradition or by utilizing the power of the state (particularly in its control of education) artificially to preserve its dogmas and institutions. Both methods are being employed. There is, in the current revival of theology, a serious attempt to deal with the contemporary challenge to Christian religion. In such an intellectual response Christianity will be transformed; but so will the so-called scientific universe of discourse which elicited this response. This is a movement which can be respected and welcomed in a free society.

At the same time, there is an equally powerful tendency to preserve the Christian heritage, not in the market place of free ideas but through the school system in which children will be indoctrinated with a set of prefabricated religious ideas. Once admit religion into public education in anything but an atmosphere of free inquiry, and American democracy as we have known it is seriously threatened. The consequences for the American Jewish minority are bound to be catastrophic.

Kaplan saw this threat—long before the pressure for religion in education assumed its current proportions. For his conception of American democracy had envisioned its ultimate development into a new group religion, rooted in the historic experience and sancta of the whole American people. Considerations of space make it impossible to outline the full scope of his views on American religion. Pertinent to our inquiry here, however, is the idea that the American nation has already developed a history, a set of ideals, an abundance of folkways and civic occasions—shared by all citizens—that could well form the basis of a different conception of religion than that held by many Christians or Jews. There happen to be many contradictions between American conceptions of authority and visions of man and his destiny and those held by the historic religions. Obviously, such contradictions must not be resolved by force. But recognizing their existence makes it impossible for any serious thinker to take Amer-

ican institutions for granted. Certainly Kaplan should not be accused of this kind of shallowness. On the contrary, by pointing up some of the tensions between the historical religions and the spiritual bases of American democracy, he answers the very question that Mr. Halpern denies he raises: why have secularist socialist Zionists, Yiddishists and Orthodox Jews in the United States not had doubts about the authenticity of their Jewishness? It is because these groups have failed to understand the full force of democratic social organization that they can continue to blind themselves to the real problems of American Jewry. They can live here as though there were no difference between the United States and Eastern Europe, as though there is no challenge of democratic theory to Jewish life. Their very confidence as Jews is *dangerous* to Jewish survival, for they ignore the threats to Jewish group life which inhere in the present condition of American Jewry. Kaplan is guilty of no such blindness. He has accepted much of the democratic tradition because he believes in its validity. Nevertheless the new atmosphere surrounding American Jews inevitably requires a new form of Jewish life. Until that form has emerged, Jews are bound to be confused, a state of mind that can be of great value if it leads to a critical analysis of both Judaism and Americanism. This has been Kaplan's reaction. For, in addition to accepting the American scene, he has observed it critically as well. In questioning the nature of the American polity, he has tried to find a basis for a Jewish community life that would be a reasonable answer to the demands of a democratic America and a rich Judaism.

IT IS TRUE that Kaplan has sought to substitute the idea of Dispersion (*tefutzah*) for that of Exile. He does so, however, because history demands it and not as an attempt to divorce the contemporary Jew from his historical experience. History has made the Return a genuine option for the Jew, in a way it could not be in the climate of pre-Zionist days. It is not only the establishment of the state that has made the concept of Exile so ambiguous. Rather we must take into account the freedom accorded Jews, as of right, in the democratic West, the growing consciousness of the unity of mankind, the need for world-wide political and economic co-

operation and the recognition that any national salvation can be achieved only by the combined efforts of a native group aided by the sympathetic understanding and support of other nations. This is a new world, in which the right of Jews to live as Jews is becoming more and more a part of Western conscience. As Rabbi Judah pointed out a long time ago, *dror* (freedom) is derived from the root "to dwell." A man is free when he can live wherever he pleases. In this sense American Jewry is not in exile.

To put the matter this way is not to lose sight of the profound difficulties for Jewish life in the Diaspora. Kaplan, no less than the most ardent negator of the Diaspora, has diligently pointed out the sociological anomaly of protracted minority existence in a free environment. He has never maintained the inevitability of Jewish survival in the United States. It is for this reason that he has laid so much stress on Zionism and the role which Eretz Yisrael can play in American Jewish life. But that role for Kaplan is not what Mr. Halpern claims it is. Israel cannot provide a culture for American Jewry. Living people have to create their own culture. But the Jewish community in Israel and the very idea of Eretz Yisrael itself can elicit from American Jewry a creative power; to some extent, it has already done so. Kaplan argues that cultural interchange is possible and desirable. But American Jewry must develop its own life. Israel is essential as a goal and a criterion by which American Jewry can evaluate the quality of its own culture. This has been, after all, one of the main contributions of the idea of Eretz Yisrael throughout the ages. The power of that idea lay in its having stimulated generations of Jews to be unsatisfied with their environment. It may be said with confidence that if the idea of Eretz Yisrael is completely submerged by the reality of *Medinat Yisrael*, even the Jews of the state of Israel will lose a good deal of their current creativity. At the same time, American Jewry, properly educated to the meaning of Eretz Yisrael, can continue to draw inspiration and content from a vital *yishuv*.

As is to be expected, there are some American Jews who, comparing the pale American brand of Judaism with the rich, multi-colored Judaism of Israel, become discouraged and condemn American Jewry to ultimate assimilation. There are others,

however—Kaplan among them—who prefer to accept minority living in a free society as a challenge with which to grapple. Guarantees of success are, of course, impossible, but Kaplan believes the candle to be worth the game.

MR. HALPERN's strictures against Kaplan's concern for defining Jewish status show an utter lack of insight into the main objectives of Kaplan's philosophy of Judaism. Kaplan employs definitions instrumentally; his main purpose is prescriptive rather than descriptive. He wants to create a social framework for Jews within which they can interact more creatively than they do at present. As things stand now in Jewish life, there is a tremendous amount of organization and a growing sectarianism. There is also an intellectual ferment, which, however, either stands apart from the institutions of Jewish life or helps to widen the breach between the various segments of American Jewry and between American Jewry as a whole and the *yishuv*.

There are some Jewish leaders who try to make out a case for the benefits to be derived from the chaotic state of American Jewry—it is essential to the preservation of democracy in Judaism, it is a sign of creativity, it is an indication of American Jewry's own folkways, etc. The case, however, falls flat when seen in the perspective of Jewish education. Adult Jews remain aloof from one another in their synagogues and other organizations and still feel a sense of kinship. What significance that kinship can have is a question that Mr. Halpern and other, less positive Jewish thinkers seem to think need not be asked. For Jewish education, however, the lack of a theoretical understanding of Jewish status in the world is a fatal weakness of too many teachers. Without some vision of what the Jewish group is or ought to be, the soul is taken out of Jewish education. And this is one of the chief reasons why *amcho*, the kind of "authentic" Jews whom Halpern finds among the Zionists, Yiddishists and Orthodox, are not graduating today from our Jewish schools. No matter what the ideology, Jewish children require a tangible Jewish community which can help them identify themselves with Jews who differ from them in religious or cultural outlook. Without such a community, it is too much to expect young students to transcend their

loyalty to the particular brand of Judaism they learn in their ideologically insulated schools and to attach themselves first and foremost to the Jewish people. We have replaced *Yiddishkeit*, as Mr. Halpern calls it, with sectarianism of the most destructive kind.

One may quarrel with Kaplan's particular type of prescription; but one can hardly argue with justification that the condition of American Jewry can be improved without such searching analysis and planning. Kaplan, incidentally, would be the last person to maintain that planning means rigid blueprinting. In community development there is need for a great deal of trial and error. But at least let us have some idea where we want to head.

THE author of *The Meaning of God in Modern Jewish Religion* has frequently been accused of using the God-idea as a sociological tool, as an instrument of Jewish survival. Kaplan has even been charged with sociolatry, making the Jewish people itself the main content of the God-idea. Such charges, however, stem from a failure to understand what Mr. Halpern himself states explicitly in his article and then lets drop. At one point he writes, "What was characteristic of the Jews was that they sought God collectively as a people, and incorporated their findings in a canonical literature and a normative set of folkways." One of Kaplan's chief concerns has been to restore the collective Jewish search for God. He has urged our people to view this search as the very purpose of its corporate existence. Kaplan undoubtedly believes that such a vocation will help insure Jewish survival, but survival is not to be the only rationale for cultivating Judaism as a religious civilization. One need only read his *Meaning of God etc.* to sense the scope of his theology. Conceptions of God must be no less broad than man's total experience—and even that breadth of definition, as all profoundly religious persons acknowledge, leaves the full meaning of God beyond human ken.

Far from selling God cheaply, Kaplan has sought to place the search of individual man in its proper setting. Even the mystic, the prime example of religious individualism, is tied to a tradition and an environment. Gershom Scholem's great work on Jewish mysticism should dissuade

anyone from believing that it is possible for personal religion or theology ever to sprout without recourse to a specific historical setting. Of course, men have to experience God individually and to search for Him in their own ways. But the scope of their experience and the methods and the direction of their search are largely conditioned by the quality of the group to which they belong. Does it not make sense to believe that a Jewish group whose members give each other loving, if sometimes critical, support in their common search for God will render the individual efforts of all Jews more fruitful than is now the case?

Individual paths to God are deceptively easy to follow if one ignores the road signs that have been set up in the course of history. If Jewish history, however, has anything to contribute to individual communion with God, then it is reasonable to suppose that the nature of the Jewish people in the present will have a lot to do with the way our children conceive God in the future.

No one can sell God cheaply, even if he tried. But no one can sell God solely in terms of intellectual predilections. To experience God it is necessary to seek him in all manifestations among men. The Jew cannot arrive at any worthwhile conception of God without a deep and abiding love for the Jewish people and a desire to make it an instrument of His will. This requires some prescription for the Jewish future. Kaplan's prescription may be wrong, but he is, at the moment, the only thinker in American Judaism who has tried to see that future in the light of a vastly complex, but promising present.

RABBI JACK J. COHEN

New York City

Mr. Halpern replies:

I HAVE mixed feelings about Jack Cohen's comments on "Apologia Contra Rabbines." Rabbi Cohen is important enough in the Reconstructionist leadership so that one should be able to take what he says about Mordecai Kaplan's ideas as practically the same as a statement by Dr. Kaplan. If so, then the introductory remarks he makes, disavowing the notion that secularism (particularly "my" brand) must lead us to a bad end, are an authoritative formulation of Dr. Kaplan's view. In that case my "apologia" would have lost a

good half of its reason for being written. If I could be convinced that it is so, I should be happy even now to confess my error and apologize for wasting everyone's time.

But, from several of his comments I see that Jack Cohen doesn't clearly grasp what I said. This may have something to do with the fact that I find myself doubting the authority of his interpretation of Mordecai Kaplan when it contradicts the plain sense of what I read in Kaplan himself. I have reread the passages quoted from Kaplan in my article and no torture to which I can submit them makes them yield any meaning but this: unless Zionism redefines itself as a religion, it cannot survive. (*A New Zionism*, pp. 79-80. The address to which this warning is directed, by the way, is the Histadrut; which is the reason why the reply was labelled as coming from a socialist secularist Zionist.)

The same gloomy forebodings about the results to which secularism must necessarily lead apply not only to Zionism, but to democracy. I cite the following (from *The Future of the American Jew*, pp. 510-11): "Fascism's challenge to democracy has not ended with the war. . . . The feeling is growing that just as the challenge was not only political and military, so the method of meeting it calls for more than a political and military preparedness. . . . Democracy must be given the sanction of religion, and the system of education fostered by the democratic state must somehow take cognizance of this religious need. . . . American public schools must teach democracy, if they are to make good American citizens. But democracy is a faith; its validity is not scientifically demonstrable. It demands *a priori* acceptance of ideals which can be proved valid only by our committing ourselves to their realization. It is a scheme of salvation that implies belief in a Power that makes for salvation. If history is, as some contend, a mere resultant of blind social forces, and human consciousness a mere by-product, with no functional significance, then there is no way by which instruction in history, for example, can be made to contribute to the advancement of the democratic ideal. *Some religious faith must underlie all normative teaching, even of the so-called secular subjects.*"

I cannot reconcile the above with Rabbi Cohen's very welcome assurance that

"Kaplan never maintains that behavior is caused by holding a particular idea"—unless, of course, Dr. Kaplan has changed his views and *at present* speaks to his associates in a new vein not yet apparent to those who know him chiefly through his writing. I should be happy to believe this is so. It might lead to fewer proposals to solve problems by definitions, conferences and pronunciamientos.

I am sure it is neither necessary nor desirable for me to have the last word in answer to every point in the very interesting rebuttal contained in Jack Cohen's comment. This reply is already long enough, and the purposes of discussion

may perhaps be better served by leaving some issues open for others to develop. However, I should like to suggest that if Jack Cohen rereads my piece he may find that the first line of criticism he imputes to me is not a line of criticism contained in the article. The "standard of American institutions" which Dr. Kaplan, among others, is said to accept unreservedly is the standard that only as religious bodies can groups maintain quasi-ethnic differences in America. In this statement there was no imputation of shallowness or lack of a "critical" approach to Dr. Kaplan, since I said explicitly that I feel Dr. Kaplan's view on this point to be factually correct.

Book Reviews

Sholem Asch: The Inner Loss

By IRVING HOWE

THE 75th birthday of Sholem Asch, by far the most famous of living Yiddish writers, has come and gone in virtual silence. Though hardly noted for its restraint in proclaiming honors or launching festivities, the Jewish world has met this event with a turning of faces, as if Asch were an apostate who had long been cast out and mourned. His last important defender in Yiddish cultural life, the critic S. Niger, whose loyalty to Asch was as touching in human terms as it was indefensible upon literary grounds, died a short time ago; and the words of kindness that Niger might still have spoken were left unsaid.

This estrangement is both painful and tinged with pathos. For surely if it were not for Asch's recent "Christological" novels which have cut him off from the Jewish community, there would have been a great desire to celebrate his fame and mark the sheer eventfulness of his literary life. In the circumstances, who can avoid at least some sympathy for Asch? Even as one understands and respects the sternness with which many Jews have responded to his adoption of Jesus and his infatuation with Mary, one can hardly accept the common argument that it was particularly evil of him to make public these feelings at a moment when the Gentile world was burning millions of Jews. For if Asch was sincere in *The Nazarene* and *Mary*, as I am sure he was, then the tragedy of the European Jews could only have made it seem all the more urgent that he advance his views about the relationship between the Judaic and Christian traditions.

And so one summons up a picture of

Asch in his old age: an international figure, his work translated into many languages and honored by the alien world, yet his very name become anathema to many Jews. One imagines him in the bitterness of isolation, in a brooding loneliness.

But no. The picture I have drawn is not true, it is a sentimental fantasy, and a fantasy that one can retain only by not reading Asch's most recent novels, particularly his latest one, *The Prophet*.^{*} For *The Prophet* is so shocking in its intellectual and literary vulgarity that one's sympathy for Asch as a lonely rejected old man is quickly dissolved, and one comes to realize that in a way far deeper than even his most hostile critics have charged, Asch has betrayed his culture and himself.

THE PROPHET is set in the Babylonian exile, at the point where the Jews, partly because of their commercial prosperity and partly through their laxity of faith, are in danger of losing their sense of chosenness and declining into a mere tribe. A prophet, whom we know from the Bible as the Second Isaiah, rallies the exiled Jews to the burden of God, and at the very moment when Babylon seems at the crest of its power he prophesies its downfall. As if in response to his yearning, the armies of Persia, led by the shrewd Cyrus, break past the walls of Babylon, destroying the oppressors of the Jews and promising to give the Jews not national independence—for Cyrus has a "modern" view

^{*}THE PROPHET by SOLOMON ASCH. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1955. 343 pp. \$4.00.

of imperialism—but a return to Judea as a nation subordinate to Persian power. This apparent fulfillment of his prophecy raises the second Isaiah, in the eyes of the exiled Jews, from a troublesome agitator to a great national prophet; yet it is the mark of his wisdom that in the very moment of triumph he discovers his affliction: he realizes that, while the return to Palestine is necessary, the redemption of the Jews, because it can come only when all mankind has been redeemed, is not yet at hand. Having begun as a mere national spokesman, he ends as a sage foretelling the coming of Jesus—and thus preparing the way for the three other novels in Asch's "Christological" series, written earlier but following *The Prophet* in sequence.

That all this is extremely tendentious, I need hardly stress. If one wishes, one can find parallels with the current position of Israel and conclude that Asch is telling the Jews not to stake their hopes solely on the claims of political Zionism but to retain for themselves a universal destiny. Put this way, the "message" of the novel is as unexceptionable as it is platitudinous—but I would strongly urge that it is a mistake to confront Asch primarily on the ideological plane, for to do so is implicitly to grant his "Christological" novels a seriousness of meaning they do not really have. As with any other work of literature, the possible symbolic or allegorical references take on interest only if the visible content of the novel is valid and serious in its own right; and this is not true for *The Prophet*. To worry about its message makes as much sense as worrying about the message of one of Cecil B. De Mille's biblical movies.

Similarly tendentious, though in a more subtle and irksome way, is the effort to assimilate the prophecy of the Second Isaiah to a claim for the legitimacy of Jesus. Again, it would be a mistake to argue this matter at face value, since in forming a literary judgment of *The Prophet* one need not depend on whether there is any textual warrant in the Bible for supposing that when the Second Isaiah speaks of "a man of sorrows" he is anticipating the Messiah. All that need be said is that to see the experience of the Second

Isaiah as a kind of messianic foreplay is willfully to distort the whole context of Jewish life in the Babylonian era, and that while it is possible to regard a given era of history as a "preparation" for an event we *know* is to happen later in time, such an approach renders history meaningless, depriving it at any given point of significant possibilities for novelty and transforming men from more or less autonomous actors into pawns of a pre-arranged fate. This view of history is dangerous to anyone, but it is fatal for the novelist, since it drains his action of the drama of genuine—that is, unresolved—conflict, and reduces it to a mere pageant in which the figures matter not for themselves but as tokens of the future and the future, because it is already known, becomes thereby a mere reenactment of the past. (It is one thing for Thomas Hardy to feel that a malignant fate shatters the hopes of his characters, and quite another for Asch to treat his characters as if they were puppets in a teleological dumbshow; the first still allows for dramatic tension, the second virtually excludes it.)

IN A word, Asch's approach to Jewish history deprives him of *the problematic* as a component of his vision of life, and without the problematic it is almost impossible to write a significant novel in our time. But as it happens, throughout Asch's career there has been a deep yearning to shake off the burden of Jewish uncertainty and cerebration; and it is here, far more than in the doctrinal elements of his "Christology," that he has deviated so fundamentally from the central tradition of Yiddish culture. Hayim Greenberg has said of the *Golus*-Jew that he was "the greatest spiritual adventurer . . . in human history," and if this is even half right, we can begin to measure the inner significance of Asch's effort to replace the commitment to the problematic that is so ingrained in the Jewish tradition by a miscellaneous piety that would create assurance through a denial of conflict (i.e., "Judaean-Christianity") and through a forced merger of disparate cultures.

I have been speaking about "the problematic," and since that may seem a rather

abstract concept to bring to bear upon a novel written by a Yiddish writer, let me shift ground for a moment and speak about *chochmeh*. There is no single equivalent for this remarkable word. The closest is wisdom, yet more than wisdom is meant; the word carries with it a suggestion of wit, but the kind of wit that is rooted in the skepticism, the canniness of an oppressed yet unyielding people. In any case, Yiddish literature at its best is a literature of *chochmeh*; and it is this quality which, despite their many differences, binds Mendeleyev, Peretz and Sholom Aleichem in the "classical" period of their culture. Deficient as Yiddish literature is in many ways—in social range, in metaphysical penetration, in that whole aspect of human experience which, for better and for worse, is summed up in the love story—it gains its own triumphs through keenness of mind, a sheer pleasure in the exercise of thought. Half the greatness of Sholom Aleichem and Peretz is that in their work humaneness has become inseparable from intelligence.

But of *chochmeh*, even of ordinary moderate thoughtfulness, there is astonishingly little in *The Prophet*. Pages upon pages detailing the pagan rites of the Babylonian god Bel Merodach, sickly lascivious portraits of Gimil the harlot-priestess, lingering descriptions of "the Palace of the Hanging Gardens that Nebuchadnezzar built for himself in Babylon"—this old rubbish from the common stock of historical novels seems utterly out of place in the work of a Yiddish writer. (Indeed, one is tempted to fall back upon the folk comment, not at all to be scorned: *Vi kumt es tsu a yiddishn shreiber?*) The stuffy piety and the hollow biblical style, both so reminiscent of pulpit oratory—these seem particularly dull in a literature that has given us the subtlety and sharpness of Tevye and Menachem Mendel.

Listen to a Jew speaking in Babylon about the prophet: "One needs must have a stopped-up heart not to believe in him when he lifts up his word." Or to another Jew speaking about his old father: "Because of his age his feet no longer support him, and he no longer goes forth upon them." (Asch means to say that he is

too old to walk.) What is this *patois*? Surely not English. Nor will it do to blame the translator, for anyone who has read Asch in Yiddish knows that the original is not likely to be better. This is a style that might be described as pidgin-Bible, a special property of the historical novel.

But the most appalling thing about the novel is Asch's view of prophetic character. The Second Isaiah, as Asch conceives him, seems quite incapable of ordinary human speech, being screwed up to a frenzy of oratory that is not always distinguishable from hysteria; and whenever he is asked a question, he automatically blurts out a torrent of prophecies and parables. We never see him as a human being with the usual range of emotions and attitudes, let alone that shrewdness and toughness of mind one is certain the prophets really had; he is a Voice, a Visitation, strident, obscure, garrulous.

Now the view of prophecy which holds the prophet to be half-demented is familiar enough in our time, but it is almost always held by skeptics who are trying to find a naturalistic interpretation for what the faithful take to be divine inspiration. Asch, however, has become so enraptured with the emotions of piety that he unwittingly draws the Second Isaiah in terms that would be appropriate only for a secular writer: that is, he is utterly unwary before his own sense of awe. In his hands the prophet becomes a holy lunatic, an uninteresting example of the kind of possession that so fascinated Dostoevsky. But with this difference: Dostoevsky knew perfectly well that he was toying with a notion that from a religious point of view must forever be equivocal and dangerous, while Asch shows no such awareness whatever.

It is this collapse of consciousness, this resolute indifference to the possibility that behind the pageant may lie intractable problems, that characterizes Asch's "Christological" series as a whole. How telling is the comparison with Thomas Mann, also a writer who turned back to the Bible at the end of his career. From the very beginning of his Joseph stories,

Mann understood that the historical novel is not merely a dubious genre but also a much debased one, and that it can be rescued for serious writing only by the most conscious employment of literary guile. In dealing with Joseph and his brothers, Mann knew that to succumb to "the story itself"—to treat it with heavy-breathing solemnity—would bring literary failure. He realized that the old stories could be given new life only if they were seen obliquely, with a speculative psychology and a total absence of conventional reverence. In trying to transform the Bible stories into a modern novel, he could best achieve seriousness through humor, a mixture of the philosophical and the playful. And precisely his heavy reliance upon irony allowed him to end on a note of lovingness, an "affirmation" all the more authentic because, while won from doubt, it did not extinguish doubt. None of this can be found in Asch. It was Mann the Gentile writer who as he puzzled over the Old Testament stories found himself turning to a quizzical irony akin to Yiddish *chochmeh*, while Asch wrote as if he had never known anything about it.

With his "Christological" novels Asch did more harm to Yiddish literature than to Jewish faith. Judaism has suffered and survived far greater blows, and as a semi-apostate Asch is quite insignificant. But in Yiddish literature he is not at all insignificant, and with the "Christological" novels he has managed single-handed—I exaggerate only a little—to do what had not been done before: he has brought Yiddish literature into the market-place of mass culture. In saying that this had never been done before, I am not trying to idealize Yiddish literature. There were plenty of bad novels, poems and stories before Asch became a writer of best-sellers—anyone turning to the serials in the Yiddish press can find them quickly enough—but these were almost always of an indigenous kind, the badness of personal mediocrity or of some poor devil quickly cooking up a *roman* to earn his bread. Yiddish literature, perhaps because it has always been marginal to modern industrial society, has largely escaped the mass manufacture of

those shoddy quasi-cultural products that is so enormous an industry in our time. Since Asch was, after all, no more than a single individual, he could hardly bring mass culture into the Yiddish world; but he did manage to bring something of the resources of Yiddish literature into mass culture. And that, I think, is likely to be the final judgment—far more severe than the judgment of critics who attack him upon ideological or religious grounds—about the latter half of his career as a Yiddish writer.

It is almost impossible for anyone without some background in Yiddish culture to understand the excitement caused by Asch's first major publication, *Dos Shtetl*, when it appeared in 1904. Yiddish literature was then at the peak, or close to the peak, of its brief renaissance; Mendele, Sholom Aleichem and Peretz were all active; new and significant writers like Reisen, Weissenberg and Schneour had either just begun to publish or would shortly begin. Perhaps because its life had been compressed into so small a space and so short a time, Yiddish literature was overwhelmingly dominated by the example of a few writers. The young Yiddish poet or novelist coming to Warsaw during those years could meet Peretz directly, as Asch did, and come under his influence both as literary pioneer and national spokesman. It was an influence that had truly been earned, that was genuinely related to the cultural needs and possibilities of East European Jewish life. So that even as the younger writers recognized and honored this influence, they found themselves, they *had* to find themselves, in rebellion against it.

Enormously different as Peretz was from Mendele and Sholom Aleichem from Peretz, all three worked entirely within the cultural assumptions of East European Jewish life. They profited from the strengths of a provincial culture: homogeneity of values, continuity of expression, intimate relations between writer and audience; yet they were not "provincial" in the unhappy sense of the word, for Mendele had learned from Cervantes, Sholom Aleichem from Gogol, and Peretz

from the whole of European culture. Precisely because they were so "naturally" at ease in the *shtetl* culture that flourished both in the small towns and the big cities—and this is true even for Peretz, the most cosmopolitan of the trio—these writers could borrow from surrounding cultures without awkwardness or embarrassment. For Mendele and Sholom Aleichem there was much that was problematic *within* Jewish life, but "Jewishness" was the premise from which the problems arose and they would have taken a discussion of it as either comic or outrageous; for Peretz "Jewishness" may have already begun to be a problem yet his solution to it, Yiddishism, was firm and undeviating.

But for the writers who followed them, no such assurance was possible. Though many of them were encouraged in their youth by Peretz, they felt it necessary—and to the degree that one can retrospectively assign historical necessity, I think it *was* necessary—for them to break away from the Yiddish "classics" and to find new modes of expression, new subjects and themes, a new relation to European writing. They abandoned the thin elegiac style of the older writers, which even Peretz, though imbuing it with a nervous intensity that neither Mendele nor Sholom Aleichem had tried for, continued to employ throughout his career. The younger writers turned to such subjects as sexuality, which hardly appears in the work of the older men; social conflict, which they were among the first to accept as relevant to the East European Jewish world; and the need for worldly heroism, which the older writers had tended to depreciate in favor of passive endurance. Above all, in the work of these new writers—in Weissenberg with a naive and mischievous innocence, in Asch with a powerful and sweeping sensuousness—there was an effort to leave behind them the drowsy pace of *shtetl* literature and to find new sources of energy and passion.

Today *Dos Shtetl* may seem little more than a shapeless exercise in exotica, a rendering of the typical rhythms and rituals of *shtetl* life in terms so absurdly sensuous as to blur any possible patterns of meaning. But when Asch's short novel

and another one by Weissenberg, also called *Dos Shtetl*, appeared in 1904, the two books aroused a great deal of excitement in the Yiddish cultural world—and for entirely understandable reasons.

In the Introduction written by Eliezer Greenberg and myself to *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories*, they are described as follows:

The Asch novelette, though at least a step removed from the manner of Mendele or that of Peretz, still portrayed the *shtetl* in romantic, idyllic terms: a patriarchal air prevails, nothing has really changed. The Weissenberg novelette opened a new world: Jewish workers come together to express their discontent, issue proclamations, organize strikes—the social struggle has begun to creep into the moldy villages of the Pale.

Though I think this an accurate description, a few words more need to be said. The subject of Weissenberg's book may indeed have been a new one for Yiddish literature, but in retrospect one can see that the total approach of Asch was the greater innovation. Strikes and revolutionary agitation might conceivably have been absorbed into the world of Sholom Aleichem—to some small extent they were—but the gap between what I have called the tradition of *chochmeh* in the work of the older men and Asch's programmatically unreflective and nakedly sensuous writing seems to me quite unbridgeable. It was more than a difference in literary style; it was a difference in conceptions of life. Asch's idyllic novelette represented not merely the nostalgic play of memory that has been so characteristic of Yiddish writers but also the first step in a long turning away from the fundamental assumptions of Yiddish culture.

The pioneer Yiddish critic Baal Machshoves once shrewdly remarked: "It is no accident that two generations after Mendele there should appear an Asch. The old world of Mendele has not yet had its final say. In Mendele's time it was the only world [available to Yiddish writers], but in Asch's time it was the only whole one among a number of splintered Jewish 'worlds.'" For Asch and his contem-

poraries, that is, there now presented itself a choice of subject and perspective that had not troubled Mendele or Sholom Aleichem; and while it would be absurd to suggest that the later development of Asch is "inherent" in his early work, there is some reason for saying that what was to happen in his later writings was partially foreshadowed in his earlier ones.

THUS Judd L. Teller, in a comment on Asch, writes that "Hasidism had already disposed Asch toward the mystical, the messianic, and a pietistic kind of sensualism (the essence of Hasidism being the revelation of God in all natural phenomena)." The remark is acute, but it does not take us far enough; after all, Peretz also became absorbed in Hasidism yet he never succumbed to messianic or mystical delusions. It is not to the nature of Hasidism that we must look for an explanation of Asch's pietistic wanderings, but to the kind of interpretation he was predisposed to give Hasidism. Asch could apprehend only one side of this remarkable religious tendency, the side Mr. Teller has stressed; but he failed to see what Peretz immediately saw, that Hasidism also commanded enormous dialectical powers and that in the very course of its mystical intuitions it continued to employ many of the resources of Jewish rationalism. In other words, Asch failed to see that Hasidism too was partly within the tradition of *chochmeh*, and he failed to see this because he did not want to. His incapacity to appreciate the intellectual tradition of the culture in which he worked—an incapacity that goes beyond mere inexpertness in the handling of ideas, since ultimately it involves a failure to respond to a whole area of human experience—was related to, and perhaps a sign of, his recurrent impulse toward an obliteration of consciousness. Throughout his work one can observe this yearning for an immersion of the self, sometimes in a dionysian mysticism, sometimes in soil romanticism, and sometimes in more intimate maternal comforts (how often does the sexuality of his women have a way of softening into the reassurance of a motherly bosom!).

Perhaps I should stress again that I am

not complaining that Asch turned away from the path of the Yiddish "classics"; given his situation as a young writer, he had to turn away. And many Yiddish writers who also faced the problem of relating their traditional inheritance to modern literary approaches, succeeded in establishing a creative equilibrium between the two; I need only cite such examples as Lamed Shapiro, Bashevis Singer, Chaim Grade and Dovid Bergelson in his earlier phase. My point is that Asch, as one of the first writers to face this problem, failed to measure the full consequences of his literary choice; he tried to bluster his way past a difficulty by relying on his grandiloquent and sentimental rhetoric; he allowed himself to revel in what seemed, for Yiddish literature, a new boldness of theme and manner without bringing to bear upon his own work that stringent self-criticism which is the mark of the first-rate artist. As a result, he both misused his tradition and failed to take advantage of what was genuinely fresh in European literature.

History has not been kind to him. Those early works of his which once seemed so revolutionary—*Mottke the Thief*, a picaresque novel, and *God of Vengeance*, a melodramatic play, both of which romanticize the life of a procurer—now seem painfully dated. Whenever Asch tried to shock his Yiddish audience by turning to sensational themes, or to entice his Gentile audience by treating Jewish life as an exotic spectacle, his work was coarse and sentimental. Precisely to the degree that he tried to write as "a European" his work now seems provincial, while the work of those earlier writers who are most confined to the narrow limits of the *shtetl* world, still retains a remarkable liveliness of tone and breadth of implication. Tevye negotiating with Menachem Mendl, Senderl on his disastrous journey, Bontsche Schweig asking for his hot buttered roll—these are images of universal range that will not date as Asch's underworld vignettes and experiments in eroticism have dated. And I say this not out of *shtetl* patriotism, which is quite alien to me, but simply because on literary grounds it seems true.

To be sure, the first part of *Mottke* still has a certain vividness as a genre picture of east European Jewish life, such stories as "Kola Road" still exude something of the fire and energy of the young Asch, and the novel *Der T'illem Yid* (translated into English as *Salvation*) still cuts deeply into the life of the traditional *shtetl* Jew. Indeed, *Der T'illem Yid* seems to me likely to survive almost all of Asch's work, for in this fine novel Asch, for once, has not tried to evade his problems of belief but has dramatized them with poise and modesty. Though set in the early nineteenth century, *Der T'illem Yid* clearly rests upon the *shtetl* memories of Asch's childhood, and as with other romantic writers, it is from such sources that his best work comes. In an essay on Walter de la Mare, J. B. Priestley has written well about this kind of writer:

There is a lesser order of geniuses who create worlds for themselves that have a distinct life of their own . . . such writers build up their little universes from their childish impressions and carry forward with them into manhood their early imaginings and memories. What they do not understand and cannot enter into imaginatively during their youth they never do understand, not, at least, for the purposes of their art.

Had Asch been somewhat more modest in his demands upon his own gifts, realizing that his best work was done in genre stories and long tales rather than in formal novels, he would have been a less controversial but more valuable writer. As it is, even the social novels of his middle period now seem overblown and shapeless, despite the presence of powerful sections. In these novels Asch is especially strong when he deals with mass effects, the molecular processes that in their sum comprise large-scale actions, the surgings and retreats of mobs. But Asch is too primitive a psychologist to sustain the kind of interest a lengthy novel needs, and what is more significant, he lacks that intimate knowledge of "the world," of a large variety of European social groups and classes, which is even more necessary. In any case, it is hard to respond today

to the triple-decker family or social novel that was so popular in Europe a half-century ago, and even the best examples of this genre—Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, Du Gard's *The Thibaults*—begin to seem like period pieces. For we no longer share the taste of our grandfathers for massive reportage and indiscriminate portraiture; we lack their faith in the solidity of social life that is an implicit premise of such novels; and we tend to suspect that, perhaps unavoidably, the triple-decker novel has been lost to middlebrow culture. For Yiddish writers, I think, this kind of novel was always alien ground, despite the successes some of them scored on it; and today *Der T'illem Yid* is likely to seem a more satisfactory work than the massive *Three Cities*.

IT is not a happy verdict . . . But it is a verdict that gains at least partial support from the best tradition of Yiddish literary criticism. As far back as 1907 Peretz wrote a little article on Asch which, for all its evident restraint and kindness, provides a decisive judgment. Referring particularly to *God of Vengeance*, Peretz accused Asch of writing with one eye cocked over his shoulder to please the alien reader, of exaggerating and coarsening his materials in order to score effects—"and the Gentile," adds Peretz with quiet deadliness, "does not know, he will not ask questions." But Peretz did know and he put his finger on precisely what was to become Asch's greatest weakness. With a wry prophetic insight, Peretz wrote that for Asch "the life of the alien world will always remain alien, and the language of the alien world—still more alien. He will, he must remain a Yiddish writer. I would only hope that as a Yiddish writer he will become more skillful, more serious—and will not fear to keep his head erect." Asch, concluded Peretz, had recently gone to Palestine: "I saw him take along Yiddish folk-literature, Cabbala texts and *midrashim*. . . . May they provide him with a remedy."

Whether these could have provided a remedy is a question I would not presume to answer, but it is clear that in the years that followed they did not.

The Unequal Worlds

By MIDGE DECTER

TWO WORLDS by DAVID DAICHES. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1956. 192 pp. \$3.50.

IT is hard to say precisely why, but one reads *Two Worlds*, a memoir of David Daiches's Jewish childhood in Edinburgh, with a pressing, and depressing, sense of the inevitability of all its problems and attitudes. Were this book really meant to be Mr. Daiches's autobiography, one would have to conclude—and sadly, for Mr. Daiches is one of the nicer literary intelligences of our time—that he is a stiff and humorless man, a man at forty-three willing to demonstrate how all the conclusions in his life are fully consonant with all its starting-points. But *Two Worlds* is not an autobiography (as I write this I realize how shaky are our definitions in these matters, and how important). It is something else, a kind of *apologia* without argument, dedicated "To my Mother, hoping that this new perspective on familiar scenes will explain rather than disturb."

Maybe the book's apology is what makes it so inevitable: shall I embarrass myself and most of the people I know and say that when a man is a Jew, and at the same time something so at home in Anglo-Saxon culture as an English literary critic, we all take quite for granted, admit it or no, that an explanation is called for? What is more, we know that regardless of the particulars of birth, background or education, the explanation will be one to account for us as well. For what needs to be explained needs to be explained in quite the same terms with all Jewish intellectuals. It is the sense of our having survived a cultural conflict—either by pretending to take a stand for or against Judaism or by pretending, as did Rabbi Salis Daiches, Mr. Daiches's enlightened Orthodox father, and Mr. Daiches after him in quite a different way, and as I do myself (by daylight), to have found some special middle ground.

But Mr. Daiches seems not to know that his *apologia* cannot be his very own, that it implicates by now two whole gen-

erations of people over half the world. He writes about the two worlds of his childhood—his streets, his schools, his translation of the *Odyssey* into limerick, Edinburgh and Oxford, and on the other side the Jewish Orthodoxy of his home—not as particular symbols of a common condition, but as if they in fact existed neat as his thoughts about them and just as they had once looked to him:

"Indeed, I remember several times explaining the difference between the Jewish and Christian religions to my classmates, especially to the son of the Prestonpans minister . . .; and I remember lending him, and several of my masters, my pocket edition of Paul Goodman's *History of the Jews*, which I used to carry around with me in order to be able to answer questions and cite facts and figures whenever challenged."

Perhaps David Daiches, analyst of literature, is able to view his own experience as an adolescent with this kind of solemnity (how much better the rest of us are forced to understand that lonely, prissy boy and what he was about, citing his facts and figures "whenever challenged"!) just because he had access to and was carrying around Goodman's *History*; by which I mean, because he was the son of Rabbi Daiches of Edinburgh and the presumed heir of a "philosophy" of Judaism calling for the synthesis of the noblest things in Western thought with a humane and humanistic Orthodoxy. Those of us left without the comforts of a position are pushed into being more ingenious at self-explanation.

But if this abstractness has kept him in a state of almost frightening innocence about what it meant to him to be a Jew it has also permitted him the kind of honesty—honesty is not quite the word; ingenuousness, rather—that makes this book a document of the meaning of being "well brought up" in two cultures.

Take the simple issue, which many of us have been so extremely clever about fancying-up into a spiritual profundity, of pride and shame. Mr. Daiches writes a good deal about his family's sense of superiority, their feeling of maintaining a

bulwark against outside encroachment (of vulgarity?) and social self-sufficiency. It was undoubtedly this sense of superiority and not his intellectuality—for the British school system provides a comfortable tradition for “smart” boys that ours does not—that served to isolate him. It isolated him from the rest of the Jews: the Daicheses boasted descent from Rashi and a long line of distinguished rabbis and scholars, but that is clearly not even so important as the fact that Salis Daiches had had a brilliant career in a German university, spoke English impeccably and dressed like a gentleman. And it isolated him from the *goyim* (though in the end, it is important to remember, this turned out to be the lesser isolation): they used to say in the hallways of George Watson’s Boys College that given the chance young Daiches would set himself up as King of the Jews.

And in telling us about his father’s father, the rabbi of Leeds, whom we see from a rather sketchy portrait as a pious and playful old East European Jew, speaking no English, living in but in no way of England, Mr. Daiches says:

“But we never really got to know each other; my father’s optimistic faith in the importance and the viability of British Jewish orthodoxy, his resolute repudiation of Yiddish and its ghetto associations, stood between my grandfather and his grandchildren.”

If the author of such a passage does not know what outright snobbery, and what ideological self-gratulation about that snobbery, is revealed here, this is precisely what makes it psychologically possible for him to reveal so much, I think. And if certain Jews in Edinburgh were upset, as Mr. Daiches tells us, by one of the chapters that describes some of the old-time Jews of the community (this chapter was published earlier in the *New Yorker*) because it was “not nice to do in public,” enlightened and educated Jews, who have by now developed a set of highly enlightened and educated rationales for their nastier feelings, will be upset in the same way by Mr. Daiches’s insistent, if unwitting, nakedness.

WHAT Mr. Daiches intends to communicate about his boyhood self is his direct and formal acceptance of everything his father, and Edinburgh, represented, without trouble, without rebellion and above all without the need for making any invidious comparisons. This is a curious kind of personal translation of his father’s “Scottish-Jewish synthesis”; and indeed, the author would have us believe that everything in his early life proceeded this way. (He writes about his mother’s repeated illness and her one protracted absence from home when he was six and comments only on his pleasant memories of being able to run loose and dirty through the streets. He discusses in some detail how his older brother Lionel, though far less caught up than he in the Jewish concerns of their home and their father’s ideals and aspirations, was nevertheless preferred—and hastens to add that he does not mean to give the impression he ever resented this in any way!)

I realize that I am being excessively harsh with Mr. Daiches—but unless one presumed to “understand him better than he understands himself” and to dismiss as irrelevant a great deal of what he says about himself, it would be all too easy to dismiss the whole book instead as a gentle conceit; so badly has he left the way open to being misunderstood.

It would be easy, say, to regard the cold tone of passivity with which he writes about all the impositions and influences on him as merely an assertion of his goody-goodyness. This tone is most present when he talks about his parents: “My mother’s idealism was nineteenth-century romantic, while my father’s was eighteenth-century sentimental . . .”

Mr. Daiches could be neither cold nor passive toward the things of his life, nor is he now, looking back. The last thing an intelligent man can view as a given and accepted circumstance is being a Jew—and the last thing a Jew can view as given and accepted is an easy arrival in the world of Anglo-Saxon culture. But Mr. Daiches has been tricked, precisely as was his father before him, tricked by an accident of background and by a quality of temperament.

The quality of temperament I mean is an inordinately high degree of rationality. What is more to the point here, though, is that he is the son of an eminent rabbi, who was a cultured and scholarly man, and a man whose culture and scholarship found their best expression in a finely developed Jewish apologetics. Salis Daiches, sent from his Vilna home to a German university, was given the means to construct for himself a Judaism that appeared to be a choice among rational choices and a noble commitment among the highest possible commitments for Western man. And insofar as he was a rabbi, *being Jewish*, which is to the uneducated Jew, for instance, quite another matter from *Judaism*, was a function of that commitment. David Daiches was caught on his father's terms—they are so much more concrete and compelling than the terms presented to most of us—and he remains caught on them. I remember an article written by him that appeared in *Commentary* several years ago about his impressions of American Jews. He was sentimental and really very nice in expressing his attachment to Orthodox practices as he remembered them from Edinburgh, and the major import of the piece was that American Jewry had trapped itself in a crucial contradiction about its relation to the historical essence of Judaism. I remember, too, how delighted I was with his argument, and I still think he is right—but this does not dispose of the problem, even for him and me. A contradiction between the acts and attitudes that make one *feel Jewish* and the historical essence of Judaism, even so blithe and speciously defended a one as underlies the American synagogue, is a better reflection of the truth about us, all of us, committed, alienated or antagonistic, than Mr. Daiches's "position."

When the time came for him to detach himself from his father's world (and how we must admire the grace and good grace with which he did so), he had his guilt and his pain, but he had his intellectual solace, too. Judaism, Jewish law and observance, were spiritually ruled out by new commitments: to the inescapable val-

ues and attitudes of Anglo-Saxon culture, and the deeply personal one to a Gentile woman.

BUT Mr. Daiches is not so different from those of us who are utterly without his kind of solace in our "apostasy"—and who, if we are able to write about our Jewish fathers at all, must do so with a certain amount of violence and defiance. His problems, as I said at the beginning, seem inevitable. (Perhaps the most devastating thing about being a Jewish intellectual is the way you are forever reaching some point where the particulars about you cease to matter. You are so infernally explicable—willy-nilly in the common psychological soup with a host of other people who may or may not be like you and with whom you may not have any other single point of contact.)

We all struggle with the same terrible need to give an account of ourselves; in one form or another we write, or contemplate writing, or avoid writing our *Two Worlds*. And we are almost always fooled, as Mr. Daiches was, about what we are accounting *for*. Precisely because no Jew is ever quite comfortable about being one—whatever eschatological satisfaction he promises himself—remaining "loyal" has become a point of pride and a test of his character. We snigger at one another for new acquisitions in dress and taste and manners and watch rather spitefully for each new sign that someone we know is becoming a "gentleman." We snigger because we cannot get over the feeling that moving from one culture to another marks our failure to be bigger than both—"Look who's talking about manners," we say, "a little Jewish boy from Brownsville"—and we think that what we feel the need to apologize for is our willful attempt to renege on the primary commitment life has made for us.

And this is just the point about which Mr. Daiches's book has been so illuminating. He is not justifying himself, were he to dedicate a hundred such books to his mother, for his failure—and neither is any of us. Our real problem is the problem of success: not the way we have moved out on Jewishness, but how easy

it has been for us to do so, after all. Leaving home for Oxford was a relatively graceful maneuver (more graceful than it could be for us Americans, who are for the most part not so well bred as Mr. Daiches, but for us, too, it was not nearly the storm we sometimes like to think). It was not graceful, though, as Mr. Daiches might think, because of the particular people involved; leaving home has just been something, in the end, not all that difficult to accomplish.

One's Jewishness has a way of giving up before the fight—leaving one uneasy and unsatisfied (and in the frame of mind to write a book). If our two cultures were equivalences struggling for supremacy over our sense of values, if they battled cleanly and to the death, if we had to suffer for them and through that suffering make a genuine choice, we could emerge from the fray with a clear identity and a generous regret for the loser. But the two worlds of the Jewish intellectual are not equivalent. One of them is the world "out there," shaped, defined, amenable to reason and to will. The other is very simply—our family, and anything being Jewish comes to mean beyond family does so merely by extension. It is no joke, this joke we are forever making: Judaism, for us, is the oedipus complex.

That is why we are so uneasy and defensive about our success as Anglo-Saxons. In a sense, we have not earned it. We fear that this Jewishness, our family, that will not fight back, that accommodates everything imposed on it, will be hanging around eternally to trap us. And we are right.

The Doctor and the Rabbi

By PHILIP RIEFF

JUDAISM AND PSYCHIATRY: Two Approaches to the Personal Problems and Needs of Modern Man. Edited by SIMON NOVECK. National Academy for Adult Jewish Studies of the United Synagogue of America. 1956. xiii and 197 pp. \$2.50.

SOME books are beneath criticism. Yet at times a book otherwise without

merit or intrinsic interest may so catch a prevailing wind of doctrine that it takes on a certain negative value. *Judaism and Psychiatry* is such a book. It is all sugar-coating and no pill. It teems with clichés held together by a string of unexamined assumptions. Half its contributors are condescending, the other half obsequious. It is just these qualities, however, that give import to this collection of lectures delivered to adult education classes at the Park Avenue Synagogue in New York. Better than a more intelligent, or more subtle, or more coherent book could have done, *Judaism and Psychiatry* exhibits the intellectual poverty of Judaism today and its humiliating debtor-relation to psychiatry.

It is not possible to argue with the psychiatrists who have contributed to this volume. They do not argue: they assert here, they suggest there, they intertwine Freud and Joshua Loth Liebman so that no straight rebuttal can be given. And the rabbis who followed them to the speaker's stand at the Park Avenue Synagogue are in no mood for rebuttal. They bob their heads vigorously in assent, quote some scripture and sit down again quickly. Both parties agree: if Jews, being people, and therefore caught in the wretched condition of all mankind, particularly that part of it raised under the influence of traditional Judeo-Christian culture, are to stay reasonably healthy, wealthy and wise, they need psychotherapy. Or, if they don't quite need direct therapy, then they need therapeutic wisdom. This Judaism can supply, in vast if scattered quantities from "the Prophets, the Psalms, the Wisdom Literature of the Bible, in *The Ethics of the Fathers*, the writing of Maimonides, the Ethical Wills, and in the Hasidic literature." (I use Rabbi Noveck's list, his being the most concentrated.) Add Spinoza, Kafka, Arthur Miller, those numberless "Hebrew sages." Someone mentions Kierkegaard. Freud is quoted; so is the Talmud. They do not disagree. We are saved.

For sheer condescension no crew will surpass the psychiatrists who contribute to this volume. They pull rank; they talk

down well below the level of an audience such as I imagine might attend adult evening lectures. No audience deserves to be fed such pap and so pretentiously. Thus Abram Blau, M.D., begins his contribution with a "scientific" definition of his subject-matter. "Health," he lays it down, "may be described as a state of physical and mental well-being." (Shades of Calvin Coolidge!) What follows is no less exquisitely thought out. "If children, and adults, also, can identify in a positive, active way rather than a passive, submissive way, they will find their identification a source of strength rather than shame. In such positive acceptance of ourselves as Jews, we can make our contributions as Jews and so make the most of all our potentialities for the benefit of mankind." On a more technical level, Dr. Blau lets us know that "in a sense, the ability to love is at the basis of all true religion"; that "in the first place, everyone must learn to accept himself physically. If a girl is not outstandingly attractive, for example, she should not aim to be a Hollywood star. . . . Most important, perhaps, is the need to accept one's sex. If one is a woman, one should not try to do a man's work, and vice versa. . . . Women . . . must learn to accept themselves as women, as wives and mothers, and plan their lives accordingly. . . . In the same way, individuals must learn to accept their intellectual capacities. Our complex society needs all kinds of people. Not everyone has to go to college, and become a professor, doctor, or lawyer. We need plumbers, bricklayers, and factory workers as well; all are essential to social welfare." Dr. Blau's article is, as the reader probably has guessed, titled "Self-Acceptance, A Psychiatric View." He accepts himself as a psychoanalyst, and with it all the wrong-headed and retrograde views that have returned to influence under the cover of psychoanalysis.

Dr. Mortimer Ostow begins his article on depression depressingly enough: "Depression is an affect, which, in psychiatric terminology, is an emotion stripped of the opinions, bias, prejudices, and hopes that usually go with it." To make sense of Dr.

Ostow's definition (his "terminology" is clear enough) takes more ingenuity than I have been able to muster, for he makes of depression the one emotion—at least the only one I have ever heard of—not logically attached to something else, such as an opinion (eg., of one's own worthlessness), or bias, prejudice, disappointed hope or some other event. Yet Dr. Ostow's article has an authoritative ring about it, supplied by the superior height from which it introduces a lay audience to the elementary principles of mental science. If the reader finds this treatment of men who are often all highly respected in the profession a little severe, let him try reading some of them in the original.

The rabbis are never offensive: some common-sense observations about getting along with the psyches to which God has chosen, in His infinite wisdom, to attach us; a few quotations from holy writ, culled to show that the faith of Israel did indeed adumbrate a lot of psychoanalytically shrewd notions, and they are finished. The position generally held by the rabbis is that in sacred literature "many intuitions" and premonitions of the psychiatric verities are to be found. Rabbi Henry E. Kagan says flatly that the early Hasidic rabbi was "an intuitive psychiatrist" and too bad he took on authoritarian functions of admonition and miracle-working. This represents a typical rabbinical argument, as offered in this book. But once stated by the editor on the very first page, the intuitive psychiatry argument remains intuitive and therefore a mere forerunner of true psychiatry. The rabbis dare not let themselves follow up their own argument; they wander off into platitudes. But the question remains: why, now that we have a true psychiatry, do we need the old intuitions? And what authority do they retain? No answer.

TAP any surface of this spanking new liberal wing of Mt. Sinai and it rings hollow. There is indeed a hospital commemorating the spot where Moses once stood, but the rabbi-doctors are unwilling to say that the hospital represents only the name of the place of revelation and not its

principles. If the new therapeutic Judaism has indeed taken over its principles from the old, and is merely standing by them, as the rabbi-doctors claim, why does it pass over the question of contradictions between the old and the new in silence? Or are there no contradictions of any importance whatever? Surely, even modern scientific psychiatry has had its internal contradictions and uneven development. Is Judaism so uniquely fortunate that throughout its long history it has acquired nothing essential which the rabbis of the new medical dispensation have to put away? Perhaps if the doctrines of Judaism need no overhauling but only further amplification from psychiatry, it is because they have already been hollowed out and even the most contradictory doctrine can now be poured in without noticeable difficulty. It is significant that not a word in this book explicitly criticizes the traditional faith of Israel for the improbability of its theologies; any criticism that is offered refers to the strictness of Israel's morals. For the theologies of Israel have become nothing, its morals everything.

BECAUSE it does not explain the relation between its topics honestly, *Judaism and Psychiatry* is certainly not a book to be taken seriously, except as a symptom of how deeply psychiatry has penetrated Reform and Conservative Judaism. Dr. Abraham N. Franzblau, who is listed in the notes on contributors to this symposium as a psychiatrist at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York and as professor of Pastoral Psychiatry at Hebrew Union College-Hebrew Institute of Religion, informs us that at his seminary there is "a program under which psychoanalysts screen all candidates for the rabbinate and try to eliminate any who are not regarded as emotionally fit to hold this sacred charge. Once they have passed the psychiatric screening and are admitted, they are given courses on how to handle the human beings with whom they will have to deal At Mt. Sinai Hospital, to take another example, leading psychiatrists on the staff present regular series of lectures on psychiatry to groups of fifty to one hundred

rabbis who come every other Wednesday throughout the year." Poor rabbis. Do they come willingly or do their congregations send them? And, as we discover from this book, any counsel the rabbis have to give to their flock carries the implicit reservation that it must be cleared with the higher authorities, their psychiatric colleagues.

In the face of such subservience it is foolish to maintain, as both the psychiatric and rabbinical contributors to this volume do, the separate but equal doctrine with respect to psychiatry and Judaism. Dr. Franzblau nowhere suggests that the psychiatrists who screen rabbinical candidates themselves be subjected to theological screening, in order to determine their fitness to serve in a religious institution. But such a suggestion is out of order, for every contributor assumes that Judaism is morality touched by the specially poetic emotional genre discoverable in sacred Hebrew literature. Judaism thus emerges as a kind of primitive and unsystematic literary premonition of psychiatry, and psychiatry emerges as a sophisticated and systematic Judaism.

Of course, this sudden friendship between Judaism and psychiatry would be news to Freud, as Dr. Franzblau says. But what Dr. Franzblau (the best of the symposiasts) and his colleagues fail to say is that their particular sort of healthy Judaism would be news to Moses, Philo, Maimonides, my grandfather and all the others whom they invoke under the canopy of the Jewish religious tradition. Liberal Judaism has stood the faith of the fathers on its head: from God being everything and man nothing, man has become everything and God nothing. You can have it that way, if you wish, but it is an imposture to put this inversion in a continuum with the historic faith of Israel. Liberal Judaism has a right of descent through continuous generations—a form of property right—but not the right of doctrinal descent. Its doctrine descends mainly from Enlightenment rationalism. In addition, liberal Judaism carries the social gospel of a propertied but continuously threatened middle class, anxious to ex-

tend a neighborly hand all around the village green. Freud, softened and with his Augustinian pessimism drawn off, suits an American Jewry anxious to increase its psychic income now that its real income is high enough. No theologically-minded Jew could have served the purpose, for theology does not minister to the psyche.

THE rabbinate that serves this suburban religion has not yet tired of its century-long task of recommending Judaism as an "ethical teaching." But the teaching has grown more and more vague. It is not to be found, for example, in this volume, in any "intellectual or verbal formulations but in one's total orientation to life." (Rabbi Edward Sandrow, speaking on "Conscience and Guilt: A Jewish View.") It is the opinion of Rabbi Kagan, who contributes the Jewish view on fear and anxiety, to complement the psychiatric view offered previously by Rollo May that "Judaism has been too intellectual." Needless to say, the psychiatrists are to a man ferociously anti-intellectual. What Judaism needs, all agree, is to put away those musty old books and cultivate its "inner" or "deeper" "meaning." I put these three familiar words in quotes because I cannot, from this book, tell what they mean. The closest I have been able to come is that Judaism is a device, appropriate to Jews, for picking their way carefully through life with its many pitfalls to a fair share of happiness. Judaism, with psychiatry, can be very therapeutic if we aim to cope successfully with the "Basic Problems of Personal Living." (This is the title of Part I in the symposium.)

It follows, I suppose, that to be therapeutic Judaism ought to have nothing unhealthy in it—although this is not good homeopathy. A religion that increases anxiety, or condemns us to "eternal sin as some religions do," or encourages asceticism, is very unhealthy and not to be encouraged. The rabbis, having learned from the psychiatrists, intuitive and otherwise, that "joy and zest are necessary for the full religious life" (Rabbi Noveck), insist somewhat less forcefully that religion (Judaism, of course, for Jews) has that extra

something necessary for the fullest possible joy and zestiness. The rabbis ask very little of American Jewry: only that Judaism be taken up as added insurance against ill health and loneliness—like a hobby for the middle-aged.

It does not appear that this therapeutic Judaism is quite as socially prophetic and universalist as its Reform predecessor. Freud has chastened liberalism and retracted its ethical ambition. There are only faint suggestions in this representative volume of working for the happiness of *man*. Our rabbis, instructed by their psychiatrists, in turn instruct us to work for the happiness of men—in particular for ourselves. For does it not follow, as surely as Fromm follows Freud, that if a man is for himself he will be for others? It is a psychological version of the classical middle-class doctrine of universal competitive harmony, or antagonistic cooperation; supporting quotations and case histories can easily be worked up. In the suburbs, man-for-himself has replaced what was left of the old collectivist faith of Israel.

Castile Soap Opera

By ISAAC ROSENFELD

RAQUEL by LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated from the German by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins. Julian Messner. 1956. 433 pp. \$4.95.

RAQUEL is a gold mine: Feuchtwanger wrote it for money, I am now writing about it for money, so are all the other reviewers in the papers and journals, and the men of letters who address the luncheons and the Women's Auxiliaries will have themselves many profitable afternoons on the strength of it. Hollywood is making the book into a movie, and it will no doubt be issued in the large paper editions and in all the tongues; an army of agents, directors, producers, actors, translators and various publishers' men will take a nice long ride through clover, mounted on *Raquel's* fat back. The only thing I can't see is what the reader will get out of it. Though this is an historical novel, it's as sexy as the

Christian Science Monitor and not nearly as well written (instead of a bosom, the dust cover bears the pure, limpid face of a young and rather cross-eyed girl, halfway between Hedy Lamar and a Siamese cat). The novel is about intrigue and bloody murder in 12th-century Spain, with Christians and Moslems cutting one another's throats, and taking out their frustrations on the Jews; but it also reads like an editorial for Brotherhood Week, with three good guys from their respective faiths quoting the Prophet, Abélard and the Rambam at one another in interminable disputation. The drift of it is that Alfonso VIII, King of Castile, falls in love with Dona Raquel, the daughter of his Jewish Escrivano, Don Yehuda ibn Esra, deserts his Christian wife and queen and builds a pleasure palace for Raquel's sake, has a son by her and loves her even more than he does his hounds, but lets himself get dragged off to war against the Infidel, where he loses abominably; and during his absence, Raquel and her father are killed by a vengeful mob, at the instigation of Dona Leonor, the Christian Queen. This is obviously a Castile soap opera, but having already used the metaphor of a gold mine, let me change the soap to Gold Dust and call it quits.

But what's in it for the reader? The only profit a rational being can derive from reading this novel is, possibly, a number of reflections on *War and Peace*. Quite by accident, *Raquel* is an admirable essay on how a serious historical novel ought *not* to be written, and in its own modest way it confirms Tolstoy's theory of history. Tolstoy, you will recall, argued that the will of the individual human being counts for nothing as the cause of historical action, which is rather a summation or integration of infinitesimal acts of will, supporting, contradicting, cancelling and influencing one another. The higher a man stands among the apparent causes of an action, the closer he comes to being taken as the independent agent of historical change, the more dependent he is on the will of others, the officials and underlings pyramiding away beneath him. Hence, Napoleon had practically nothing

to do with the invasion of Russia in 1812. The many contradictions and shortcomings of this theory have made us overlook the fact that one need only change its field of application, from the writing of history to the writing of historical fiction, to obtain a perfectly valid account of historical cause from the point of view of the novel. Any character seen closely, as from the domestic perspective of *War and Peace*, will be seen as the result of all the forces and pressures acting upon him. Pierre, for example, or Natasha are not isolated beings endowed with an energy which enables them to change their environment in accordance with their wishes—they are, rather, like molecules in a medium dense with other molecules that influence the course they take, often against their wishes, and deflect them from the goals which the illusions of consciousness lead them to call their own. This view of human action, a consequence of Tolstoy's theory of history, is so well confirmed in the characters of *War and Peace*, particularly in Pierre, as to require no further justification. Whatever you may think of it as a theory for the writing of history in general, it is certainly true for the writing of *War and Peace*, since *War and Peace* was written according to this theory and no other.

A LONG comes *Raquel*, which is not written after anything one should dignify by the name of theory—but let us say there are some gross assumptions in the writing. Feuchtwanger has taken a period in history, done some research in it, and laid out his plot on the basis of the chronicles and legends, the ballads and romances that have already been devoted to the same episode; he makes a few provisions for timeliness, such as the plug for brotherhood already noted, and other topics like the insanity of war and aggression, and man's deplorable tendency toward bigotry, persecution and superstition, then as now. But he has forgotten the Prince of Denmark; the one thing he did not prepare himself with was a conception of character, all the more necessary for a novel like *Raquel*, which runs

on the gross assumption that history is directly affected by individual acts of will. In the course of writing his novel, whenever he comes to the point where an act of will is shown in operation, he constructs the character according to a simple-minded deduction. Thus, the function performed in history by Don Yehuda calls for a man, most likely, of proud and shrewd will; therefore, Don Yehuda is shown acting proudly and shrewdly. Don Alfonso, on the other hand, was most likely of a passionate, contradictory and barbarous type, for the acts of will assigned to his agency make the deduction of these qualities the most probable; hence we are shown a Don Alfonso who acts in contradictory fashion, passionately and barbarously. And so with all the other characters, except Dona Raquel. The one sure deduction that can be made concerning her is that she was a beautiful woman, but beauty, unfortunately, is not an action, and to show a woman acting beautifully is a different thing from showing her acting as a beautiful woman. Raquel, therefore, has no character, for there is no character to deduce from the structure of the action; but Feuchtwanger patches up the difficulty by making an issue of her Jewishness. She has not been brought up as a Jewess, her culture and conditioning are Moslem, which is also the case with her father, Yehuda. But the latter has maintained an affinity for Judaism in spite of his conversion to Islam, and on a word from him she is ready to go to all extremes to prevent the baptism of her bastard son, and to ensure his being raised as a Jew.

But this is a phony doctrine of character; and of history, besides. It would follow from this view that history is the result of the acts of will of important people; but Feuchtwanger does not develop character in its own right, he merely reconstructs it from the historical outcome. Which is the same as saying that there is no such thing as character. For if action, as we are all agreed, must flow from character, but character is only a deduction from action, the terms pursue one another in a circle, and there is no

telling effect from cause. Therefore, there is no such thing as character in *Raquel*, or in any other historical novel written the way this one is—which means, alas, practically all of them.

This is one of my reasons for believing that Tolstoy was right. In spite of the difficulties his theory of history presents to the writing of history, it is necessary, or something much like it is, to the writing of historical fiction. First, character must exist in its own right, and be seen in close perspective, as in the domestic parts of *War and Peace*. Then the postulate that our actions, and consequently history, are not the result of our will (at least not always the result of our will) must be set up, so that both action and character can be rendered in their full complexity. In fact, this may not be true, history may well be the result of particular acts of will, but in fiction it is necessary to proceed otherwise, lest one land in Feuchtwanger's circular mishmash. His method justifies all the deductions that have been drawn from the events of history, including the salacious ones that are crowding the drugstore racks. It is a method of lining the pocket while impoverishing the understanding.

The Underground Railroad to Eretz Israel

By LEO W. SCHWARZ

THE SECRET ROADS: The "Illegal" Migration of a People 1938-1948, by JON AND DAVID KIMCHE. With an introduction by David Ben Gurion. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 1955. 223 pages. \$3.75

IN THE summer of 1934 I was stricken during a visit to Mishmar Ha-Emek with an attack of *papatochi*, and during the less oppressive hours the members of the kibbutz humored me with news and gossip. Among my visitors one day were two members of Hechalutz, who had just come illegally from Poland. They had arrived on the *Vellos*, a Greek tramp that became the vanguard of hundreds of boats and ships which between 1938 and 1948 brought more than 100,000 Jews to

Palestine without benefit of visas or Mandatory certificates. But I was completely unaware then that I was listening to the prologue to a drama which would encompass the deepest tragedy and the grandeur of our generation. Nor could I, even by the wildest stretch of the imagination, divine that I would be drawn into the vortex of the great Jewish underground of the postwar years and soon thereafter chronicle a segment of the story.

Now the Kimches have accomplished the almost insuperable task of recording the whole saga. *The Secret Roads* is an exciting account of the *aliyah beth* movement. The book covers for the first time the events that created the need for illegal immigration, the molding of a world-wide organization, the behind-the-scene rescue activities and the people who braved incredible hazards on land and sea to reach the Promised Land. Though the authors have chosen to present an undocumented narrative, it is clear that they have mastered considerable material, and many of the pages could have been written only by an observer of the events. The result is history that reads like drama: from the first page of the Prologue to the final chapter, each episode runs like a scene from a play which transports the viewer from closeted offices in Tel Aviv back and forth to Baghdad, Paris, Milan, Munich, Lodz and various seaports of the Mediterranean, and covers the stage with little boats overloaded with thousands of men, women and children.

Although there were larger migrations during the same epoch, like that of the *Volksdeutsche* from Central and Eastern Europe to Germany in 1945-1946, these were not self-propelled. To be sure, the exodus of Jews to Palestine had its origin in the complex, tragic conditions of the 1930's and '40's; but the motive power of the illegal underground was generated by the Zionist idea. The Kimches rightly give a primary role to the *Mossad le-Aliyah Beth* (Committee for Illegal Immigration) which was organized in Tel Aviv in 1937 by Berl Katznelson, Yitzhak Tabenkin and Eliahu Golomb (Haganah) and soon thereafter established an operational head-

quarters in Paris. Too much praise cannot be lavished upon the incredible ability, imagination, ingenuity and perseverance displayed by the leaders of the *Mossad*, and the authors skillfully allow their daring achievement to emerge from the facts that they marshal in their narrative. The *Mossad* agents stopped at nothing and used all means to gain their ends. If I had not met many of them in the course of their work in Germany, France and Italy in 1945-1947, I would question the credibility of boys and girls in their twenties organizing masses, leading them successfully over closely guarded frontiers and the intricate mountain paths used by Hannibal, and finally piloting "the little death ships" through forbidden waters to their destination. They even undertook more formidable tasks. Some of them bearded the leaders of the Gestapo and SS in Berlin and Vienna in 1938-1939 in their palatial dens and induced them to assist in the emigration of *halutzim* to Palestine. When after the war the Jewish Brigade of the British 8th Army, which had "organized" personnel, vehicles, gas, food, medicine and the like, was withdrawn by the British, a ghost army unit was set up, with headquarters in Milan and operated under the noses of the British and Italian military and police with forged documents, insignias and all the paraphernalia of a military establishment. The efficiency of the *Mossad's* organization was recognized in government and military quarters throughout Europe; and its communication system in 1945-1946 was so fine that a Czech minister whose aunt the Red Cross and UNRRA had been searching for unsuccessfully, turned to it for help and welcomed her in Prague within three days.

THE authors also make clear the important role played by the immigrants themselves, but the centrality of the *Mossad* throughout the story tends to give the impression of a more passive attitude on their part than actually existed. The fact is that the survivors, or at least their Zionist leaders, were often, because of their impatience, a catalyst to the *Mossad*. Some

of them picked up their suitcases or rucksacks and made their way to Palestine on their own.

In 1946, when the *aliyah beth* movement from the camps in Germany was a mere trickle, the Zionist Organization there was ready to initiate a mass exodus of 100,000 to Palestine in order to force international action in their behalf. Courage and intrepid leadership among the survivors were the leaven of the whole movement.

Nor could *aliyah beth* have succeeded without the generous and often selfless aid of the great Jewish welfare organizations, especially the American Joint Distribution Committee, the U. S. Army chaplains, and the active good will of many non-Jewish people and officials, who in addition to endangering the status of their organizations by closing their eyes to and even engaging in *aliyah beth* activity—furnishing manpower, food, clothing, medicine and ships—even risked their jobs and in a few instances their lives. The Kimches have woven them into the story and given examples of their exploits, but this is a book in itself.

Apart from the excitement of the *aliyah beth* story which is brilliantly sketched in *The Secret Roads*, there is a historical element of considerable importance. The illegal underground was conceived and executed as a battle against the British policy of containment. The political consequence of each step was weighed. Every means was employed to wear down the patient, experienced British Intelligence as well as 10 Downing Street. Every technique was exploited to heap ridicule upon British policy. The extraordinary tale of the ss Exodus 1947, which is briefly related

here in masterly fashion, is thus an important chapter in contemporary international diplomacy, and, from the viewpoint of Jewish history, a magnificent success story.

However, this book was not intended to be, and falls far short of, a complete account of *aliyah beth*. For one thing, all the evidence is not yet in. The British records are still classified. Much of the story has not yet been written or is hidden in manuscripts in private possession. Since illegal immigration may not have run its course in our time, the authors have wisely refrained from decoding the tantalizing allusions to sources of income and many other secrets of the *Mossad*. Moreover, many will disagree with some of the generalizations, which preserve certain stereotypes and in some instances are inaccurate. For example, the authors' apparent dislike of the Revisionists does not justify the offhand treatment of their role in the underground movement. They frequently use numbers loosely—"the thousand emissaries of the *Bricha*," "many Jews beaten to death" at Kielce, etc.; nor was the original Exodus 1947 a "Mississippi steamer." Why they tacked on the offensive "Epilogue"—a diatribe against the "passivity" of Orthodox Jewry escapes this reviewer.

But these minor shortcomings should not obscure the fascination or importance of *The Secret Roads*. It is an essential document in the evolution and creation of the State of Israel. When a historian finally undertakes to master the steadily mounting mass of records and to write a synoptic saga of the restoration of Israel, he will turn with appreciation to this account of the illegal immigration movement.

From the Four Corners

(Continued from page 4)

later. Sharing with them the Negev today are new Israel settlers from many countries and climes. They are building or rebuilding terraces, cisterns and dams, tilling the soil, constructing houses and villages and roads after the fashion of the Nabataeans and Byzantines, and others before them reaching back to remote antiquity. The Desert is once more, for a while, giving way to the Sown.

There is a cleanness and clarity in the space and atmosphere of the Negev, which the prophet Elijah sought when fleeing for his life from the murderous wrath of the wicked Jezebel. According to the account in I Kings 19, Elijah hied himself into its wilderness a day's journey south of Beersheba, and then continued his journey across its expanse till finally he reached Horeb, the Mount of God in Sinai. The Negev is not a land of indolent grace and easy charm. It is rather a stern land of striking simplicity and gaunt strength, of brilliant light and deep shadows, of intense heat by day and penetrating cold by night. Strategically located, it has known the passage and impress of many peoples and civilizations. And once again the thunder of history in the making is reverberating in its reaches.

K. and B. in Britain

By HERBERT HOWARTH

WELCOME GRACE AND RAINIER said one of the banners paraded at the station when Khrushchev and Bulganin reached London. But the ebullience was not really typical, was only repeated once—when the Russian visitors went to Oxford and were guyed by the undergraduates with the singing of "Poor Old Joe." The fact is that the British public, as usual, was not interested. Only one Englishman of note seems to have felt passionately about the visit from beginning to end. That was Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge,

editor of *Punch* (he took over that antique piece of buffoonery three years ago and his modernizing policy has lost him older subscribers but won many younger ones). Mr. Muggeridge has spent years as a journalist overseas, he knows his Russia and doesn't like it, is temperamentally an individual *à l'outrance*. Leading a campaign against the Anglo-Russian talks, he found himself supported by and supporting a heterogeneous rally of objectors, mainly refugees from Eastern Europe but also odd little home groups of varied political colors. Colossal combined efforts by his team produced the relatively insignificant figure of 60,000 signatures to a petition of protest, which he formally handed in at 10 Downing Street. Meanwhile, the humor of *Punch* sputtered more feebly as it grew more purposive. The editor might have done better if he had kept his distance and simply reported events: as they actually occurred they were paradoxical beyond anything his angry contributors invented. Not the least topsy-turvy fact was that while Muggeridge was leading the protests against the visit, the voice of the dove which mildly urged courtesy and good will to the Kremlin visitors came from the throat of Sir Winston Churchill.

The first picture to be printed in *The Times* showed Khrushchev and Bulganin sitting, plump, benevolent, in basket-chairs on the deck of their cruiser, nothing around them but deck, masked guns, sea, sky, not another human being in sight. Isolation was the keynote of their visit. On the eve of traveling the Russians complained that the British Foreign Office had cut their program to debar them from contact with ordinary citizens. But if K. and B. wanted contact, their security officers did not. It is clear that the Russian and British security controls were of one mind on the matter, evidently terrified of some incident, perhaps of violence from protesting refugees. The dilemma was insoluble, K. and B. could not both mix freely with and be secured against the public. Security triumphed. And to a fabulous degree. Seldom have so many police, uniformed or plain-

clothes, been so thick on the ground. Throughout the visit the magistrates dealt with a stream of men and women who had not shown enough alacrity when warned by the police to move on or to stop shouting "I want to speak to you, Mr. Bulganin." So determined was the police protection and so steep the fines imposed by the magistrates that the apathetic public almost stirred uneasily from its somnolence, and at least one letter appeared in the press complaining of the techniques by which men hustled off the street were next morning charged and sentenced for "assaulting the police."

CABINET-LEVEL talks and junketings to facilitate them began immediately: a dinner by the Foreign Secretary, lunch at the Soviet Embassy, a dinner by the Prime Minister, a Mansion House dinner, and a mammoth reception at which a thousand guests fought to reach the champagne (a scene tactfully translated by the broadcasters as "struggling to see the Russian leaders"—who were in fact secure in a bathroom talking to Mr. Stassen).

It is characteristic of the consultative procedures current in the West today that, while the full-length talks were naturally conducted by the Cabinet alone and on their own responsibility, the Government scrupulously brought in the Labor leaders—plus representatives of the industrial employers and of the trade unions—at all the less formal meetings. At the Prime Minister's dinner at 10 Downing Street, Gaitskell, Attlee and Herbert Morrison were among the guests, and at his Chequers luncheon, Gaitskell, Griffiths and Alfred Robens (who watches foreign affairs in Labor's "shadow cabinet"). This latter occasion, said the *Times's* diplomatic correspondent, with a pleasant complacency as if he had been telephoning the Foreign Office spokesman, "no doubt gave the Russian leaders an insight into the informal, easy relationship and essential unity of purpose between Government and Opposition." At this stage the Russians possibly imagined, and might be forgiven the mistake since it

is one shared by many British voters, that there was not much difference between Conservative Government and Labor Opposition. Invited to view the House of Commons at work, K. and B. were present—a timely coincidence!—when Dr. Stross (Labor) asked the Prime Minister whether the Anglo-Russian talks were bringing peace in the Middle East nearer. "The value of all conversations," replied Sir Anthony Eden, with that originality of phrase which distinguishes his pronouncements nowadays, "has to be judged when they are concluded." This courteous exchange was animatedly interpreted to K. and B. by Captain Kerby, an M.P. who speaks fluent Russian—he is a Conservative.

ALL seemed tranquil on the surface of British politics. The appearance might have been sustained if Labor had been content with the limited but smooth intercourse with the guests at the official meals. But they wanted closer contact, and a dinner to meet the Parliamentary Labor party had been put on the Russians' agenda: The dinner party turned, as the world quickly heard, into a cockfight. Mr. Khrushchev, provoked either by Mr. George Brown's teasing of K. Junior (he could not know that ribbing is the nearest an Englishman can come to friendly conversation) or by the Labor party's request for the release of Social Democrats imprisoned in the satellite countries, or both, lashed out at his hosts for an hour. When he defended the Soviet-German pact of 1939 and indicated that Russia was prepared, if pushed, to repeat it, the hosts heckled their guest, and tempers worsened. The usual party lines had been confused before; since then they have been tangled chaotically. The Tory *Evening Standard* immediately appointed heckler George Brown as its TV-guest critic. The *New Statesman* defended Mr. K., found that he obviously could not admit his influence with the satellites and therefore had to throw up a smokescreen of anger; and the same leftish paper has gone on to praise the Aachen speech in which Churchill hinted

at an understanding with Russia over Europe as a top priority. "Gad sir, Churchill is right," blimps the *New Statesman*, adding that this is not the first time Sir Winston has been a lone prophet in the wilderness proclaiming truths we shall eventually have to recognize.

Other papers construed the dinner party as proof of Labor's incompetence. The *Daily Express* enthusiastically announced that it had lost Labor the next election. To keener judgments the contrary seemed true: Labor had won back supporters, especially the intellectuals who had been drifting away, and had won them back by daring to put to the Russians the complaint that many people—the Catholics, the Zionists, plus sundry private individuals impelled by that vague but genuine British idea of "fair play"—had in mind, the complaint against oppression and discrimination behind the Curtain.

THE Russians had affirmed in their pre-visit statements that they wanted to meet ordinary Englishmen. Mr. George Brown is a pretty average specimen of the islanders. In him Khrushchev met an ordinary Englishman and didn't like it. "Who is George Brown?" he kept asking after the fracas. His anger was not so cooked-up as the *New Statesman* charitably supposed. The neo-Tory *Spectator*'s well-informed (if far from impartial) Henry Fairlie commented: "What Mr. Khrushchev cannot stand is criticism or opposition of any kind. . . . We may be dealing with someone who is as ready to risk insensate actions as Hitler himself," and he quoted Bevan as exclaiming "The man's impossible!"

K. has carried his resentment back to Russia and passed it into general circulation there, planting what might become the legend of an anti-Soviet Labor Party, fraught with tricky implications if and when Labor again forms a government. All the same, it is as well that the differences between British Labor and the Russians should be manifested, and thus that illusions on both sides be dispelled. The two may have drunk at the same ideological fount, but they do not have

the same parents. British Labor inherits the British conception of tolerance, of "live and let live," what we broadly understand by liberalism. The Russian leaders naturally inherit an autocratic tradition. Khrushchev told the dinner-party that he felt more at home talking to the Conservatives. It was an unsurprising truth.

While the police were vigilantly cordoning K. and B. from Czechs, Poles, and Empire Loyalists, a skilled frogman, Commander Lionel Crabbe, popped behind their backs into Portsmouth Harbor to look at the less obvious parts of the Russian ships. The Russians were ready, and Commander Crabbe is presumed, in some circles, to have been caught and finished off under water. Then followed what Crossman called the "unctuous" performance by Ministers with their promise to discipline the secret services. *The Times* had a two-way treatment of the episode that reflects the schizophrenia underlying it, and the whole visit, and much else: the editor in one of his regular admonitory leaders demanded the tighter leashing of the cloak-and-dagger departments; but a political correspondent slid in a report that the Russians had been equally interested in the British ships visiting Leningrad. This discrepancy between the overt ethical code and persistent unethical practice runs, one fears, through all affairs and particularly through all international meetings from football matches upwards—and on all sides.

WHAT were the net gains or losses of the visit? Outside opinion counts them nil. Dr. Adenauer, for example, has written off the final communique as perfect of its kind: "long and containing nothing." But it is notable that the Russians have, since they got home, repeated the performance with France as their visitors. They have agreed with the French on a similar program of trade and cultural reciprocity, and on political issues have similarly registered an exchange of views and reserved their differences. The repetition of the pattern shows that Russia

counts these talks as gain. The Russians now expect their trade with Britain to rise from £23 million yearly to £200 million. They expect extended cultural contacts, apparently agreed to by Eden to the dismay of some Conservatives and many Laborites (in fact such contacts already began to increase more than a year ago with the arrival of musicians and ballet companies, and as I write, the Moscow State Circus has just come into London led by a 25-year-old clown garbed as a teddy-boy).

On paper it looks as though there were no gains for Britain, unless it was a gain to have discussed Middle East affairs frankly with a view to staunching the flow of arms to Egypt—arms meant by the Russians, it seems, to counter the Baghdad Pact, regardless that the result could only be their use against Israel. Maybe—but this is debatable—there is a potential gain for everybody everywhere in the course of this wide-ranging diplomatic offensive. Let's keep our eyes open to the fact that they *are* on the offensive. But for that end they at least come out of their steel cellar. Stalin never did that. He never glimpsed the cosmopolitan perspective; he remained a Georgian with a peasant mind. The new Russian leaders are willy-nilly educating themselves in the act of peregrinating.

To be candid, this observer finds it impossible to guess whether, by the London exchanges and others of like kind, war has been brought nearer or deferred ten years. Optimists, those who pin faith in the basic good sense of most men and the healthiness of plain talking, will think the latter. Cynics—or that *Spectator* columnist who judged Khrushchev capable of the "insensate"—will expect the worst. In reality, isn't it a fifty-fifty chance either way?

The Case of the Communist Teacher

By E. DAVID GOITEIN

WHEN a girl of 16, a pupil of a school near Tel Aviv, came home and told

her mother and father that they were no parents of hers, "except in a biological sense," the parents began asking questions. When others noticed that their children were "going to the cinema," but coming home with their heads crammed full of Stalin, mothers started making inquiries. The inquiries led to Shoshanna Katz. She was a popular teacher. By her own account, she was a very good teacher. But there seemed little doubt that she was using her influence over her young charges to persuade them to look away from Jerusalem and to cast their eyes on Moscow. The teen-agers were quite happy to plunge into this dangerous and exciting world and, at the same time, to please the charming teacher who was ready to give so much of her free time to their benefit. The parents were unhappy. They came to the school governors and insisted that she be dismissed.

One morning Miss Katz found in the school letter-box the following note:

"Dear Madam,

On the authority of the Minister of Education I have to inform you of your dismissal from your work as a teacher in official educational institutions . . ."

The letter was signed by the Director-General of the Ministry.

Any citizen feeling himself aggrieved by any act of a government official may petition the High Court of Justice for redress. Shoshanna Katz, within a fortnight of the receipt of this letter, had filed her petition in the court. There she swore that she was a teacher by profession with the experience of six years behind her. She had been a Youth Guide and had taught Hebrew and the Bible in the higher classes. "Pupils, parents, teachers in the school, government inspectors valued highly the professional work of the petitioner."

At the school break-up ceremony, she added, many speakers praised her as an excellent teacher. She told how she was called in by the Headmaster and accused of spreading Communist propaganda in the school. This she denied. Outside the school she was entitled to say and think what she liked.

As she charged her dismissal was il-

legal, she asked the High Court to reinstate her. One fact is of interest. After her dismissal, she staged a sit-down strike, persuaded the teen-agers whom she had influenced to join her—and made life difficult for the other teachers.

THIS case put a poser for the Court. Israel is a democratic country. The right to freedom of thought and expression is part of the unwritten law of the land. If, indeed, Miss Katz had confined herself to saying and thinking Communist ideas outside school hours, could the Minister dismiss her? The court granted the lady an order *nisi*, which instructed the Minister of Education to justify her dismissal if he could.

The official who answered for the Minister did not beat about the bush. He swore that the lady preached Communism in school and out of school, that she arranged for her pupils to meet propagandists of the Communist party and was instrumental in getting her former pupils to join the party. He went further and said that she was ruining the family life of the children and creating endless tragedies. "She is unfit to act as a teacher in an educational institution in Israel."

Parents swore affidavits that their children were being influenced by Miss Katz—to the point where life with them became impossible. Very ungallantly the Government Inspector denied that he had ever said that she was an excellent teacher. On the contrary, he had marked her down as "middling" and had described her in his report as using "a lot of empty phraseology. Her method of teaching leaves much to be desired."

The petition came on for hearing before the Judge President, Mr. Justice Silberg, and Mr. Justice Sussman. The main judgment was delivered by Mr. Justice Sussman. He cited the old Order in Council, promulgated when Britain received the Mandate over Palestine, which gave the High Commissioner the right to dismiss any official if he saw sufficient reason for doing so. Today the Minister has taken the place of the High Commissioner. Confronted with reports of the Parents' Coun-

cil and of a committee of inquiry, the Minister felt no difficulty in deciding that the teacher must be dismissed. With that decision the High Court would not interfere.

The teacher, however, argued that she was not in the position of a government official. A teacher had special rights. She came, she argued, within the clear provisions of the Education Act, which tied the hands of the Minister when it came to dismissals. This was a serious argument and the court appears to have given much consideration to it but in the end decided that the High Commissioner—read the Minister—was free to dismiss even a teacher if he saw good reason for doing so.

ISRAEL'S Public Education Act provides that no teacher may conduct political propaganda for any particular party among pupils of any educational institution. By doing so in this case, Miss Katz had broken the law.

The learned judge was careful to confine his decision to the strictly legal aspects of the case and did not allow any political consideration to weigh with him. With the cold objectivity of a research student, Mr. Justice Sussman studied the pros and cons.

Mr. Justice Silberg, on the other hand, added a short judgment of his own, calling a spade a spade.

"Counsel who appeared before us," he writes, "took too narrow a view of the case—one divorced from reality. We are not here dealing with the question of whether the letter of the law has or has not been fulfilled. The basic question is whether this lady is a fit person to act as an instructor of youth and to carry out the purposes of our Education Act. Let it be said in favor of this teacher," he continues, "that she does not say one thing and mean another. She may have her own ideas of the meaning of 'the Israel people' and the meaning of loyalty to that people—but we know very well what the legislator had in mind in defining the purposes of state education. He was concerned that the teacher should implant in-

to the minds of pupils under him a sense of that common fate with Israel as a whole, with the Jewish people wherever it may be."

He concludes: "Her dismissal is justified, not on account of her views but because she cannot possibly teach those conceptions of life which Parliament desired her pupils to receive. After all, we are not concerned here with a teacher teaching the first steps but with one who has the top classes under her control, where it is vital that these growing youngsters should receive an understanding of the spiritual and moral values that a competent teacher should be able to impart."

NOBODY doubts that on the basis of the facts the Court could have come to no other conclusion than that the Minister was justified in his dismissal. Yet many people are asking whether we may not be crippling thought and clipping the wings of free expression if we tell a teacher what he may or may not teach. Today the objection may be to Communist influence, tomorrow to religious influence, the day after it may be to irreligious influence. Must not a teacher be free to teach the truth as he sees it—and must not the pupil be free to choose between contending truths? The Katz case does not answer these questions. Its facts were peculiar, and the Court decided on the evidence.

(Reprinted from the *Jewish Observer*
and *Middle East Review*.)

Five Scottish Soldiers Bear Witness

By MALCOLM HAY

DURING the early summer of 1940, I was asked by the Scottish Branch of the British Red Cross to open and direct an office in Aberdeen in order to organize help for Scottish prisoners of war in enemy hands, and to collect information about them and about those who had been reported missing. The most urgent task at that time was to provide and dispatch food and clothing. At the end of the year I began to publish a monthly

magazine called *The Prisoner of War News*, which was distributed free of cost to all next-of-kin. A number of copies were also sent every month to prisoner of war camps in Germany and in Italy. I was thus able to maintain contact with some of the British camp leaders, and when the war ended, many of the returned prisoners came to see me at my office. Most of them knew nothing about the concentration camps although they had all heard rumors, which few of them believed, about the gas chambers and the crematoria.

On one afternoon, however, I interviewed a group of five soldiers who had been among the mass of prisoners, from both military and civilian camps, hastily evacuated Westward by the Germans before the Russian advance. In their own homes, among their own people, these boys had told what they had seen, and no one would believe them. During the interview I took notes of what they said, and afterwards wrote their story down as they had told it.

The complete story of Nazi iniquity can never be told. Evil on such a scale cannot be comprehended or measured. Only those who have seen for themselves something of what happened can help us to realize that the horrors of war itself are insignificant when compared to the horrors of Nazi rule. The testimony of the five Scottish soldiers should therefore be placed on record, if only as a tribute to the memory of the uncounted unknown dead who were butchered by the roadside on the eve of the day of deliverance. They had suffered years of torment and starvation; they had survived perhaps only on their hope that some day deliverance would come. And then, at that last hour, with the German armies on the run and certain to be defeated, the victims were driven out of their prison camps under the lash of SS men, and conducted, half starved and clothed in rags, along the broad military highways which led to the West, and for most of them, to death.

THIS is what the five young soldiers had seen:

"It is a terrible thing to think on," said one, "that men should be shot when they fall sick." He had counted along a short stretch of road in Bavaria sixteen bodies lying with a bullet in the back of each neck. Prisoners in a convoy who were too weak to keep on marching were shot that way, from behind. That was the German rule of the road.

In the early spring of 1945, a few hundred prisoners from Hungary were digging trenches in the neighborhood of Hartberg; they were all marched away before the Russians came. Along the same road, and in the same direction, a small party of British prisoners of war were marching too. When the men from Hungary were overtaken by the British, they had been five days on the road. Only a few of them still had boots; very few had complete suits of clothes; their bodies were wrapped in pieces of sacking. They had been given nothing to eat for a long time, except the daily ration of watery soup. Some of them spoke English. One of the British prisoners tried to pass them a small piece of bread. "The sight of the food," he said, "made them frantic." But the guards came and drove them on.

"On the following day," said the soldier, "we saw them again, but just before we got in touch with their column, we heard several shots. Then we began to pass dead bodies by the roadside: more than twenty in a stretch of about two miles. Each with a bullet in the back of his neck. This place was near Knitterfeld." One of the men had slipped into a hut by the roadside; but a guard went after him and shot him. A few women were with the column. One was lying, face down, in the water by the side of the road. A few miles further on the column turned off the main road. They were all taken into a field and killed with machine guns.

"When these walking skeletons passed through a village, the women, watching at their doors, threw stones at them, and spat at them."

It is a beautiful land, this German land in the springtime, a Christian land; for more than a thousand years a land, we were reminded in 1947 by an English

general, inhabited "by a Christian and civilized people." And the roads were beautiful too—smooth and broad and straight for miles. Uncounted numbers of terrible processions marched, during the last days, along these German highways.

"We followed another column for three days," said the Scottish boy, "but never got in touch with the living. We knew what was ahead of us by seeing the bodies, first nine bodies of children, then about fifty bodies of men and women, scattered along the road for a distance of half a mile; then, during the rest of the day, here and there a child, and every mile or so, a single body, lying dead." Most of them had been shot through the head. "The bodies, both men and women, were clothed in trousers and jackets of a striped material, yellow and black. The heads of all the women had been shaved. The bodies were just skin and bone. At night the survivors were put into a wood outside a village; we did not see them, but we heard them moaning."

WHEN at least the gates of the prison camps were opened, the few inmates who were still able to move walked out, stumbling like men risen from the dead. Looking at them one could find no difference between youth and age; no blood in their colorless faces; no look of relief in their eyes; no flesh on their bones. They were all very old. One verminous skeleton sat by the roadside, leaning against an open box of rations, wrapped in an army blanket. He could still be heard to speak a few words, if you bent low to listen. One arm hung loose, yellow, shriveled and twisted at the shoulder, where a piece of bone protruded, the bone broken long ago by his torturers. He had been in the camp for four years. For the last seven weeks he had eaten nothing but grass. That was all the story he could tell before he died, there by the road, propped up between the boxes of American food. He was eighteen years old.

Another soldier spoke of a party of women he had met on the march. About two hundred of them, young and old, all

with their heads shaved; most of them without shoes, their feet wrapped in sack- ing; all of them in rags, on a cold wet spring morning. "A few still had tears to shed," said the soldier. But most of them, neither seeing nor hearing, shuffled along as if asleep. When the column halted for a moment, the women were not allowed to sit down. Some of the younger ones, mere children, leaned wearily against their elders. On each side of the column the SS men were watching; armed with whips.

These women were rescued a few hours later by a party of American troops. Very soon they were all dead. According to the soldier's report, many were already dead when the ambulances arrived. But they had been saved from the final desecration. Their bodies were not stacked in heaps outside the door of a crematorium.

They were given a proper burial.

Epitaph for a Lake

By GERDA L. COHEN

Lake Huleh (the biblical "Waters of Merom") is being drained as part of a large project to reclaim an extensive area of swamps in northern Israel.

HEA T haze shivered the reedy horizon. Over their own reflection hung bubbles of butter, with water-lily leaves black beneath. When a breeze ruffled the water, something could be glimpsed, running diagonally from shore to shore. It is the death mark of Lake Huleh. Under the miniature waves, a channel joins the western drainage canal with the Jordan. This channel will remain, a domesticated vestige, after the waters have been sucked into the river. Policy has kept the flood-gate closed while the hydro-electric project marks time. But when the sluice opens and a new torrent courses down its new bed, the lake will die.

Meanwhile, the fishermen go out as usual. On the jetty of Kibbutz Hulata they were unloading catfish with inky mustachios. "The only way to catch them is with an electric shock," explained Peter

Merom, who searched Europe for a method of trapping these wily fish. "They're clever; if you disturb a *barbut* he lies in the mud without moving." Peter was cleverer: he fixed a generator on board to electrify the rim of the dip-net. The *barbutim* literally dive into the net and wake from their galvanized trance when already in boxes.

"Our trick works in shallow water only," he said as the boat chugged along shore. For this reason, Kinneret fishermen have not adopted it, and a conventional net is used in mid-lake. A row of corks holding up the net bobbed from the brink to a stake where an osprey perched, one eye on *mousht* nibbling the weed. The osprey's white head lunged—he was off to a slow beat of wings, looking ever down.

The *mousht* (alias *amnon* alias *telapia*) hatches its eggs in its mouth, and even when the tiny fish can swim independently, at a danger signal they rush back to mama's jaw. A constant menace to *mousht* are overgrown carp which have managed to evade capture. A bulging specimen was being weighed by a thin and bristly fisherman at the landing-stage owned by Yesod Hama'aleh. "He's over 15 kilos—that means a bonus for the cooperative."

Although the farmhouses of the Yesod have mellowed by the lake for seventy years, organized fishing by its members began only in 1952. Kibbutz Hulata protested that it held the sole concession. When persuasion failed, a Hulata boat rammed the interloper, gashing a hole in the bulwarks. When tempers had cooled, it was agreed that the cooperative should operate one boat for every seven of Hulata. "As we've only got one anyway," chuckled the whiskery old fisherman, "it goes out night and day, to make a living for our ten members. We don't do so badly."

What will happen when the lake dries up? "Maybe we'll move to the canals: string a net across, and there you are." Tampering with nature may produce unexpected reactions. For example, some fish cannot breed in faster flowing current; perhaps the *amnon* won't find

enough plankton and migrate to his cousins in Lake Kinneret. "Anyway, what kind of a sport is that, collecting carp in a canal?" sighed the fisherman.

ANOTHER result of the drainage might be a plague of pelicans. Migrating birds use Lake Huleh as a hostel on their incredible transcontinental flights, for it provides placid water swarming with food. Throughout the spring, pelicans land in great flotillas and stay a few days. Their snowy prows float down in perfect V formation, beaks pointing solemnly ahead. After bobbing near the reeds they form a long line and, as if at a signal, all begin to fish—like ballerinas, up with their sylphide skirts and down with their yellow beaks—synchronized to a second. An approaching motor-boat will frighten the whole *corps de ballet*, but they won't fly far, as they need a rest for the second lap of their flight from the Sudan to Siberia.

Pelicans are wise: they discovered that the shining rectangles around their traditional runway also offered a good meal. A flock stayed in the carp ponds of Ayelet Hashahar and feasted. The kibbutzim have resorted to chasing them off with machine-gun fire. In May, a squadron one thousand strong flapped gracefully down to meet a hail of bullets. They left thirty dead; no one wanted to cook the pelicans. When Lake Huleh vanishes, the pelicans will be forced to frequent the carp lagoons exclusively, despite the monotonous menu, or find a new airport.

Since the fracas with Yesod Ha'ma'aleh, Kibbutz Hulata has guarded its fishing rights jealously, the latest rival being herons. Mussa, an ardent bird lover who teaches nature lore, nevertheless led an expedition to destroy herons' eggs. "They have big appetites," he remarked dourly. Mussa and the hunters stomped waist-deep in slime through dense reeds to the heron colony. Papyrus fronds waved like

green hair overhead. In the shadows, nymphia unfolded their milky petals.

The herons build their untidy nests on swamp canes, away from the mud. Unless the parents sit on the clutch, the eggs perish in the sun. At the rustle of the hunters, the big birds loped off, smoky purple or ash grey. They resemble nervous old ladies with their hairpins falling out, and they squawk even louder.

Although the drainage machines scared away a lot of birds, they returned this spring to raise families. In vain do they sit, waiting for junior to break his shell. Many eggs were punctured to preserve more fish. Where will the herons go when their marsh bakes dry?

About one-twentieth of the total area under reclamation has been allocated for a reserve. The naturalists consider this a triumph over the colonizing authorities. It will contain a pond, a sad remnant large enough for a launch to take trippers to see "the jungle." All around, a state farm will flourish, with bumper crops of peanuts, corn and cotton, enjoying a rich diet of peat in the black soil.

What birds are likely to remain in this little protectorate is anybody's guess. The cormorant and kingfisher need plenty of open water: they hover, spy a fish and swoop to kill. Perhaps they, too, will benefit from civilization and prey on the artificial carp lagoons. One visiting bird actually preferred the man-changed landscape. Dredgers raised a mud-bank which attracted the white-winged terns as a place to mate and raise chicks. Their only other breeding ground is an islet off Tantura. These gulls trip to the water, wet their breast feathers and cool off their eggs, screaming hoarsely the while. Their cries fade into the peace of water and sky.

Dragon-flies whirled like helicopters over the shimmering lake. A vein of snow still glittered on Mount Hermon, where the big clouds faltered and slept.

(Reprinted from the Jerusalem Post.)

Recent Books

Bible and Sword: England and Palestine From the Bronze Age to Balfour, by BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. New York. New York University Press. 1956. 223 pp. \$5.00.

An ambitious and interesting attempt to recount the political and spiritual involvement of England with the Holy Land throughout her history and culminating in her sponsorship of the Return of Israel.

Feast of Leviathan: Tales of Adventure, Faith and Love From Jewish Literature, edited by LEO W. SCHWARZ. New York. Rinehart. 1956. 354 pp. \$4.95.

A collection of stories from here and there by Jewish authors, most of them 20th-century, with one section devoted to traditional tales.

The Parasite, by MENDELE MOCHER SEFORIM, translated from the Yiddish by GERALD STILLMAN. New York. Thomas Yoseloff. 1956. 172 pp. \$3.50.

A timid and rather flat translation of *Dos Klayne Mentshele*.

Problems of Government in the State of Israel, by EDWIN SAMUEL. Jerusalem. Rubin Mass. 1956. 107 pp.

A hopeful examination of the major problems that have confronted the government and people of Israel during the past seven years.

The Functions of Social Conflict, by LEWIS COSER. Glencoe, Illinois. The Free Press. 1956. 157 pp. \$3.50.

A discussion of the concept of social conflict and its uses in empirical sociology, by a professor at Brandeis University.

The Political Behavior of American Jews, by LAWRENCE H. FUCHS. Glencoe, Illinois. The Free Press. 1956. 211 pp. \$4.00.

A somewhat academic account, containing much fascinating and valuable material, of the history of Jewish political affiliations in America and the record of Jewish voting in recent elections.

A Jewish Understanding of the New Testament, by SAMUEL SANDMEL. Cincinnati. Hebrew Union College Press. 1956. 321 pp. \$5.00.

An essay, by a Jew and for Jews, at analyzing the spiritual and religious meaning of the New Testament, by the professor of Bible and Hellenistic literature at the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion.

The Jews in South Africa, by GUSTAV SARON and LOUIS HOTZ. New York. Oxford. 1956. 439 pp. \$5.60.

An illustrated history of the distant but most recognizable South African Jewish community.

This is Our World, by LOUIS FISCHER. New York. Harper. 1956. 531 pp. \$5.00.

Some personal observations on the state of the world, garnered from Mr. Fischer's recent travels, since World War II.

Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years, by RICHARD H. ROVERE. New York. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 1956. 402 pp. \$4.50.

A discussion of American politics and policies under the shadow of Eisenhower, by one of America's liveliest political journalists

The Writings of Martin Buber, edited by WILL HERBERG. New York. Meridian Books. 1956. 351 pp. \$1.35.

Representative selections from Buber's works, with an introduction by Will Herberg.

The Negro Potential, by ELI GINZBERG and others. New York. Columbia University Press. 1956. 160 pp. \$3.00.

The well-known economist and his colleagues of the Conservation of Human Resources Project at Columbia University assess the progress made in extending opportunities for Negroes, economic, social and educational, since 1940.

Of Law and Men, by FELIX FRANKFURTER. New York. Harcourt Brace. 1956. 364 pp. \$6.75.

A collection of observations by the distinguished Supreme Court Justice on the problems of law and the judicial process in American democracy, with portraits of some of his colleagues and a section of memorial tributes.

Israel: Its Role in Civilization, edited by MOSHE DAVIS. New York. Harper. 1956. 322 pp. \$4.00.

A collection of addresses given before the Seminary Israel Institute on the history and problems of Israel, as an idea and as a sovereign country, and her relation to Jews throughout the world.

The Diaries of Theodor Herzl, translated, edited and with an Introduction by MARVIN LOWENTHAL. New York. Dial. 1956. 486 pp. \$7.50.

Recent Hebrew Books

Daltot N'hoshet (Doors of Brass), by HAYIM HAZAZ. Davar. 1956. 263 pp.

A prize-winning novel by a major Hebrew writer depicting the total spiritual and physical disintegration of the small Jewish town in Russia after the October Revolution.

Yisrael Haverim (Israel—Comrades All), by AHARON MECED. Hakibbutz Hameuhad. 1955. 248 pp.

Short stories in a humorous vein about life in Israel today.

Ziva Bar-Eshet by YAAKOV D'VEY-AHARON. Gadish. 1956. 315 pp.

A popular first novel about marital difficulties set in the framework of social conflict in the kibbutz and city.

Ahad Ha'am: The Man, His Work and His Philosophy, by ARYEH (SIR LEON) SIMON and YOSEF ELIYAHU HELLER. Magnes Press. 1955. 270 pp.

The first comprehensive biography and critical study of the philosopher of Zionism.

Letters to His Wife Manya, by H. N. BIALIK, translated from Yiddish by Y. L. Barukh. Bialik Institute and Dvir. 1955-57. 265 pp. Personal and revealing letters of the great poet, given in their original Yiddish and Hebrew translation.

Beynam L'veyn Z'manom (Between Them and Their Era): Essays on Modern Hebrew Literature, by DAVID K'NAANI. Sifriyat Poalim. 1955. 291 pp.

Critical studies of some of the major contemporary Hebrew authors, by a Marxian sociologist.

Al Franz Rosenzweig: On the Occasion of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of His Death, Lectures by E. SIMON, S. H. BERGMAN, Y. FLEISHMAN and N. ROTENSTREICH. The Magnes Press. 1956. 84 pp.

Essays evaluating Rosenzweig's role as philosopher and critic of Jewish society.

Yitzhak Arama Umishnato (The Philosophy of Isaac Arama), by SARAH HELLER-WILENSKY. Bialik Institute and Dvir. 1956. 236 pp. A systematic presentation of the philosophy of the 15th-century Spanish Jewish exegete.

Massot Filosofiyot (Philosophical Essays), by RAFAEL ZELIGMAN. Dvir. 1955. 235 pp.

Studies, published posthumously, on the history of modern philosophy from Descartes to Heidegger.

Al Naharot (By the Rivers): An Anthology of Yiddish Poetry, selected and translated by SHIMSHON MELZER. Bialik Institute. 1956. 441 pp.

A collection of 272 poems by 76 Yiddish poets, with biographical and critical notes by Moshe Starkman.

Kadmoniyot Yisrael (The Antiquities of Israel), by M. AVI-YONA and S. WEIVIN, with the collaboration of M. STEKELIS. Hakibbutz Hameuhad. 344 pp.

A handbook on the archeology of Eretz Yisrael, awarded the Bialik Prize in Jewish Studies.

Reshita Shel Hademokratiya Hatotalitarit (The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy), by YAAKOV TALMON. Dvir. 1956. 417 pp.

Traces the lines of the liberal democracy of the West and the messianic totalitarian equalitarianism behind the Iron Curtain back to their common source in 18th-century French social philosophy. Also available in English.

M'gillat Milhemet B'nai Or Bivnai Hoshech (The Scroll of the War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness), edited with an introduction, emendations and commentary by YIGAL YADIN. Bialik Institute. 1955. 397 and vi pp.

Ba'alat Ha'armon (The Lady of the Manor): A Dramatic Episode in Three Acts, by LEAH GOLDBERG. Sifriyat Poalim. 1956. 120 pp.

A prize-winning play dramatizing the clash between Israel and *Galut*.

Halashon V'hasefer (The Language and the Book): Beliefs and Doctrines, by N. H. TUR-SINAI. Bialik Institute. 1955. 439 pp.

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Book Reviewers and Contributors To This Issue

IRVING HOWE, literary and social critic, an editor of *Dissent* Magazine, is professor of English at Brandeis University. He was co-editor, with Eliezer Greenberg, of *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories*, which appeared last year.

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NELSON GLUECK is a noted archeologist and scholar who has done major work in the Negev. Dr. Glueck is president of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion in Cincinnati.

HERBERT HOWARTH, British poet and writer now visiting in the United States, last appeared in our pages with a book review in the spring issue.

E. DAVID GOITEIN is a Justice of the Supreme Court of Israel and has written widely, in Israel and abroad, on Israel's legal and juridical problems.

MALCOLM HAY, who lives in Aberdeen, Scotland, has had both a distinguished military and literary career. He served with the Royal Company of Archers and received a Commander of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and is the author of many books and publications; perhaps best known among them to Americans in *The Foot of Pride*.

GERDA L. COHEN is a journalist who writes on a wide variety of subjects in the Israel press, particularly in the *Jerusalem Post*.

JUDAH GOLDIN is Dean of the Teachers Institute of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. A poem by him appeared in our winter issue.

JON SILKIN is a young British poet whose work has appeared in magazines in Britain and elsewhere. He published his first volume of poems under the title *The Peaceable Kingdom*, and is at present working on a novel.

DAVID IGNATOW's poems have been published in numerous literary and general periodicals, and he is the author of several volumes of poetry. Mr. Ignatow resides in New York City.

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF MIDSTREAM

Israel's Wage Dilemma, By NADAV HALEVI

The question of wage differentials and their economic and social effect is one that must trouble all industrialized countries. The problem particularly presses for definition and resolution in Israel, whose economy has been so heavily dominated by the equalitarian economic principles of her early settlers, and is here examined by Nadav Halevi, a young Israel economist.

The Rising Tide of Nationalism in Asia, By MIZRA KHAN

Mizra Khan, expert on Middle Eastern and Asian affairs, discusses the tensions among the rising and variously colored nationalisms in Asia, and makes some pertinent observations on the prospects for the future.

Jewish Juvenile Literature, By GRACE GOLDIN

During the last decade particularly, Jewish educators in America have turned their attention to the problem of producing children's literature that would aid in creating an atmosphere of "positive" affiliation with the Jewish people. Grace Goldin, who has written widely on the subtleties and ambiguities of Jewish identification, assesses the successes and failures of this purposive approach to reading matter for Jewish children.

The Dead Sea Scrolls Literature, By H. L. GINSBERG

The scrolls from the Dead Sea, heralded by many as the most exciting archeological discovery of our age, have stimulated by now a vast amount of historical and theological speculation on the part of both Christians and Jews. H. L. Ginsberg, one of the foremost living Bible scholars, surveys the voluminous literature already published on the scrolls and examines the problems they raise.

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